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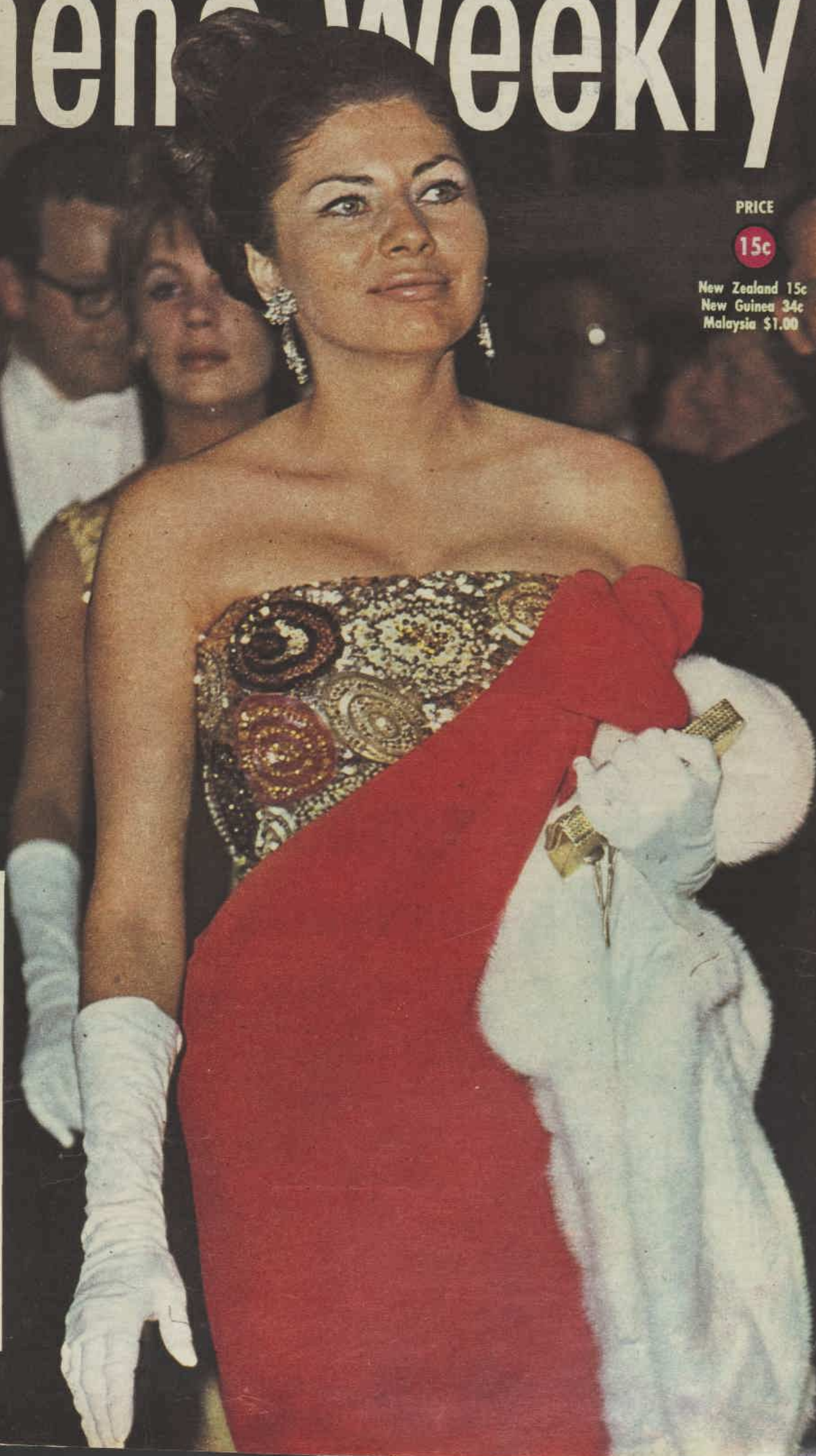
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SORAYA
in Sydney

PROBLEM OF THE
WORKING MOTHER

Lift-out booklet
CHICKEN RECIPES



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NOVEMBER 15, 1967

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OUR COVER

● Glorious Princess Soraya arrives at the Cornucopia Presentation Ball at Menzies Hotel, Sydney. The Princess wore a magnificent tangerine crepe dress with a richly jewelled under-bodice; her friend Miss Gloria Massoudi (shown in the background) chose a crystal-embroidered yellow dress. For more pictures of the Princess, see pages 8 and 9. Cover picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow, who also took the picture on page 9. Pictures on page 8 are by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

TV Preview: The Forsythe Saga . . . 17-21
A Guide to Garden Pests 62, 63
CHICKEN COOK BOOK
Centre lift-out
Special Insert . . . CATALOGUE OF TOYS

REGULAR FEATURES

Social . . . 10, 11
TV Parade . . . 15
Australian Almanac . . . 23
Traveller's Tale . . . 27
Letter Box, Ross Campbell 41
Compact . . . 42
For Teenagers . . . 51-53
House of the Week . . . 69-71
Stars . . . 86
Mandrake, Crossword . . . 99

FICTION

Love In San Francisco, Norman Katkov . . . 72
Here Comes The Bride, There Goes Mother (Serial - Part 1), Irene Kampen . . . 77
Judgment Of Stone, Georgina Jay . . . 97

FASHION

Prettiness in Summer
Maternity Fashions . . . 34, 35
Dress Sense, Betty Keep . . . 37
Variations on the summer one-piece . . . 38, 39
Needlework Notions . . . 93
Fashion Frocks . . . 94
Butterick Patterns . . . 99

HOME and FAMILY

Family Affairs . . . 55, 57, 58
At Home with Margaret Sydney . . . 61
Gardening: Indoor Plants . . . 65
Home Hints . . . 67
Collectors' Corner . . . 83
Transfer . . . 90
Prize Recipe . . . 93

Page 2

WHAT'S GOING TO WIN THE CUP?

FROM Darwin's humid loneliness, to Melbourne's mannered grace,
From Marble Bar's relentless glare, to Adelaide's staid face,
From tin-pot town to city grand
Excitement grows and hope is fanned,
You'll hear the words on every hand —
"What's gunna win the Cup?"

Old Flemington recalls with pride a hundred-odd Cup Days,
Some bright with sun-touched lawns and flowers, some dull
with rain and haze.

The crowds are dotted here and there,
With fashions fanciful and rare —
One question haunts both plain and fair —
"What's gunna win the Cup?"

The bookies burnish up their smiles, the punter counts his roll,
The trainers, jockeys, strappers, too, each of them has a goal,
While in the street or in the pub
Or in the most exclusive club,
The question is — ah, that's the rub —
"What's gunna win the Cup?"

Some study form with grim intent, and some just use a pin,
And some consult a horoscope to find out what will win.
The milkman and the bloke next door,
And some you've never met before,
Will ask in accents sad and sore,
"What's gunna win the Cup?"

The day arrives, and sweeps are drawn, and hopes are high
or crushed.
The latest news about the track is heard in silence hushed,
Oh, is it mud, or is it fast?
Some smirk with joy, some look aghast —
And still the query to the last —
"What's gunna win the Cup?"

Australia-wide on each Cup Day, a marvellous thing takes place —
We all are one in brotherhood, to listen to a race,
Distance is nought for just one day,
Our hearts are linked, the sad and gay;
A year until once more we say
"What's gunna win the Cup?"

— Lola McLaughlin



MOTHER lyrebird Rac (above) watches keenly as Mr. V. Mullett (right) displays her baby, Braid.



A \$50,000 lyrebird chick

THE first lyrebird chick hatched in captivity, and possibly the most expensive baby bird on record, has made its first public appearance at the Sir Colin Mackenzie Sanctuary at Healesville, Vic.

Braid (so called because its father is named Ric and its mother Rac) faced Press cameras with little more than a few nervous calls to its mother, who scurried as close as she dared, squawking encouragement.

Father Ric showed his lack of interest in the whole matter by keeping well out of sight.

The sanctuary has been planning for six years to raise a lyrebird chick — cost, \$50,000.

So it was no wonder that when the director, Mr. Vernon Mullett, discovered the

baby one morning he sent a jubilant telegram to Sir John Jungwirth, chairman of the Sanctuary's committee, saying:

"Congratulations, a bonny baby, both well."

The sex of the chick won't be known for four years.

"It's a peculiarity of the lyrebird," Mr. Mullett said.

First step toward hatching the now famous chick was to build for the parent birds a

By BEVERLEY COOPER

lyrebird enclosure 100 feet by 200 feet and 45 feet high, toward which the Royal Automobile Club of Victoria contributed \$30,000.

The enclosure is the largest of its kind, and within is lush undergrowth similar to the country around Sassafras in the Dandenongs (Vic.), where the parent birds were found.

Mr. Mullett said: "At Healesville the annual rainfall is 40 inches, while at Sassafras it is 60 inches.

"So to simulate the forest conditions the lyrebirds are used to, we add the extra rainfall with overhead sprays."

In this setting Ric and Rac (named after the RACV) set out to start a family—but not without some false alarms.

The first egg—laid three years ago—was infertile.

At the second try Rac left the nest just before her chick was due to hatch, after being frightened by visitors walking through the enclosure.

But when Mr. Mullett

spied the third egg, he took no chances. He shut the enclosure off from the public and waited hopefully.

Some 42 days later he noticed the mother bird off the nest and down at the creek having a drink.

He took a peep into the nest — and there was the baby, black, fluffy, and about the size of a chicken.

"I was terrified the first time I took the chick out of the nest to weigh it," said Mr. Mullett — father of five daughters and grandfather of 11.

"The mother might have been so upset that she would have left the baby, and the baby itself might have died of fright."

But all went well and Mr. Mullett has been weighing the chick every three days since soon after it was born when it tipped the scales at 2½oz. At six weeks (about October 12), it weighed 15oz. — a most satisfactory gain, said Mr. Mullett.

Since her chick was born, Rac has been constantly gathering food for it.

White ants are highly feared, and so are worms and earwigs, while centipedes rate as a gourmet meal for lyrebirds.

"We've received thousands of white ants from the public to boost their food supply, and we're very grateful," said Mr. Mullett.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967



● Scene inside 18th-century Golestan Palace, Tehran, as Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlvi crowned himself Shah of Iran with the Pahlvi crown and named himself King of Kings and Light of the Aryans in front of the fabled Peacock Throne. At left is Queen Farah, whom the Shah later crowned, and at right Crown Prince Ciro Reza Aly, aged six. The Pahlvi crown is set with 3755 jewels, the Peacock Throne with 27,000.

When the Shah crowned himself

● Gun salves and drumbeats boomed throughout Iran when Mohammed Reza Pahlvi crowned himself Shah of the country, where he had reigned for 26 years. After crowning himself on his 48th birthday—he had delayed the ceremony until he felt his country could afford it—he crowned Queen Farah, the first woman crowned in Iran's 2513-year-old monarchy.



● Queen Farah, above, and the Crown Prince, right, leaving the palace after the ceremony. More than 7500 soldiers, plus police, lined the 11-mile route the Shah and Queen Farah travelled to the palace to hold back cheering, flagwaving crowds behind special fences erected for the event.



NEXT WEEK

There are plenty of ideas and helpful advice in our **16-PAGE LIFT-OUT**

HOME IMPROVEMENTS



- with color stories about people who have set to and
- *expanded a small house*
- *transformed an old one*
- *given character to a basic project house*
- *remodelled a kitchen*

... plus

- ★ a special color insert on wall treatments, too.

and...

SHOW A LEG!

— we show the leg revolution



in color, from the elegant to the startling.

and...

Special pattern offer:

CAFTANS (like these)

— and a PANT-DRESS, too.



and...

FOR CHRISTMAS
nine colorful pages on

Beautiful Christmas trees to make, and



rich and wonderful cake and pudding recipes...

— and we've some gorgeous gift ideas from your garden

NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK

WOMAN + JOB

● "Don't let us get into a bog of moralising about this, saying where a woman's place is.

A woman's place is where she wants to be."

Fighting words, and from a man — Professor E. L. Wheelwright, of Sydney University.



THE professor was addressing a seminar on Problems and Opportunities of Women at Work, convened by the Sydney Metropolitan Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

In a brand-new theatre at the brand-new Macquarie University, just outside Sydney, scores of women (and some men) listened quietly to this frontal attack on the traditional concept of woman's place.

"Those who continue," said the tall professor (an economist and himself the father of daughters), "to use the old slogan of 'woman's place is in the home' have not kept up with the impact of technology on the home.

"To insist on keeping her there is like saying man's place is on the land, when technology has so improved his productivity as to release five out of six to work elsewhere."

In a democracy, the professor insisted, it should be a matter of choice.

"If a woman wishes to stay home and enjoy her family, then good luck to her, that is her business.

"If she wishes, for whatever reason, to work outside the home, then equally that is her business, her choice."

Earlier, another man had attacked another concept, one which lies at the very heart of a married woman's fears about taking a job — the effect on young children.

He is educationist Professor Hugh Philp, of Macquarie, father of six.

He said flatly, "Experimental evidence shows it is nonsense to say that preschools and kindergartens are bad for the children, and bad for Mum.

"For instance, in Great Britain in World War II women were conscripted for work.

"Surveys showed that their children in pre-school centres and kindergartens were taller, heavier, and healthier, and did better at school later."

Still another man, economist Professor H. R. Edwards, of Macquarie, went even further: "British sur-

veys show that there is more harmony in the home where the wife works."

The professor (father of four) quoted from an investigation into consumer finances, made by Macquarie and the Universities of Sydney and Queensland, which cast much light on the working wife.

Married women in Sydney, it showed, made up 14 percent of the total workforce. (Commonwealth statistics indicate that this is about average for the six capital cities.)

Surprising

It surprised me that the figure is higher for married women than single—"single" also including the widowed, the divorced, and the separated.

Also surprisingly, nearly one-third of all working wives came from families whose male head belonged to the executive and professional classes.

Professor Edwards commented: "This suggests pretty clearly that the wife's going out to work is not

only, nor even most often, a question of making ends meet on a low income.

"More often than not, it appears, it is the means of enriching the lives both of the wife and her family, in terms of the personal satisfaction she herself derives from the job in addition to her role as wife and mother; and by making possible a greater expenditure not only on expensive durable consumption items but on children's education expenses, travel, and so on."

However, in nearly half the sampled families where the wife does not work, family income was less than \$60 a week.

The speaker quoted chapter and verse to prove the contention of the Governor-General, Lord Casey, that Australia badly needs her women, including her married women, in the workforce.

SOMETIMES SHE'S HER OWN WORST ENEMY

● "Executive Woman Wanted" — there are marvellous jobs offering for women. BUT — many are unfilled because the right woman can't be found.

WHY aren't there more women at the top? "Because we are discriminated against, underpaid, exploited," most women cry.

But from where I sit, as a trainer and employment agent for female staff, I find most women have themselves to blame for missing out on top jobs and good salaries.

And the main fault is in their attitude to their work. They just don't take it seriously enough.

A man gets a position and tries, in most cases, to make it a career. This, in the main, is what women have yet to learn to do.

Women have not been consistently taught to regard their work seriously, although this attitude is slowly changing as the demand for their skills becomes greater.

Let me start with my own generation, the 30-45 age group.

Most of this group left school at about 16 and went to work in offices or shops.

The main aim of most of them (carefully instilled in them by their mothers) was to get married. Throughout

their childhood all talk of their future was along the lines: "When you grow up and get married..."

Consequently, they regarded work as a "fill-in" until they married, and the major part of their wages went toward buying things for their glory-box and saving for a big wedding. Little thought was given to what they should do after they were married.

They had their children, set out to raise them well, in run their homes—and their minds stagnated.

Their children grew older, their homes were well established, and they became bored with the monotony of housework and tea parties.

They decided to go back to work. However, what positions can such untrained women hope to get?

They are competing with girls fresh from business college and, more importantly, with women who haven't stopped working but have spent the ten or so years learning their work thoroughly, including new business techniques and terminology.

These last are the women now commanding good positions and salaries.

They have proved their capabilities, and now have something real, and valuable, to offer employers.

The women who have done nothing but house duties for several years (and these are the women I mainly deal with at my agency) are shocked to find that employers regard them as juniors.

Most of those I meet seem to think that because they have reached a certain standard in their private life, and are of an age when they can cope with people easily, they are suited for the executive positions.

Feminine foibles

But they lack experience and know-how, and are out of touch.

Another point is that women, although complaining bitterly that they are underpaid and exploited because of their sex, in a great many cases try to use the fact that they are women to get special treatment.

They expect their boss to be sympathetic when they have an "off day." But employers don't want to be worried by these feminine foibles. They just want the work done.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967

+ CHILDREN = PROBLEM

● BUT THE BEST BRAINS ARE WORKING TO FREE WOMAN FROM HOUSEHOLD DRUDGERY.

By KAY KEAVNEY



PICTURES show Professor H. R. Edwards and some of the audience at the seminar.

Already, certain sectors of the economy would collapse without them. Even in 1961, when the last published census was taken, one-third of the eligible women were at work — just over one million — and the numbers have been rising ever since.

Professor Wheelwright speculated on what would have happened if two-thirds had gone to work:

"Just think of it, one million extra producers, with incomes to spend, with savings to invest.

"They are here, right under our noses — the equivalent of ten years' migrant intake. And with no transport costs, no assisted passages, no need for expensive missions looking for workers.

"All they need is training, re-training, the necessary facilities to help them cope with children and domestic

work, and the expansion of suitable job opportunities.

"Last year the Department of Immigration spent \$43 million for a net migrant intake of around 100,000, by no means all of whom were of working age.

"That sort of money would surely go a long way toward providing the facilities which would help release 100,000 women a year into the workforce."

And there's the rub—the lack of facilities to enable women to combine the domestic and the outside job.

It affects not only the married but the divorced or deserted wife with children, the unmarried mother, and the many single women caring for aged relatives—a high proportion, in fact, of half the population of this country.

Seminar speakers referred to other "rubs."

They spoke of prejudice

against women in all but the traditional "women's jobs," of low pay, unequal pay, lack of part-time work, lack of training and re-training schemes.

But lack of facilities to care for children ranked high. Before the seminar, the Business and Professional Women's Clubs had undertaken a massive survey of their own, comparing facilities offered in Australia with those overseas.

The results were depressing, and so were the reports of several seminar speakers.

Miss Joan Fry, of the Sydney Day Nursery, and Miss Margaret Chase, of the Kindergarten Union, told of shortages of trained teachers and workers, lack of space, lack of money, and waiting lists as long as your arm.

Speakers and delegates both grew very fiery on this question. Obviously, it

seemed to most, if Australia needed her women in the workforce, society must put some intelligent planning into enabling them to combine their responsibilities.

For a start, there should be a full-scale investigation into the problems themselves, so that informed action can be taken by government, industry, and the community.

Facilities

Other countries are tackling the situation. For instance, in Chile, any organisation which employs more than 20 women must supply suitable child-care facilities.

Denmark, by a careful combination of government and industry, leads the world in its general provision for the needs of children of all ages.

In the United States, more and more employers are tailoring their schedules to

the hours when their workers can work.

For example, in light assembly work they're offering 9-to-3 and 6-to-10 shifts. A big insurance company has led the way by creating 6-to-10 mothers' night shifts for clerical workers.

In many places employers are teaming two women for the one job, one working in the morning, another taking over in the afternoon.

"Many problems that seem insuperable," said Professor A. Mitchell, Vice-Chancellor of Macquarie, "can be solved in fairly simple practical ways."

He proudly cited M.U.M.S. of Macquarie — young mother undergraduates who have taken over a cottage on the campus, where their children have a splendid (supervised) time while mothers attend lectures.

Everyone from the Vice-Chancellor and Faculty to the local Apex Club has bucked in and given help to enable these women to develop valuable skills without adverse reaction on the children.

Alderman Mrs. Gladys Leach outlined community schemes in her own area (Lane Cove, N.S.W.) which are equally simple and practical — and far-reaching in their effects.

"Meals on Wheels," for instance. Often the simple provision of a hot meal in the middle of the day for a sick or aged relative can release a woman to earn her living.

Where there's a will, there's usually a way.

There are solutions, too, to the immense problem of re-training a woman after a long child-bearing break.

Learning by correspondence is one, and it was dealt with by the Head of the School of External Studies at the N.S.W. Department of Technical Education — herself a woman, Miss Renee Erdos.

Professor Philp saw long-term answers in the use of educational TV and electronic recordings. In their own homes, women will be able to bridge the gap made by years out of their trade or profession.

Other women, who married young, perhaps directly from school, will be able to develop new skills.

These solutions and every other possible kind should be explored by the nation to stem the vast wastage of its womanpower, said the speakers.

They spoke of other problems to be tackled: inequality of opportunity, inequality of pay. They said women must themselves push for justice, making full use of their combined political power.

As Professor Wheelwright, the economist, reminded the seminar: "It was a 19th-century economist who said that one could judge the progress of a civilisation by looking at the place of women in it.

"And," he added with a broad grin, "it was a 20th-century economist who said that economic development is an invitation to women to join the human race."

To give you an example: Mrs. X recently completed a training course with me, as she badly needed a well-paid job to maintain a child and a home.

I placed her in a selling position, \$30 a week and commission. Her weekly pay should have been about \$50.

I thoroughly briefed her, told her the job would be hard work, and suggested she think it over before I placed her.

She did this and then accepted the position, and I arranged for her to start the following Monday.

She worked on the Monday and Tuesday, had what she termed one of her "bad days" on Wednesday, so stayed home. Then she phoned me on Thursday and calmly announced she didn't like the job, and was there anything else in which I could place her.

Unfortunately, this type of incident is not rare.

Too many women expect "fairy princess" treatment. But there are no princes in business. Women must forget their sex and concentrate on the job.

Another thing I find wrong with the attitude of women to their work is that it is too materialistic.

Women work for the wrong reasons. Their aim is not to do an interesting and worth-while job but to get a paycheck each week which will enable them to buy new clothes or household goods.

They merely use their employer and their job. Their minds are not on the work but on what they are going to buy next.

This wholly materialistic attitude is not new. It was there in the days when women's main aim was the pursuit and achievement of marriage.

It was implied in the words, "a good match."

Just what was a good match? A man of fine character who loved his wife and children and worked honestly and well at his job?

No. A good match was the man who could provide a big house, expensive clothes, and so on.

How often did I hear in my childhood, "She made a good match, they have a lovely big home."

Although these attitudes are changing, there is still tremendous room for improvement.

In the younger generation is the girl who has been overseas and expects this to open all doors to her.

Many such girls take just any job when they leave school. They save for about three years, then go overseas.

This would be all right if their travels were designed to increase their knowledge and skills. But the majority wander aimlessly without learning a foreign language or doing any special study.

Then they come to me and say that because they have been overseas they feel they are ideally suited for public-

By JOAN COWAN-ASTON, head of a Sydney school training women for sales and demonstration.

relations work or fashion compering. Yet these jobs, like every job, require training and experience.

Recently, I had occasion to place a number of women in a fast-moving promotion. One of the many I sent to the company was a 21-year-old girl who had passed my course with flying colors.

She dresses expensively (though not always in a business-like way), has travelled overseas, but has no experience to speak of. Yet she showed great potential.

She wasn't successful after the second interview for this particular job, mainly because of her youth.

When I was talking to her about it, and discussing other positions I could place her in, she informed me that she thought she would like the sort of position held by the executive woman who had interviewed her.

She was surprised and, I think, angry when I suggested that she would have to wait a few years and gain experience before she could think of anything like that.

The basic attitudes I have instanced must be changed if women are to get employers to take them seriously and treat them as equal to male staff.

Young girls should be encouraged to adopt a career

attitude, and to choose a job they can continue throughout life.

Ideally they should not marry until after they have established themselves in a career. And when they marry, they should not drop this career completely.

I do think it is important that a mother be home with her children when they are young, but these days it is not necessary for women to waste this at-home time and put themselves out of the running for a career later.

In fact, it is a wonderful chance for them to pursue some sort of study to increase their knowledge and skills. A little later they can take up part-time work to fit in with young children's needs.

This raises two important community needs for which women must work.

First, employers should be encouraged to let married women continue in their careers, by allowing flexible working hours which enable mothers to be home when their children return from school.

Secondly, a good domestic workforce should be developed to free skilled women from the home. (A very high percentage of this country's skilled labor is being wasted over a kitchen sink, which is a tragedy for a growing country.)

Domestic work these days is well paid and is the answer for women who don't want to enter the hurly-burly of a position in business. Such women can work within their own areas, dodging commuting problems and spending more time with their families.

Finally, in return for the equal respect of their employers, women must be professional in their work. It doesn't matter if they are doing a part-time job for extra money or a full-time one as a career, they still must think of themselves as professional.

Women are needed in industry. They are just as clever, just as capable as men, and, provided they think the right way and are prepared to work regardless of personal problems, they will find that they are in as much demand.

Part-time jobs, see Readers' Stories, page 55



The first totally translucent finish-for-the-face...for today's soft, soft, softest look

New 'Demi-Makeup' by Revlon

Demi is the today-fashion in facewear. It's the makeup that is and isn't. A silky slip-on of colour-in-creme . . . gives your face a sheer, supple, flexy, flawless finish that looks and feels (and moves) . . . like spontaneous skin.

It's a whole new demi-world of pure translucency . . . light-reflecting, layerless coverage that lets the 'skinness' of you show through. It even feels translucent.



With so much moisture in its makeup, it slips on with a new sort of sleek, skimmy ease. You can work with it, play with it, blend it endlessly. (You simply can't end up with a masky, 'makeup-y' look.)

If all you restless beauties hadn't asked for the absolute moon . . . this face-age phenomenon might never have been invented. (But now Demi-Makeup is here. Aren't you glad you thought of it?)

THE 'MOON DROPS' DEMI-MAKEUP COLLECTION:
Translucent Flowing-Creme Makeup • Pressed Powder • Loose Facepowder
Blushing Powder • All in soft, soft, softest demi-shades.

● A night out for the Beatles and their fans. Paul McCartney escorted Jane Asher to the premiere of John Lennon's new film, "How I Won the War." Critics panned the show, but the crowds who turned out to see their idols arriving at the Pavilion had a great time.



THE BEATLES AT A FILM PREMIERE

The star arrived in a psychedelic Rolls-Royce

It was London's swaggiest first night . . . all pop talk and frills, mini-skirts and dark glasses, long hair and kissing.

Stars of the evening were the Beatles: George Harrison, Ringo Starr, and Paul McCartney turned out to lend support to John Lennon, whose film "How I Won the War" was having its premiere at the London Pavilion.

John may have "won the war" on the screen, but the film, a satire, didn't win any fans among the critics. They denounced it as "wildly off-beat, highly irreverent, and savagely anti-war."

Still, the crowds that paved the footpaths around the Pavilion theatre didn't care. There were too many interesting sights to be seen outside.

There was, for instance, the bespectacled John Lennon, who arrived with his wife, Cynthia, in a psychedelic Rolls-Royce, wearing formal gear — a green-and-pink brocade Indian-style coat over a silver suit.

Beside him Ringo Starr looked sombre, though elegant, in a black dinner suit with velvet collar and cuffs and a lace cravat.

George Harrison, dazzling in an orange jacket, black velvet trousers, and orange shoes, arrived with his wife, Patti Boyd, who was engulfed in a green feather boa.

Paul McCartney, comparatively conventional in a dark suit with matching brocade lapels, was there with a mini-skirted Jane Asher.

It was a great night out for the screaming fans.



● Cynthia Lennon and, behind her, husband John arriving at the London Pavilion for the opening night of John's film. Not even the other three Beatles quite measured up to John Lennon's sartorial splendor. He wore a maharajah-inspired green-and-pink brocade coat over a silver suit.



● Ringo Starr, above, leads the way out of John Lennon's psychedelic Rolls-Royce, followed by his wife, Maureen, in a silver pants-suit. BELOW: Patti and George Harrison attracted plenty of attention when they arrived. George was dazzling in black and orange; Patti wore a feather boa.





● At a Sydney reception, Soraya with, from left, her travelling companion, Miss Gloria Massoudi, and Dr. and Mrs. Ignacy Listwan.

"I ENJOY MY LIFE," SAYS SORAYA

"I AM not lonely, I am not unhappy, I enjoy my life," Princess Soraya said.

We were sitting in her softly lit, luxurious suite at Sydney's Australia Hotel after attending a reception given to her by the Cornucopia Committee for the Children's Medical Research Foundation.

There, triumphantly led in by committee president Mrs. Ignacy Listwan, she had met the some hundred guests to the accompaniment of an almost continual clicking of cameras and bursting flash-lights.

The diminutive Princess wore a beige crepe dress thickly encrusted at the neck and cuffs with gold, brown, and yellow beads, her only jewellery silver- and-pearl earrings and an outside, blazing diamond ring. She moved through the throng with quiet dignity.

And, during the hour the Princess was there, the press of people clamoring to be presented to her, the questions fired at her by the group of social reporters who clung to her side did not at any time shake her remarkable poise.

When at last I met her and asked if I could see her after the reception in the peace and quiet of her suite, Princess Soraya's firm hand-clasp and the level look as she quietly agreed were charming.

Then, in the flower-filled

suite, as she relaxed in the deep comfort of the large sofa, she looked so much younger than her 34 years.

As she lit a cigarette from an ordinary Australian box of matches, I remarked on the absence of make-up.

Except for a little eyeliner under her lower lids and a pale, pale lipstick, her face seemed devoid of it.

Her light brown eyes widened. "But, do Australian women still wear heavy make-up?" she asked. "That fashion went out in Europe at least a year ago."

Except for a wary, withdrawn manner, which seemed to be a guard against any

swimming, water-skiing in the South of France.

"Yes, it is true that I like to cook. Persian dishes. But I am not very good at them yet, as I have only just started. Who taught me to cook? My mother?"

It was here the real Princess Soraya came through for a few seconds as she giggled delightfully at the idea. "My mother teach me to cook? She has never cooked."

"The film I made? Yes, it was a most interesting experience, but there will be no more. I have no desire for the life of a film star."

"And that report that I had cut a record? That is completely untrue."

Her schedule while she is in Australia? Princess Soraya looked helplessly across the room at Mrs. Listwan.

"That I do not know, I do not know at all. Mrs. Listwan has it arranged for me, but it is an elastic one."

"The Princess," said Mrs. Listwan, "will be going to the Melbourne Cup, where she is presenting an award for a fashion competition. I haven't told her about that yet."

"Then, the Princess will be visiting a property near Canberra, and after that, we hope, a visit to Hayman Island."

Princess Soraya lit another cigarette, leaned back, and said: "I don't like arranged things. I like to just enjoy things as they come and, if you like one place, then stay there. For a

while. Or, if you don't like it, then move on."

She had, she told me, known nothing about Australia when she received the invitation to come here.

"It is such a far, far-away place from Europe. But that made me all the more interested in coming. To see a place I knew so little about, to meet new people."

The reception? Had she enjoyed it? What had the people she met talked about?

"The reception was beautiful, but at such parties you do not get the opportunity to really speak to people. Oh, I enjoy meeting them, but, later, I hope I will have the opportunity to meet many Australians and really get to know them."

Princess Soraya's experience as a film star came out when, just before we left, we asked if she would pose for a picture, possibly a cover picture for us.

A slight frown, her lips pursed, she said, "A cover picture in color? But, what about the lighting? Won't you need special lighting for such a picture? I don't know."

Reassured that the camera was equipped with a flash-light, she leaned back against the cushions and said, "Please tell me when to smile."

● In Dior dress. She says, "I buy my clothes everywhere — Rome, London, Paris, Munich."





PRESENTATION TO PRINCESS

● Exciting moment for pretty debutante Colleen Sears, when, after weeks of practising, she was presented to Princess Soraya by Lady Berryman at the Cornucopia Presentation Ball at Sydney's Menzies Hotel. She was one of 12 debs who made their curtsy to the Princess at one of the year's most glamorous balls, organised by the Cornucopia Committee to aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation. Lady Berryman is patron of the Committee, which invited the Princess to Australia for a week of fund-raising functions.

SOCIAL ROUNDOABOUT

By
Mollie Lyons



ARRIVING. Mr. Jaunie Clarke (at left), Miss Margaret Bathgate, and Mr. Mervyn Horton arriving for the Cornucopia Presentation Ball, which was held at Menzies Hotel. Miss Bathgate's striking ensemble had a hooded cloak in gold mesh which matched the stripes in her white and gold dress.



THREESOME. Mr. and Mrs. John Paull (at left) with Mrs. John Middlemiss in the vestibule of Menzies Hotel before the ball. The ballroom was given a Persian theme with canopies of pale pink chiffon and white - flower - trimmed drapes.



FIRST BALL. Twelve-year-old Fiona Melville danced with her father, Dr. Robert Melville, after she had presented Princess Soraya with a bouquet of white orchids.



GLAMOROUS GOWNS. Two of the most beautiful gowns were those worn by Mrs. Patti Edwards (at left) and Miss Theresa de Tuboly, who were photographed with Mr. Sam Rutherford. Mrs. Edwards' strapless dress was in a heavy cyclamen silk, Miss de Tuboly's in a soft jade-green and gold silk.

PARTIES are in the air at the moment, and among those of which I heard this week are the two black-tie dinner parties to be given by the Geoffrey Hartigans, the first on November 11 and the other a week later. Love the sound of the outfits Mrs. Hartigan will wear — one is a sleeveless high-necked caftan in embossed gold worn with gold beaded shoes; the other is a two-piece plum-colored silk knit which she will team with silver accessories.

AND another one — this time an early Christmas cocktail party — will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Johnston at their Bellevue Hill home on November 10. Among the sixty guests will be the Malcolm Coppelsons, Richard Harfords, Jack Cassidys, Roy Hudsons, Dick Allens, Max Sturzens, Victor Dekyvers, Les Hookers, and the Consul-General of the United States, Mr. Basil Capella, and Mrs. Capella.

A THIRD, which promises to be a bright one, is Monica Read's cocktail party on November 24 to which she has asked about sixty guests. It's to be held at Monica's delightful two-storey green-and-white house at Darling Point, which she describes as a "doll's house." If it's fine she is planning to have the garden illuminated and tables and chairs set out on the lawn for those who like to sit out.

AND I am looking forward so much to the dinner party beautiful Frenchwoman Janine Bribosia is giving on November 10 at her home at Centennial Park to celebrate the birthday of her husband, Albert. A superb cook, Janine will do all the cooking for her twenty-four guests.

NICE to see the Des Carrs back after eight months abroad. They sailed into Sydney on October 29 in the Tahitien after a wonderful return trip via the French ports. They spent a week in Noumea with their two daughters, Judy Morgan and Louena, who flew from Sydney to meet them. The two girls stayed at the Chateau Royale while their parents remained on the ship, and then all four returned home together.

BELIEVE there will be a gay group of people at Jackie Swanson's twenty-first birthday party on November 18. Her sister and brother-in-law, Di and Geoff Burge, are giving the party — a barbecue — for her at their Balgowlah home. The celebration will also be a final get-together for Rowena Wild, Mary Anderson, Margy Sloane, and Rachel Gilder (and also Jackie), who are all going overseas in January.

DATE for your diary . . . the opening of the November Exhibition of the Embroiderers' Guild of New South Wales at the Department of Education Gallery on November 14. It will remain open until November 25.

ANOTHER twenty-first birthday party on November 18 which sounds as if it will be fun is that of Peter Daisley, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Daisley, are giving the party on their farm, "Wundermere Stud," at Wilberforce. After the buffet dinner, guests will be able to dance outside and those of the hundred and fifty guests who are staying for the weekend will go on a hay ride (drawn by tractors) down to the river at four o'clock in the morning. To round off the party and freshen up there'll be water-skiing all day Sunday.

SPECIAL birthday present for Janine Bicknell (just two years old this week) when his mother, Dallas, brings home a new baby brother from St. Luke's Hospital, Darlinghurst. The baby was born in the Adrian Bicknells on October 31 and is very like his father. Proud grandparents are Dallas' parents, Dr. and Mrs. Harold Assheton-Chin, and Mrs. Charles Bicknell, Adrian's mother.

I DO like the sound of the international theme which members of the Belmore Auxiliary are carrying out for their International Bazaar, which will be held in the grounds of The House With No Steps at Belrose, in French's Forest, on November 18. There is to be a Dutch cake stall, a Japanese gardening stand, a corner of hand-knitted goods and woollen goods which will follow a Great Britain theme, a United States toy section, and a white elephant stall with an Indian theme. Members will wear traditional national costumes, and pony rides will be supervised by Wild West characters. Sounds fun.

OUTSTANDING among the beautiful gowns at the glamorous ball for Princess Soraya was the superb heavy silk dress worn by Lady Lloyd Jones in a delicate shade of aqua. It had a scooped neckline and a bodice heavily beaded in glittering crystals.

I HEAR that when Canadian Roderick Mackay and Lorraine Starling wed on November 11 at St. John's Church, Penrhurst, Roderick will wear the full uniform of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. After the wedding the newweds will spend a week in Sydney, fly to Hawaii for a honeymoon, and then go on to Canada to make their home.

JUDY O'MALLEY and Lt. David Farthing decided to marry on November 10, when David, who has been stationed at Nowra with the Royal Australian Navy, takes up a posting in Sydney. David, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Farthing, of Bendigo, Victoria, and Judy will wed at the Chapel of St. George the Martyr, the naval chapel at South Head, when naval guests will wear full mess kit. The newweds will honeymoon in South Australia, where they will visit Judy's grandmother, Mrs. M. P. Preston, who will be unable to be at the wedding.

BRIDE: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pennefather after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was formerly Miss Margaret Mackay, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Mackay, of "Tabbil Creek," Dungog. The bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Pennefather, of "Kilcollin," Euroa, Vic.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1947



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. David Dickson with their flowergirl, Vanessa Ware, following their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was Miss Sancha Bovill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bovill, of Bellevue Hill. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. J. Dickson, of Darling Point, and of the late Mr. Dickson. A reception was held at Royal Sydney Golf Club.



PRINCESS SORAYA'S VISIT. Mrs. Armand George, Mrs. Roger Dunlop, and Mrs. Harry Seidler (ABOVE, left to right) were among guests who attended a luncheon on board the Angelino Lauro in honor of Princess Soraya. AT LEFT: Princess Soraya chatted with Captain Enzo Ummarino, captain of the Angelino Lauro, during the luncheon. BELOW: First official function for the Princess was a reception at the Australia Hotel, when guests included Dr. and Mrs. John Excell (at left) and Mrs. Marinus Okherse. Princess Soraya's visit will aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation.



PRETTY WEDDING. Mr. P. Wheatley, of "Everton," Condobolin, piped Mr. and Mrs. Colin Brett from the chapel at P.L.C., Pymble, to the buggy which took them on to their reception at Pymble Golf Club after their marriage. With them in the buggy is flowergirl Anne Halliday and pageboy David Smith (hidden). The bride was Miss Alison Bragg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Bragg, of "Karoopa," Crowther. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Brett.



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● Mrs. Hazel Holyman, first hostess superintendent for an Australian commercial airline . . . in the days when the flight from Melbourne to Sydney was a three-hour trip, if you were lucky.

"Matron" solved the mystery of the empty biscuit tin

TO the air hostesses she trained, Mrs. Hazel Holyman was "Matron" — and during her 16 years as hostess superintendent for one of Australia's first commercial airlines nothing that happened on its network escaped her notice.

She was something of a martinet to her girls, but they loved her, and it was a nostalgic gathering last month in Melbourne when the newly formed Down to Earth Club for former air hostesses held a reunion cocktail party.

Mrs. Holyman was there as patron of the club, which has branches in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

A stickler for first-class service, regardless of circumstances, Mrs. Holyman started her job in 1939, when the flight from Melbourne to Sydney took three hours, if you were lucky.

In those days most people were nervous about flying — a hostess could tell by glancing down her plane which passengers needed extra reassurance.

Mrs. Holyman chuckled as she recalled: "One trainee hostess was practically stumped for words when an anxious, unsuspecting passenger said to her: 'I'm so glad it's not your first flight, too.'"

Mrs. Holyman had no nursing training, but was known to her girls as "Matron" because, she explained, "In the early days there were so many other Holymans around the airport it might otherwise have been confusing."

In addition to recruiting and training hostesses, she supervised catering, uni-

forms, the airport hostel for hostesses, and laundry.

Her career with the airways began in 1932, when her husband, Captain Victor Holyman (who died in an air crash two years later), began a service between Tasmania and Flinders Island in a de Havilland Fox Moth.

Her job then was to collect the passengers — all three if the plane was full — take them to the aerodrome (usually a paddock), pack a tin of biscuits and a vacuum flask of tea or coffee, and help her charges aboard.

"I could never understand why the biscuit tin came back empty so often," she said.

"The mystery grew when I remarked on this to one of

nurses," she said. "But when war broke out we accepted girls with first-aid certificates."

"We were flying DC3s, seating 14 passengers, and DC3s, seating 21."

The hostess' uniform was modelled on the pilot's uniform — navy-blue, with brass buttons.

The girls soon became tired of polishing the buttons and the uniform was changed to french-grey, with different buttons.

"I felt they had enough to do without cleaning the buttons," said "Matron" always down to earth.

Mrs. Holyman would often say to her hostesses: "It's a job with a difference but no glamor; not an easy job but interesting."

While always loyal to her girls, she kept them on their toes. Her office overlooked the tarmac, and if she noticed as much as a jacket unbuttoned the hostess would hear about it before long.

"In those early days there were no set hours for hostesses," she said. "But the flight always had to be crewed and, if the roster went haywire, I'd go myself."

Staff shortages during the war also saw her preparing meals, washing up, cleaning the hostel rooms, even the interiors of aircraft.

Providing first-class service was of utmost importance to her. When, on one occasion, the company's food supplier delivered inferior produce, she sacked him and took on the job, setting out for the Melbourne market at 4 a.m.

Since her retirement, "Matron" Holyman has lived in Launceston. There she keeps in touch with many of her girls, and Christmas brings a flood of cards from them.

By
Beverley Cooper

the pilots, who replied, 'Goodness, the passengers are usually too scared to eat anything.'

"I did a bit of detective work and discovered that a young office boy was always the first to meet incoming planes."

"He saw to it that he took charge of the biscuit tin thrown down by the pilot. Then he took the long way back, round by the hangars, to hand in the tin, by then very nearly empty."

"I ticked him off, but I really thought him rather enterprising."

In 1939, when Mrs. Holyman was appointed first hostess superintendent for Australian National Airways in Melbourne, she had 18 girls in her charge. When she retired in 1955, there were nearly 200.

"The first hostesses were

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967

• A musical about women convicts
tells of an early colonial custom

THE MARRIAGE MARKET

By BARBARA MARTYN

HUMMING a tune over the housework is something many women do without thinking, but while Mrs. Joy Storey, of Penrith, N.S.W., moved about the house she composed 18 songs for a musical now being presented by the Blacktown Musical Society.

The play is "The Female Factory," based on the notorious Parramatta prison of that name in the early eighteen-hundreds.

It is the first play Mrs. Storey has written and the first music she has composed, but Blacktown Musical Society producer, Mr. Milton Grivas, immediately recommended it to the society for the second of their annual Australian productions.

"I composed the songs as I worked around the home," said Mrs. Storey, mother of six children.

"I have never had any formal musical training, but I am a tremendous listener.

"The songs I have composed for 'Factory' are simple tunes, just as the characters of the play are simple. A lot of the credit for the music must go to Mrs. Joy Watson, who did all the arrangements."

(Mrs. Watson, a former music teacher, is president of the Blacktown Musical Society and musical director for the play.)

The story of the play centres on two kinds of occurrence at the prison: the marriage market held every so often for settlers and emancipated or paroled convicts looking for wives; and riots in 1827.

Around these are woven a story of convict women of varying manners and morals, convicted of crimes ranging from petty theft to murder; ticket-of-leave (paroled) men, free and yet not free; currency lads and lasses, proud to be Australian-born; and free immigrants.

"There are no stars in the play," Mrs. Storey said. "In fact, the real star is the Female Factory itself."

Mrs. Storey got the idea for the play while doing

research as a member of the Nepean Historical Society.

She studied the records on women convicts and prepared a series for radio called "The Unknown Ones," and was invited to speak on the subject at some clubs.

(Mrs. Storey has written children's stories for the ABC, and once did a correspondence course in journalism after winning an Australian Women's Weekly competition for the best description of a happy marriage; but that was the extent of her writing experience.)

"The more I researched the more fascinated I became with the Female Factory, and I decided to try to write a play," she said. "A musical seemed the right medium, so I started writing music, too."

300 inmates

"There were two Female Factories. The first was established in 1801 by Governor King, who had the women placed in the Old Gaol on what is now Alfred Square, in Parramatta.

"It was called a factory because the prisoners were engaged in spinning and weaving wool into cloth. The records reveal other activities not strictly industrial.

"One record stated: 'There was neither bed-

stead nor cradle in the Factory.' While the lack of bedsteads is lamentable, one cannot help speculating about the need for cradles!

"The original Factory housed both male and female convicts, in appalling conditions, and the vices and miseries of the inmates under lax discipline soon became notorious.

"Eventually Governor Macquarie took the housing of women convicts in hand, and in 1818 instructed architect Francis Greenway to plan a factory and barracks for 300 women in an area of four acres.

"The site was on the north bank of the Parramatta River, where the mental hospital now stands. The approach to the factory was through a stone archway to a courtyard flanked by walls 10ft. high, and the outside walls were 20ft. high. Part of an outside wall still remains.

"Although the women had a new building, life went on much as before. They produced cloth for convict uniforms, took in sewing and laundry for the citizens of Parramatta, and did the washing for the military establishment in the town.

"Soldiers entertained the inmates regularly—and to such good effect that a midwife was in residence at the Factory and her services frequently called upon.



MATRON GORDON (Carmel Wills) threatens inmates for insubordination at the washtub.



ABOVE: Dressing up for the marriage market which will free them from the Female Factory—standing, Kath Corcoran and Sandra Muddle; seated, Beryl Doyle; and kneeling, Jenny Campbell.

INSET: Mrs. Joy Storey, who wrote the musical.

"Many of the women subsequently married, as the Factory was also a kind of matrimonial agency. When a settler or ex-convict could bear the loneliness no longer he applied to either the Reverend Samuel Marsden or the superintendent of the Factory.

"Among the 300 women there were usually a few whose ticket-of-leave was due, and when enough applications had been received and enough women were available a marriage market was held.

"Can you imagine the scene? The women, in whatever finery they could afford, lined up in front of the prison wall, and the prospective bridegrooms, probably shy and awkward, passing up and down the line speaking first to one, then another, until a mutual attraction was established.

"The question would be popped and the couple would link arms and make their way to St. John's Church, where Mr. Marsden was waiting.

"To our mind such a brief courtship would seem to ensure disaster, but in my research I found the comment of a contemporary writer: 'It is, however, but just to remark, that such unions were more prosperous than the moralist would suppose, and if a critical inquiry were instituted it could be proved that many of the smartest currency lads and lasses were lineally descended

from one who had graduated at Parramatta.'"

Mrs. Storey said the first riot at the Factory, in 1827, was over the poor diet—in particular, over the sugar ration being replaced by more salt as a punishment.

"The matron was lucky to escape with her life and the women held a constable prisoner and refused to open the main door. The town's citizens stood outside the prison, imploring the women to return to their work, but only received insults and abuse.

"Finally, the Chief Constable decided to lock the women in the factory by themselves overnight, giving them till morning to see reason. Left to themselves, the prisoners revolted in earnest.

Raided shops

"A contemporary report stated:

"They shivered to pieces spinning-wheels, cards, and reels, and, grabbing several instruments left by workmen about the Factory, attacked the gates and freed themselves. They spilled out of the factory like bees from a hive and raided local shops for food. Some bakers, in order to prevent their premises being looted, threw bread into the streets and the hungry women ravenously ate the loaves.

"The military forces were called out, but by the time they appeared the prisoners had replenished themselves with loaves of

bread and cold meat and were returning voluntarily to the Factory, their aprons loaded with their spoil. On the arrival of the soldiers, they greeted them with three cheers—all except 19 inmates who escaped and were never recaptured."

This is the riot Mrs. Storey features in her play.

Although the history of these early times is somewhat grim, Mrs. Storey has handled the material in a more light-hearted manner, and her songs of the hopes of the convict women ("I'm Getting Spliced and Going Bush"), the courting of the men ("I'm Heading For a Wedding, Will You Wed Up With Me?"), the gayer courting of the free currency lads and lasses, and the final, "We Want To Live It Down," are rollicking tunes with some delightfully witty words.

"The Female Factory" is the second Australian musical produced by the Blacktown Musical Society; the first was "Reedy River," which ran for 11 performances last year.

Society secretary Mrs. Pat Parker said it was a new policy of this young amateur group to try to produce one Australian musical each year. ("If we can find them!")

"The Female Factory" will be presented at the Bowman Hall, Civic Centre, Blacktown, on November 10 and again for the Australia Day celebrations on January 24 and on February 3 and 9.



LEFT: Mrs. R. Preston (winner, Section 1), Graham Kerr, Mrs. A. N. Currie (winner, Section 2), and judges Lucien Chassignat, Miss Napua Stevens, and Antonio Pranter at the Presentation Dinner at Sydney's Wentworth Hotel.

RIGHT: Mrs. Preston, with her Black Eyed Beef and Husk Salad, with Wentworth Hotel chef Paul Wirthlin.

— Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron.



MRS. FRED WROBEL, Vice-President of Sydney Hospital Rum Runners Committee, with the General-Manager of White Wings Ltd., Mr. R. Francis, and Mrs. Francis.

GAY BAKE-OFF DINNER

"IT'S a once-in-a-lifetime happening," exclaimed an excited Mrs. Romana Preston, of West End, Brisbane. "I can't believe it's happening to me!"

Mrs. Preston, wife of a Brisbane policeman, was speaking of her winning the Grand Champion prize for "The Great Australian Dish" in our \$9000 Butter-White Wings Bake-Off.

Mother of two, Marisa, 19 months, and David, eight months, Mrs. Preston and her husband were the guests of the sponsors at Sydney's Wentworth Hotel for a few days before and after the Presentation Dinner.

"It's all been like a fairy-tale, I feel like a film star," said attractive, Italian-born Mrs. Preston, who has been

cooking ever since she can remember.

"It's never been a chore to me. I really enjoy it."

Before her marriage seven years ago, Mrs. Preston was a translator-secretary with the Italian Consulate in Brisbane.

International judges — Lucien Chassignat (France), Miss Napua Stevens (Hawaii), and Antonio Pranter (Italy)—and Bake-Off chairman Graham Kerr gave Mrs. Preston's Black Eyed Beef and Husk Salad first prize from 18 other finalist dishes.

Climax of the months of planning behind the Bake-Off came when 200 guests attended the Presentation Dinner, where Mrs. Preston's dish was the main course.

It received unanimous praise from the audience, who included many food and nutrition experts.

The winning entry wasn't just made up on the spur of the moment.

"It took three days of effort to get it just right," said Mrs. Preston. "There's a lot of work in devising a recipe, but I never mind the hours I put into something if it turns out well."

Mr. Preston—a tall, good-looking man in his mid-thirties—says, cheerfully, that his wife is a good cook and that they enjoy entertaining when the budget allows it.

The \$300 Metters Range and the \$300 Metters Dish-washer-Dryer will be used in the Preston home. The \$1000 prizemoney will be "put away" for a holiday when the children are older.

Mrs. A. N. Currie, of Monbulk, Victoria, who won the Grand Champion Prize for Section 2 with her Topsy Dessert Cake, is the wife of a market gardener.

Mother of a son, Leonard, aged 24, a university student, and 12-year-old Rose-lyn, Mrs. Currie helps her husband run the 70-acre property, which grows corn and potatoes.

For years, Mrs. Currie has been entering cooking contests.

"I am a continual enterer," she said. "This is the first big prize I've ever taken out and it was a wonderful surprise."

Because of limited time, Mrs. Currie didn't devise anything new for the Bake-Off — she simply modified one of her original cake recipes she has used successfully for years.

Mrs. Currie will use her prizes — the Metters Dish-washer-Dryer and the Metters Range — in her holiday home at Rye, Vic. The \$1000 will be saved.



CHAIRMAN of the Australian Dairy Products Board, Mr. E. G. Roberts, O.B.E., with the Director of Dairy Food Services, Mrs. Elizabeth Timms, and our Food Editor, Mrs. Ellen Sinclair. Mrs. Timms and Mrs. Sinclair were among the judges for Section 2.



MISS BAKE-OFF, Caroline Styles, presents the winning "Great Australian Dish" to Mrs. E. A. Willis, wife of the N.S.W. Chief Secretary.



SUSAN COSTIN, 13, of Brisbane, runner-up to Miss Sandra Gordon, of Glenmorgan, Qld., in Section 3, with Mrs. Graham Kerr, who wore a chiffon gown.

Fantastic circus act

SIBERIAN TIGER RIDES A HORSE

RECENT Sunday night gems on TCN9 have included Dick Van Dyke and Shelley Berman, and the latest is a beauty — an hour special on November 12 from the world's most famous circus.

The TV circus is the 1967 highlights of Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey circus, made recently in America, and hosted, by probably TV's most loved cowboy, Roy Rogers, assisted by his wife, Dale Evans.

Circuses make extra good viewing, and as this comes from the best in the world it should be super TV.

There are clowns, acrobats, balancing acts, flying aerialists, as well as animals in profusion — elephants, tigers, chimpanzees, bears.

One of the most fantastic animal acts is one in which a Siberian tiger cavorts around a caged ring, frequently on the back of a horse.

Their trainer, 25-year-old Franz Althoff, has trained the two animals together since they were born.

The enormous tiger — he weighs 600lb. — has an original name, Tiger, and Franz says he's put Tiger on the horse ever since he was a cub.

"They got used to each

By
NAN MUSGROVE

other," he said, "but one day, if the luck runs out, one will eat the other."

To prevent this, Franz feeds Tiger 40lb. of meat a day, after the day's circus act. He says Tiger would get sleepy if fed before his performance.

The horse, a piebald, is a light eater. He eats only 10lb. of food a day.

"I really don't think Tiger will ever attack the horse," Franz said recently. "Of course, you never know, but I feel it won't happen."

"Right now Tiger is very nervous and temperamental. But as he gets older he will get calmer and braver."

Let's hope this happens soon for the horse's sake.

★ ★ ★
THE disappearance of teenage live shows hasn't caused any great gap in my TV life. The recent ABC-TV teenage shows, "Good grief—It's the Twisters" and "Ronnie Burns," a living-camera half-hour about the hectic world of an Australian pop singer, didn't make me wail over their disappearance either.

Both shows were competently produced, both were interesting enough I suppose, but they seemed to belong to five years ago, to have no

particular place in today's programs.

I am sure it is all very depressing for the teenage performers, but it is just as depressing for the viewers. We need original ideas, new ones.

Star without an image

THE gentlemen of "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" (TCN9, Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.), who, in the submarine Seaview, fight the forces of evil that operate beneath the sea, have trouble with their fans.

David Hedison, who plays Captain Crain, says no one ever gets his name right—that he is one of the nameless heroes.

A carpenter doing some renovations at his home recently complimented him fulsomely on his work in the series, told him how he preferred him to other members of the cast and so on. Later in the day Hedison phoned his home and the carpenter answered.

"Richard Hedington's residence," he said.

Another time, a man and his son approached him on the street. The man stopped him, said how he admired his work in "Voyage," then said to his boy: "Son, shake hands with John Derek."

"It really puts you in your place," says Hedison. "I wish I had an image."

Terry Becker, who plays Chief Sharkey, had a more embarrassing situation to deal with.

He got a letter from a young woman in Portland, Oregon.

"I watch your show every week," she wrote, "and I'm utterly fascinated by your beautiful curly hair. I just love men with curly hair."

"Would it be a terrible imposition to ask for a lock of it? I am enclosing an eight-cent airmail stamp for the cost of mailing."

After the initial shock, Terry wrote back:

"I am returning your eight cents. If you will kindly send me \$200 by return mail, you may have the entire works—you see, dear girl, I wear a toupee."

★ ★ ★
"HAWK," ABC-TV's run-of-the-mill Sunday night detective series, was all but finished when I got interested in it. What captured me

finally was the realisation that Hawk (Bert Reynolds) was TV's Marlon Brando.

Not only did Hawk, the half-Indian detective, look like Marlon, he was a method actor from way back but not as good as Marlon.

"Hawk" is gone now and the new show is most suitable for Sunday night — "All Gas and Gaiters," a BBC comedy about three clergymen.

"Wonder" on and off the screen

ROBIN (Burt Ward), the Boy Wonder, sidekick to "Batman" (ATN7, Sundays, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.), is a boy wonder in real life — he is the fastest reader ever to graduate from the Beverly Hills High School speed-reading classes.

Take a deep breath before I reveal his speed — 30,000 words a minute with 90 percent comprehension.

The man who revealed that Burt is a Speed Reading King is the head of the high school, Mr. J. E. Sparks, who also teaches speed reading at the University of California, in Los Angeles.

If you've done a speed-reading course, a short concentrated one, and are depressed about reaching only 800 w.p.m., take heart as I did when I found it took Burt three years' study to reach this astronomical speed.

"After three years, Burt demonstrated the ability to read approximately 30,000 words per minute with 90 percent comprehension," Mr. Sparks said recently.

He demonstrated this speed before the Beverly Hills Medical Society when he read a 2000-word selection from a book of college level that he had never seen before. He read it in seconds and was able to answer questions on the text covered.

"This, of course, demanded rapid skimming and

could not be sustained for long, but it was, nonetheless, an outstanding accomplishment."

"We have found that no one can continually read more than 800 to 900 words per minute with any degree of comprehension. The average is about 250 words per minute with a 70 percent comprehension."

Burt was suitably modest about his reading skill in a real boy-wonder way. He said the demonstration was several years ago and he couldn't read so rapidly now.

Mr. Sparks won't have this.

"With his wide reading knowledge to aid comprehension and his ability to concentrate, I'd wager that it would take only a few days of instruction to bring that ability back."

As Robin says — "Holy Reading Authority."

In Sydney

I didn't believe it was possible that anyone could read at 30,000 words a minute, or even turn the pages that contain them, but I find after a quick round of Sydney's speed-reading centres that it is possible.

Mr. Tom Gray, Head Teacher of English, who is in charge of speed-reading classes at the Sydney Techni-

cal College, says it is quite possible to read at this speed, but to do so you have to be a bit of physiological odd-ball or freak.

The essential thing is to have an extra wide eye span to be optically abnormal, so that you are able to "photograph" page after page with one glance.

Mr. Gray and his co-Head Teacher, Mr. Short, agreed that at 30,000 w.p.m. it is not exactly reading.

He agrees that Robin could readily recall parts of the text, but he believes that at that speed he could not analyse what he read or give an answer that required thought. He could quote sentences, though.

Both men told me Australia has at least one reader who demolishes textbooks at 25,000 w.p.m. Most pupils of speed reading, though, get to 600 w.p.m. where they have to get through the sound barrier. If they do, they go to speeds of up to 1200 w.p.m. and sometimes more.

The sound barrier in reading is interesting. Mr. Gray tells me that up to 600 w.p.m. you "hear" the words being fed into your ear, after 600 w.p.m. you dispense with sound and depend entirely on your visual skill.

I can't get over how well cast that Holy Boy Wonder Robin is.



● ROY ROGERS, who will comper the hour-long circus special with his wife, Dale Evans, on TCN9, Sunday, November 12, 7.30 p.m.

THE BOY WONDER



BURT WARD, better known as Robin, "the Boy Wonder" (Batman's sidekick), is a wonder in real life, too. He is the fastest reader ever to graduate from Beverly Hills High School speed-reading class.

READ TV TIMES FOR
FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "Well, soon it will be time to go on our annual holidays, but first a word of warning to you middle-aged people, especially the men. Remember you are a year older and you've put on weight. Just look at that stomach! No, your bathing-suit didn't shrink. Don't try to do everything the first day. You'll find nature is giving you hints. Do you notice how you pant after swimming 100 feet? Remember when you could swim many times that distance and then run the length of the beach? Even that picnic basket is getting heavier to carry from the car. Have you noticed how young-looking the boys and girls on the beach are this year? And have you tried walking on your hands recently? Don't. I think the centre of the earth has moved, it's so hard to get your balance."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "Don't tell a tired-looking man he needs a vacation. Chances are he has just had one."

PERSONALITY PORTABLES

Here are some of the portables that make "His Master's Voice" such a famous name in record players. Models to suit every pocket and every mood. You can be sure that every H.M.V. record player will give years and years of trouble free enjoyment because you know this famous trademark.  It's completely trustworthy. It gives peace-of-mind to millions of families as it has done for over sixty years. Why? Because it carries the faithful promise of reliability and excellence. When you're out to buy your new stereo, TV or record player, look for this trademark .

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H.M.V. NIPPERGRAM

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H.M.V. SAFARI

Battery-operated portable radiogram. All-transistor for instant operation. Medium-wave radio. Gram plays stereo or mono records—all speeds, all sizes. Unbreakable Cyclocac cabinet. Vinyl covering—in Tan, Charcoal or Red.

H.M.V. CAVALIER
A mains-operated unit with the same features as H.M.V. Safari.



HIS MASTER'S VOICE

H.M.V. BAHAMA
Portable, stereo record player with the same features as H.M.V. Nippergram—without radio. Also available in Red.

Page 16



H.M.V. MALIBU

Portable, stereo record player with satellite speaker. Separate speaker in detachable lid. Two separate amplifier channels and balance control. Plays records of any size, any speed—mono or stereo. Unbreakable Cyclocac cabinet covered with burnished antique vinyl—in Green, Tan or Charcoal.



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A battery-operated unit with the same features as H.M.V. Monaco.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967

John Galsworthy's
saga goes on
television

RETURN OF THE FORSYTES

JOHN GALSWORTHY, novelist and playwright, was born 100 years ago at the height of Victorian English wealth and splendor; he called it "the gilt-edged period." His monument is the group of novels about one family, published under the general titles "The Forsyte Saga" and "A Modern Comedy," and these have been dramatised by the BBC as a television series, with no fewer than 26 50-minute instalments.

In Australia the series will be the ABC's prestige offering to begin its 1968 TV season.

Galsworthy, son of a well-to-do father, was a reformer with great sympathy for the unequal status of women in his day. With kindness and understanding, he mocked his own origins, and his chronicle of the Forsyte family is a major literary achievement.

Type-figure of the large family, with its vivid gallery of aunts and uncles, is Soames Forsyte, the "man of property" addicted passionately to possession of all kinds; and part of his "property" is his wife, Irene. She, however, falls in love with an architect, Bosinney, and many years later with Soames' cousin, the artist known in the family as "young Jolyon." These figures represent a rebellion against Victorian greed and self-assured rigidity of standards.

The first of the Forsyte novels was published in 1906, and they became immensely popular in the 1920s. There were nine of them; the later ones moved through the Edwardian and World War I periods, to depict a society eroded by the war, left without faith, whose purpose was "to have a good time because we don't believe anything can last," but in which the Victorianism of a glum Soames Forsyte here and there survived.

More pictures overleaf



SOAMES FORSYTE, above left (played by Eric Porter), the man of property who, in Galsworthy's phrase, "might wish and wish and never get the beauty and the loving of the world." Below is the wife whom he divorces, the beautiful Irene (played by Nyree Dawn Porter), and, above right, the other Forsyte she eventually marries, the "rebel against property" in an acquisitive family, the underwriter and artist known as "young Jolyon" (played by Kenneth More).



"Property—this was their god"



THE steam behind the BBC's giant undertaking in dramatising John Galsworthy's series of novels came from Donald Wilson, the producer. He is a large, confident Scot of 56, who has always admired Galsworthy.

"I tried to get the rights of 'The Forsyte Saga' for 11 years," he said. "I always wanted to dramatise and produce it. We finally made this extra effort because 1967 is the centenary of Galsworthy's birth.

"As far as I was concerned in this deal, there was no question of supervision of any kind. The budget enabled me to get a very good cast.

"When Galsworthy wrote his novels and plays he scared the life out of his Forsyte contemporaries. He was a rebel. And a tremendous reformer.

"What he was fighting against were things that today have been very largely defeated: for instance, the marriage laws, and those relating to the vivisection of

By JOHN GALE

animals. When Galsworthy was a young man, in the 1880s, a man's wife was his property. She was permitted to own no property. She had no recourse if he was unfaithful to her. If she had money, it became his. A wife couldn't get away; she was trapped in marriage.

"Galsworthy was brought up in a family where these values were totally accepted. And he, like many young men brought up rich, hadn't the faintest idea what he wanted to do. He became a barrister because his father wanted him to. He was very fond of his father, who is the prototype of Old Jolyon. He made himself into a writer when he was nearly 30.

"Galsworthy placed people in an environment; made you accept the environment and understand why they behaved in the way they did.

"Soames Forsyte is a fascinating character, because he's a swine nearly all the time, and yet everyone who has ever read the 'Saga' gradually comes to have a sympathy with him. What Galsworthy did was to create people that stick in the mind; and that's what Dickens did. How

SUMPTUOUS set in the TV saga shows two generations of Forsytes at the Court Theatre: in foreground, Winifred and Montagu Dauterive (played by Margaret Tyzack and Terence Alexander); on balcony, June Forsyte (June Barry) with her fiancé, Bosinney (John Bennett). He becomes Irene Forsyte's lover.



SWITHIN ("Four-in-hand Forsyte"), played by George Woodbridge, gossips with his sisters Hester (left, Nora Swinburne) and Juley (Nora Nicholson) in Timothy Forsythe's home.

BELOW: A Forsyte funeral. The intensely possessive family bitterly resented death, which they regarded as "contrary to their principles, and an encroachment on their property."



OLD JOLYON (Joseph O'Connor) with his grandchildren, Holly, "my little sweet," and Jolly, who brought him great happiness when they and their father came to live with him.

BELOW: Off to the Old Transvaal. Val Dartie (Jonathon Burn) on his way to fight in the Boer War, says goodbye to his cousin, Holly, now grown-up (played by Suzanne Neve).



many characters in the novels of the past 30 years can you remember the names of?

"Galsworthy went through an experience of his own. Fell in love with his cousin's wife, Ada. And she loathed his cousin and suffered what Irene suffered in the 'Saga.' So it's parallel. He never created Irene as a character at all: she's always looked at through the eyes of other people, and we've had the problem of making her into an articulate human being."

"It isn't till after more than 300 pages that Galsworthy tells the reader how Irene happened to marry Soames; and he tells it in a paragraph. This isn't enough for the audience of a dramatic work, so what I've had to do is to start the serial nine years and three episodes before the book ever began. It's been imagined by me from clues that Galsworthy dropped in at various points in the narrative."

"This has meant that I've had to write the courting of Irene by Soames: which in fact happened, and Galsworthy hints at it, but he doesn't give you chapter and verse and the scenes. He doesn't have to; but I have to, because the audience wants to see it happening."

"The rape of Irene: All Galsworthy wrote, in the chapter after it was all over, was: 'On the morning after' — this is a paraphrase, but it's near enough — 'Soames exercised his rights as a husband,'

and so on. What we have to do is to write the rape, within decency. I'm interested in writing scenes for actors and actresses to play. If the scenes don't exist in the original, then they have to be created."

"I've planned the 'Saga' by and large like a thriller serial."

"Just because a book is called a classic there's a tremendous danger of letting it get soft and self-indulgent — wallowing, and too reverent. I want the audience to

Actor Eric Porter, as Soames, has to age from 29 to 70

long to know what's going to happen next. If you have that, you can do Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Gide, the most obscure — the lot. It can be the same as with a James Bond. Construction: the manners are different, but the dramatic construction is the same or ought to be the same."

"There are moments of very high drama indeed, but it's not all on the high-drama level. What I'm concerned about — what I think is real drama — is conflict between characters at a moment of crisis. This Galsworthy did in terms of the

novel. We've had to reorganise that in terms of drama."

"Irene is played by Nyree Dawn Porter. Here's a girl who looks very modern, but she has in fact a Victorian figure. You put her into Victorian clothes and she has the sloping shoulders and the very delicate top structure."

"Authentic period costumes do still exist in theatrical costumiers; we have used some. Every detail is accurate. You've only got to see the sets and the dresses to get an aesthetic thrill."

"All the girls in the show were mad about the dresses. They came to rehearsals in their trousers and leather jackets, but they were different human beings when they put their costumes on: the corsets and the dresses and the coiffure."

"Eric Porter is Soames: he's first-rate. He has to age from 29 to 70, and this is something that cannot be done entirely by make-up; it is the essential art of the actor."

"I've used Kenneth More as Young Jolyon, and as the ironic voice of Galsworthy commenting on the Forsytes. Old Jolyon is Joseph O'Connor."

"Then the old aunts: Fay Compton as Aunt Ann and Nora Swinburne as Aunt Hester and Nora Nicholson as Aunt Juley."

"What happens to the next generation? Susan Hampshire is Fleur, Soames' daughter by Annette. He always wanted a son,

and of course he didn't get a son, he got Fleur instead."

"Television is the only medium in the entertainment business where you can do all you want to with the time at your disposal: it may not be perfect what you're doing, but I did 20 years in films and never did I get near the perfect result that I wanted. I worked in every capacity, which is something hard to do now."

"Now I'm doing what I want to do. I'm producing almost 20 hours' entertainment, the equivalent of 15 feature pictures. In the time I've been engaged in this, a year and eight months, I wouldn't have been able to set up one movie."

"If it's good it's me; and if it's lousy it's my fault. I have all told here a better cast than I could buy for a movie. This is not a job; it's something I do have a great delight in. And I understand what Galsworthy was trying to get at."

"This late flowering of the Victorian age is a fascinating time. And the point about it is that Galsworthy, in his own way, was very largely responsible for mocking the Forsytes: a particular kind of person, for whom property, possessions, and people — the owning of people . . . this was their god. He mocked at all this, but because he was a better writer than many people give him credit for; he made them human beings and didn't write in black and white."

OVERLEAF: John Galsworthy's own two loves

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JOHN GALSWORTHY'S OTHER ROMANCE



● Margaret Morris at 20, and (below) today. At 75 she still teaches dancing.



GALSWORTHY had two great loves.

The first, and last, was the "Irene" of the novels, his cousin's wife, Ada, whom he was eventually able to marry after ten years of agonised secrecy. Six years later he fell in love again, with a 20-year-old dancer, Margaret Morris, and she with him. He wrote many letters to her; otherwise the most that was involved was a kiss in a taxi and some furtive lunches. He decided his wife's happiness must come first and broke off the relationship, but Margaret stayed in love. Now she tells of the brief affair in "My Galsworthy Story," just published by Peter Owen, London. The same publisher has issued a new biography, "Galsworthy the Man: An Intimate Portrait"; and Penguin is publishing all nine of the Forsyte books.



A NEW FORSYTE GENERATION

● Fleur Forsyte (played by Susan Hampshire) on her way to marry Michael Mont, publisher and heir, but a man whom she doesn't love.

FINDING YOUR WAY AROUND THE FORSYTES

● The Forsyte family's fortune sprang from one of six brothers, Jolyon ("Superior Dosset"), a stonemason of farming stock risen to master-builder, who moved to London in the early nineteenth century.

BRANCH DESCENDED FROM OLD JOLYON:

OLD JOLYON (played by Joseph O'Connor): Born 1806. Tea merchant. Chairman of companies; 80-year-old head of the family. ("One of the soundest Englishmen who ever lived — and to me the dearest" — Young Jolyon.)

YOUNG JOLYON (Kenneth More): Son of OLD JOLYON. Born 1847. Underwriter and artist. The "rebel against property" in an acquisitive family. Lovable, tolerant. Narrator in first half of TV serial.

FRANCES CRISSON (Ursula Howells): First wife of YOUNG JOLYON.

JUNE (June Barry): Daughter of YOUNG JOLYON and FRANCES CRISSON. Born 1869. Lived at Old Jolyon's.

Becomes engaged to struggling architect PHILIP BOSINNEY (John Bennett), but loses him to IRENE. Later takes up good works and "fame ducks." Never marries.

HELENE HILMER (Lana Morris): Second wife of YOUNG JOLYON. Austro-English governess for whom he left June's mother.

JOLLY (Michael York): Son of YOUNG JOLYON and HELENE. Born 1879. Dies of fever after volunteering for Boer War.

HOLLY (Suzanne Neve): JOLLY'S sister. Born 1881. Married VAL DARTIE, son of Soames' sister WINIFRED; linking families of Soames and young Jolyon.

IRENE FORSYTE: Divorced wife of JOLYON and third wife of YOUNG JOLYON.

JOLYON ("JON") (Martin Jarvis): Son of YOUNG JOLYON and IRENE FORSYTE. Born 1901. Youngest of Young Jolyon's children. Falls in love with FLEUR, not knowing that his mother, IRENE, was her father's divorced wife.

BRANCH DESCENDED FROM JAMES: JAMES (John Welsh): Second of six original FORSYTE BROTHERS. Born

1811. Solicitor. SWITHIN'S thin twin. ("The perfect specimen of a Forsyte" — Young Jolyon.) Married EMILY GOLDING.

SOAMES (Eric Porter): Son of JAMES. Born 1855. Solicitor and connoisseur. The Man of Property, "the tragedy of whose life is the tragedy of being unlovable." Married IRENE HERON and later ANNETTE LAMOTTE.

IRENE HERON (Nyree Dawn Porter): First wife of SOAMES. A disturbing beauty who, not loving Soames, has an affair with BOSINNEY which ends with his death. Later married YOUNG JOLYON.

ANNETTE LAMOTTE (Dallia Penn): Second wife of SOAMES. Pretty daughter of a French restaurant owner.

FLEUR (Susan Hampshire): Daughter of SOAMES and ANNETTE LAMOTTE. Born 1901. After falling in love with Jon marries on the rebound MICHAEL MONT (Nicholas Pennell), publisher,

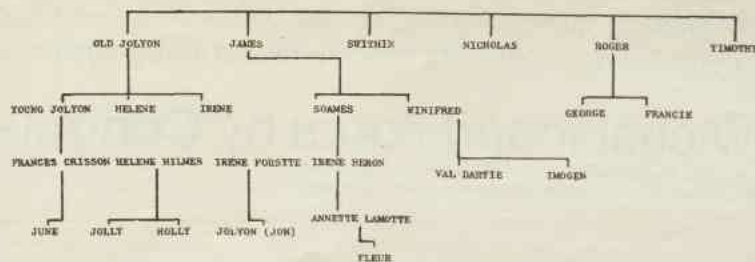
M.P. (Narrator in second half of TV serial.)

CHRISTOPHER (Kit): Born 1923. Son of FLEUR's marriage to MICHAEL MONT.

WINIFRED (Margaret Tyzack): Daughter of JAMES, sister of SOAMES. Born 1858. Married MONTAGU DARTIE, a gay dog, drinker, gambler. Winifred's house replaces Timothy's as the family rendezvous of the 'twenties.

VAL DARTIE (Jonathan Burn): Son of WINIFRED and MONTAGU DARTIE. Born 1880. Married HOLLY, daughter of Young Jolyon. Becomes Sussex horse-breeder. It's at his house that JON, son of Young Jolyon's third marriage to Irene, and FLEUR, daughter of SOAMES' second marriage to Annette Lamotte, fall in love.

IMOGEN (Anne de Vigier): Daughter of WINIFRED and MONTAGU DARTIE. Born 1882. Married Jack Cardigan.



SWITHIN (NO DESCENDANTS):

SWITHIN (George Woodbridge): Twin brother of JAMES FORSYTE. Born 1811. Estate and land agent. "Tall, spare, and broad, with a chest like a pouter pigeon's."

BRANCH DESCENDED FROM ROGER:

ROGER (A. J. Brown): Fourth of FORSYTE BROTHERS. Born 1813. "Collector of house property." Married Mary Monk.

GEORGE (John Barcroft): Son of ROGER FORSYTE. Born 1856. Tall, burly, and sardonic. He christened Philip Bosinney "The Wild Buccaneer" because of his unconventional ways.

FRANCES (Sara Harter): Daughter of ROGER FORSYTE. Born 1858. Composer and poetess. She wrote songs with titles like "Breathing Sighs" or "Kiss Me, Mother, Ere I Die." In lighter moments she wrote waltzes.

BRANCH DESCENDED FROM NICHOLAS:

NICHOLAS (Kynaston Reeves): Fifth of FORSYTE BROTHERS. Born 1817. Mines, railways. Married a rich wife before the Married Women's Property Acts of 1870 and 1882, which progressively broke down a husband's domination over his wife's property and recognised her ability to manage her own affairs.

BRANCH DESCENDED FROM TIMOTHY:

TIMOTHY (John Baskcomb): Sixth of FORSYTE BROTHERS. Born 1819. Publisher. With him at his Bayswater house — the gossip-market of the FORSYTES — lived his two unmarried sisters, Ann (Fay Compton) and Hester (Nora Swinburne), and his widowed sister, Juley (Nora Nicholson).



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AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● A weekly feature by Bill Beatty

NOVEMBER 12

1821 Lieutenant William Lawson first traversed the site of Mudgee, N.S.W.

1850 Prince's Bridge, Melbourne, opened. The original stone arch was 30ft. wide and had a single 150ft. span rising 24ft. It was demolished in 1884 and replaced by the existing iron-arch bridge, opened in 1888. Early bridging in Victoria was mainly of timber on timber piles, with spans of up to 30ft. and roadway widths of 12 to 20ft.

1873 Death of David Lennox, pioneer bridge-builder. A Scottish stonemason, Lennox migrated to Australia in 1832, and Surveyor-General Mitchell found work for him as a Government stonemason. In 1833, he designed and supervised the building of a bridge at Lapstone Hill, and this is now the oldest bridge on the mainland. This bridge came to be named after Lennox and is still in use, although bypassed by the main western highway.

Lennox built many important bridges in New South Wales and Victoria. When in 1844 he became superintendent of bridges at Port Phillip, his first work was to build a permanent bridge over the Yarra. Named Prince's Bridge (referred to above), it was an excellent job and, like his other designs, simple, aesthetically pleasing.

1914 The steamer Norfolk aground on Ninety Mile Beach, Vic. The English vessel had discharged cargo in Melbourne, and was proceeding to Sydney when she caught fire and had to run ashore on Ninety Mile Beach. No lives were lost, but the following month the Norfolk, still grounded, broke up.

NOVEMBER 13

1839 Formation of Melbourne's first Town Band. Its first performance was on that Christmas Eve, under the baton of George Tickell. The same evening they played carols beneath the windows of Mr. Horatio Nelson Carrington, a solicitor, of William Street, so delighting that gentleman that he sent them out a cask of wine — "to their great content."

1850 The first bank opened in Brisbane.

1897 Death of Ernest Giles, the explorer. His parents migrated to Australia while he was still at school, and in 1851 the boy joined them in South Australia. Giles worked on the Victorian goldfields before joining an exploring party in Queensland.

Most of his explorations were undertaken in South and Western Australia. The most notable was in 1875. Starting from Beliana, he traversed the desert west of Lake Torrens, and reached Perth, then set off again to return to South Australia along a line just south of the Tropic of Capricorn — more than 5000 miles in mostly arid country. These explorations were largely financed by Baron Ferdinand von Mueller and a number of wealthy Victorians.

H. Finlayson, in his book "The Red Centre," pays this tribute to Giles: "All who have worked in that country since Giles' time have felt both admiration and astonishment at the splendid horsecraft, the endurance, and the unwavering determination with which those explorations were carried through . . . The discovery with the very scanty resources at his command of the great system of ranges, including the Everard, Musgrave, Petermann, George Gill, and Rawlinson, and much of

the country between, is one of the finest feats of exploration in the history of the Empire."

NOVEMBER 14

1839 Wreck of HMS Pelorus, during a hurricane at Port Essington, Northern Territory. She parted her cables at midnight, and was driven ashore with the loss of 12 lives. Some of the crew were rescued by HMS Britomart. The rest remained by the wreck for more than 16 months, partially repaired her, and sailed her to Singapore.

1853 Adam Lindsay Gordon, the poet, arrived in Adelaide.

1898 The last bare-knuckle fight. Fought by Ryan and Toohey at Sans Souci, Sydney, it was the end of a boxing era in Australia. They were two of the many pupils of Larry Foley, last of Australia's great bare-knuckle fighters, and adopted the upright stance of which the last memorable exponent (in much later years) was the Negro "Jack" Johnson.

Foley was one of the principals in a fight with Abe Hicken in the late 1870s on the Murray River, near Echuca. The police were successfully dodged (prizefights were against the law) till the contest — won by Foley in 1hr. 20min. — was over. Among ringside spectators were Ned Kelly and Joe Byrne, one of his gang.

NOVEMBER 15

1769 Cook took possession of New Zealand.

1830 Arrival of the first hackney coach in Australia. It was landed in Sydney for its owner, a Mr. Hart, who plied it for hire. The stand was at King's Wharf, Circular Quay, and the vehicle attracted great attention.

The first wheeled carts in Australia were drawn by convicts, carting bricks from the brickfield to the barrack-ground. A little later, timber carts were drawn by oxen.

Various vehicles arrived with the coming of the roads. Mrs. Macarthur's chaise (brought from England) was one of them. Gigs and phaetons and tilt-carts were to be seen, as well as a variety of farm carts. Later came the family coach, the four-wheeled carriage, the phaeton, and the cabriolet; the buggy, the fly, and the English cab — not to be confused with the hansom cab.

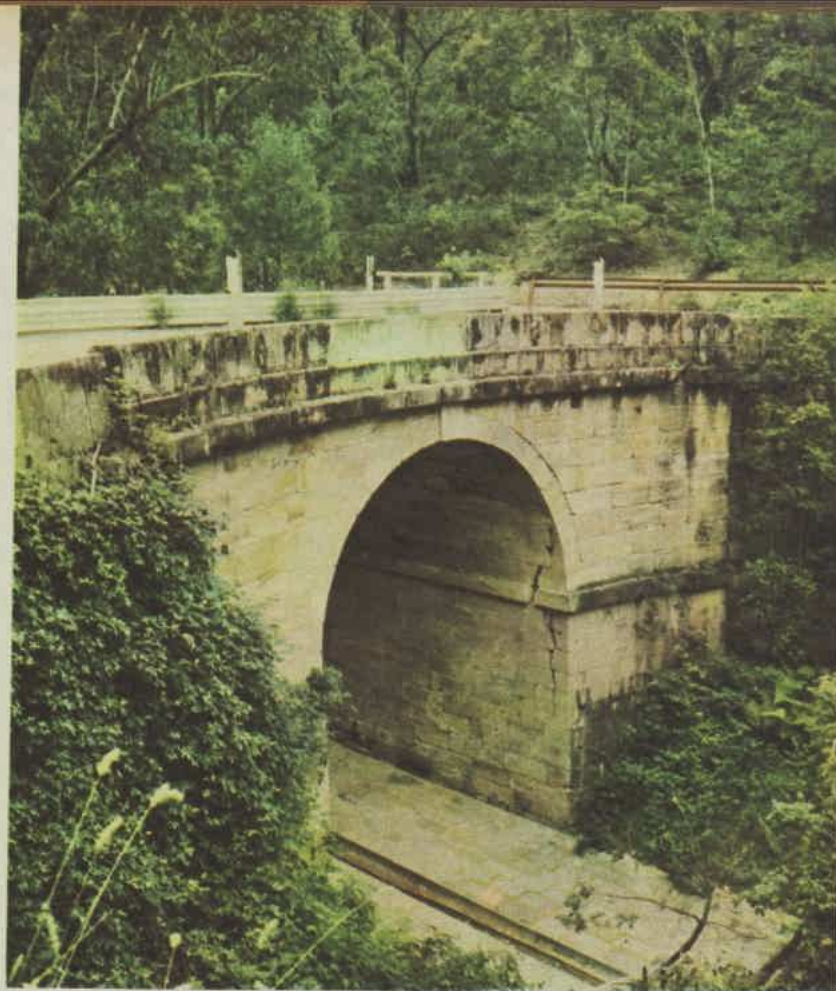
1831 Australian College founded by Dr. Lang. The college was opened a few months later, with Lang as principal without salary, but it closed in 1854. The college was too ambitious for the times, and rigid sectarianism did not help its success.

1850 The Separation Tree inscribed. This large eucalypt, still in fair condition in the Melbourne Botanical Gardens, is inscribed: "Separation Tree. Under this tree, on 15th November, 1850, public rejoicings of citizens of Melbourne took place in celebration of the authorised separation of the Colony of Victoria from New South Wales on 1st July, 1851."

NOVEMBER 16

1824 Hume and Hovell discovered the Murray River. Hume called the imposing river after himself, but the name was not retained. He has been honored with the naming of the Hume Highway and the Hume reservoir.

The Hume-Hovell expedition recorded the



LENNOX BRIDGE, on Lapstone Hill, in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, was built by pioneer bridge-builder David Lennox. Lennox was a Scottish stonemason, who migrated to Australia in 1832. This charming old stone arch is the oldest bridge on the Australian mainland. Lennox also built the first Prince's Bridge over the Yarra—a stone arch structure, replaced by the existing iron arch in 1888.

discovery of the Murray on a large eucalypt tree by the river, but inscribed the day as the 17th. The inscription has been preserved on a tablet, and the tree, still sound, is protected by an iron rail (bearing only Hovell's name and date) provided by Hovell himself in 1857. A neighboring tree, bearing Hume's name only, has long disappeared. The separate markings by the two explorers is one instance of their continual bickering.

1842 First Town Clerk of Sydney, Charles Chambers, appointed.

The council then administered public health and sanitation, street maintenance and lighting, markets, water supply, licensing of vehicles, and control of police. However, with the passing of time the scope of its functions became less.

1884 German Protectorate proclaimed over north New Guinea.

NOVEMBER 17

1773 Birth of Sammy Cox, Tasmania's wild white man. Cox lived for 26 years with the Tasmanian Aborigines, second only to William Buckley's record of 32 years with the Victorian natives. He was born in England. His father, a wealthy country gentleman, was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting. An uncle, Captain John Jervis, then took charge of the ten-year-old boy and allowed him to go with him on voyages.

At the age of 13 he was aboard the Regent Fox when, in a conversation with the bosun, he was told that the uncle intended to leave him on an uninhabited island and return to England to claim the family estate. The boy believed the story, and decided to get out of his uncle's clutches.

Soon after, Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania) was sighted. It was 1789. A boat was sent ashore to look for water, and the lad went with the party.

Sammy managed to separate from the others and hide in the bush. The men had to return to the ship without him. Sammy

was discovered by a tribe of Aborigines, who took a liking to him and treated him kindly. He remained with them for 26 years, without contact with white people.

Then, hunting with the tribe in the district of Quamby, Sammy Cox came across some settlers and decided to leave his native friends. A family named Cox gave him a job, and he worked and lived with them for many years. He died in Launceston, aged 115. A representative of his family, a solicitor, came from England to investigate the circumstances, and verified the facts.

1869 The opening of the Suez Canal.

NOVEMBER 18

1835 First house built in Melbourne.

1868 The schooner Elizabeth capsized and foundered in a gale off Bulli, N.S.W., with the loss of all hands.

1874 The Cospatrik disaster. The Shaw Savill ship, on a voyage from London with 429 migrants and a crew of 44, caught fire when south of the Cape of Good Hope. Pandemonium broke out, and only two boats could get away. They stayed near the blazing vessel until she sank. There were no provisions nor drinking water in the two boats, and insufficient oars. Only three people were alive when picked up by the British Sceptre ten days later. There was a total loss of 470 lives.

1924 John Allen became Premier of Victoria. Son of a farmer, Allen took a leading part in forming the Victorian Farmers' Union, which merged with the Victorian Country Party during World War I.

In 1917 he was elected member for Rodney in the Legislative Assembly, and held that seat for the rest of his life. During his premiership, legislations passed included assistance in financing wheat-growers, and for suspended payments for farmers affected by drought conditions. Legislation was also passed for the Superannuation Act for the Government service on a contributory basis, and an act making voting at elections compulsory. Allen died in 1936.

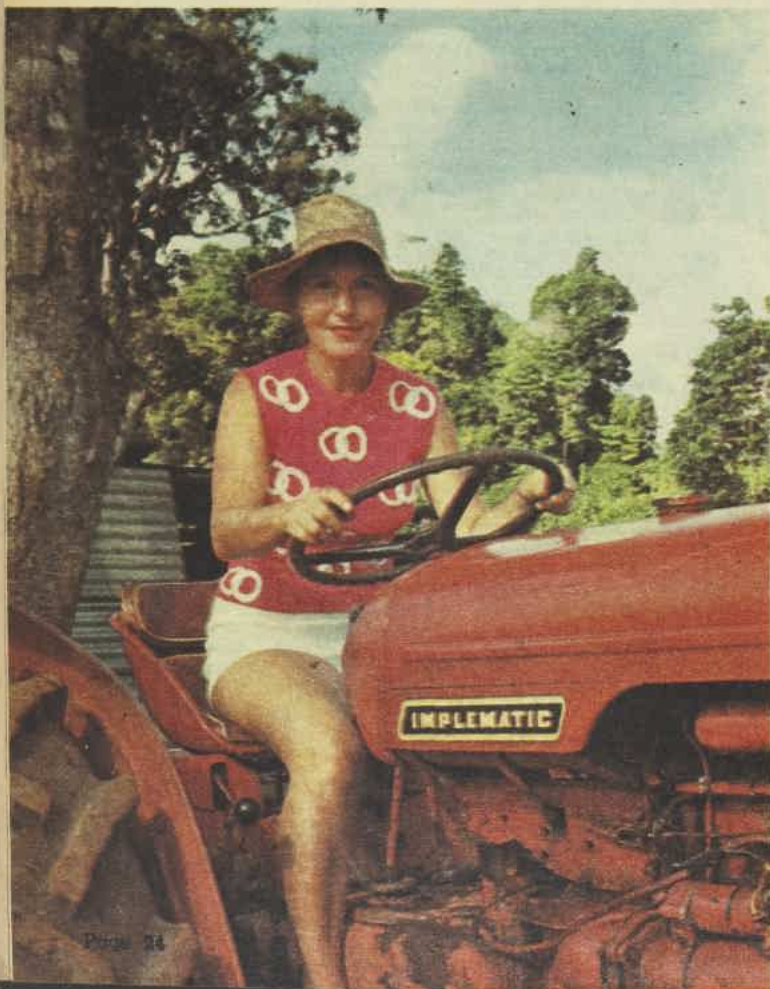
FATIMA WHITE has Egyptian in her ancestry. She married in Germany, danced in many countries, lived 12 years in America, and now on their North Queensland plantation she and her husband want to become naturalised. "Don't ever let anyone tell you Australia isn't the best country in the world," she says.

BELOW: Learning to drive the tractor.



A DANCER FINDS THE GOOD LIFE

Story by DAVID K. WHEATLEY, pictures by L. E. TOGNOLA



"WHEN you're feeling tired, it's much easier to be a farmer than a dancer. The farmer doesn't have to keep on smiling."

This is the conclusion reached by Fatima White, who is well qualified on both counts. In the past two years she and her husband have carved a flourishing banana plantation from 68 acres of semi-wilderness in a tangled rain-forest near Innisfail, North Queensland.

Mrs. White, who describes herself as "half Czechoslovakian and half-Egyptian," trained as a professional dancer and spent many years performing ritual dances of India, Burma, Indo-China, and Egypt.

A normal dance solo takes from two to four minutes, but Mrs. White remembers some of her routines which lasted more than ten minutes. To keep going, perfect physical fitness was essential.

"One of the first things we were taught," she remembers, "was how to keep dancing when we felt we could faint from exhaustion. I've used that training many times during the past two years."

Even though most mornings she is out working on the plantation well before

dawn, Mrs. White still begins her days with 20 minutes of exercises. "I've done my exercises for more than 30 years," she says. "The only time I missed out was six days I spent in bed with an ear infection. I felt I could be forgiven then."

She married David White in 1952. "The wedding was in the City Hall of Frankfurt, Germany," she remembers. "And I might say I was a little more glamorous than I am now. If there was a title for 'Miss Mess, 1967,' I'd win hands down."

The Whites then spent 12 years in Phoenix, Arizona. David was the manager for a tyre company, and his wife became interested in agriculture.

This started when she began planting trees around her home. "It became an obsession. I wanted to know why plants grew, as well as just planting them. I pestered our local agricultural advisers so often they must have dreaded to see me coming."

"When they told me it was impossible to grow tomatoes in Phoenix, I just had to try it. And I proved I could. I sold my tomatoes to the fanciest store in town, and they sold them for 50 cents a pound. I never could afford to buy my own tomatoes."



DAVID WHITE

However, her 12 years in Phoenix convinced Fatima White that she and David would never be happy in the United States. "I will not conform to anyone's standards," she declared. "I must be myself. Somewhere in this world, I was sure there was a place where I could be completely free."

"And we've found it. Coming here was like walking right into heaven."

However, the dream didn't come true immediately. In May, 1965, armed with their visa to get them into Australia, the Whites arrived at the



MRS. WHITE and the writer talking together on the plantation. The property, for fairly obvious reasons, is called "Hardscrabble."

San Francisco shipping office to find that all tourist-class passages to Australia were booked out until December. Determined not to wait so long, they decided to fly. However, they were offered a minimum first-class fare. "We grabbed it, sold everything we had, and set out for Australia."

Originally the Whites had thought of settling in Western Australia. However, friends on the ship talked them into having a look at North Queensland first.

"We drove to Townsville, but David wasn't really impressed with what he had seen, so we started for Western Australia. We made our way across the Nullarbor Plain — I still did my exercises; there was the entire five feet of the standing beside the car, with the whole of Australia stretching out on every side."

But a trip up the west coast of Australia didn't bring what the Whites were seeking, so it was "back to Townsville," where, at the local branch of the Department of Primary Industries, they were asked if they'd looked at the land farther north.

"Is there anything farther north?" she asked incredulously. Before long the question was to be answered.

She and David were taken to see an overgrown banana plantation, nestling at the foot of cloud-tipped Mt. Bartle Frere. "It was David's first glimpse of rain forest, and he fell in love with it straight away and decided this was what he was looking for. It was just as well; I told him if he didn't want to stay he'd have to take my cases out of the car."

After paying for the property, there was \$40 left. Prophetically, the plantation was called "Hardscrabble"; there was certainly plenty of hard work ahead.

They were able to borrow money for a down payment on the machinery they needed, and David took a job until the first crop brought in some money. "He worked here two days and five evenings a week, and I worked seven days. We started to clear away the guinea grass and lantana. Before I came here I had nothing against the lantana — now it is my enemy."

Australia brought another surprise for the Whites. They had thought they would never want to bother with people again, until they met Australians. "They are always friendly, always helpful, but never tactless. And we found that we made real friends, not just acquaintances."

One of these was Len Payton, from the Innisfail branch of the Department of Primary Industries. "Without him, always there to help with his advice, we'd have failed so

The first crop was planted over five months — every weekend, while David was home, the two put in new plants.

Then, during the week, the fertilising had to be done. "We couldn't afford a fertiliser spreader, so I took the bags out to the paddock on the tractor, got a bucket and a measuring can, and spread it by hand. I must have handled 22 tons before I was finished."

Then, early this year, before the first crop was ready to be harvested, came

and the agent's reports on the quality of the fruit have been most favorable.

"The first person to know cheques were coming in from our bananas was the butcher," Mrs. White laughed. "For 18 months we'd lived on mince and snake beans. I went in and asked for a pound of fillet steak — and told him not to worry if it was a bit over."

"We don't eat mince now. Even the cats are sick of it."

Part of the charm that "Hardscrabble" holds for the Whites is the variety of plants and animals that are around them. Mrs. White is a keen botanist, and both she and David love animals.

One of their first steps was to have "Hardscrabble" made a wildlife sanctuary. "The birds and animals kept me from being lonely during the one and a half years I was here by myself. Besides, they were here before us. If ever I found anyone shooting on my property I would be after him with my cane knife." Mrs. White added dangerously, "I have become very good at handling my cane knife."

Since the Whites have no children to inherit their property, their plan is to leave the farm to become a wildlife reserve — "Not a place where people come to look at the animals, but where animals can get away from people."

Her present home falls far short of the comfort she knew in the United States, but Mrs. White isn't unduly worried about the lack of domestic facilities. Not even the camp stove she uses for cooking ("it has as much heat as a Christmas candle").

"When we have the farm on its feet, I'll still prefer to work outside," she said. "Actually, I hate housework. I cook only because I have to, and I'd hate to have to eat what my husband cooked."

For the first three months she cooked outside over an open fire. (She hadn't even known how to light one.)

"Conditions here may seem terribly rough," Mrs. White said, "but we've never been so happy and relaxed. The farm gives sense to our whole life. When we came here we'd have been happy with a hole in the desert, and here we have all the beauty in the world."

Wildlife will be the inheritors

many times. And we were working on such a narrow margin there was no room for mistakes."

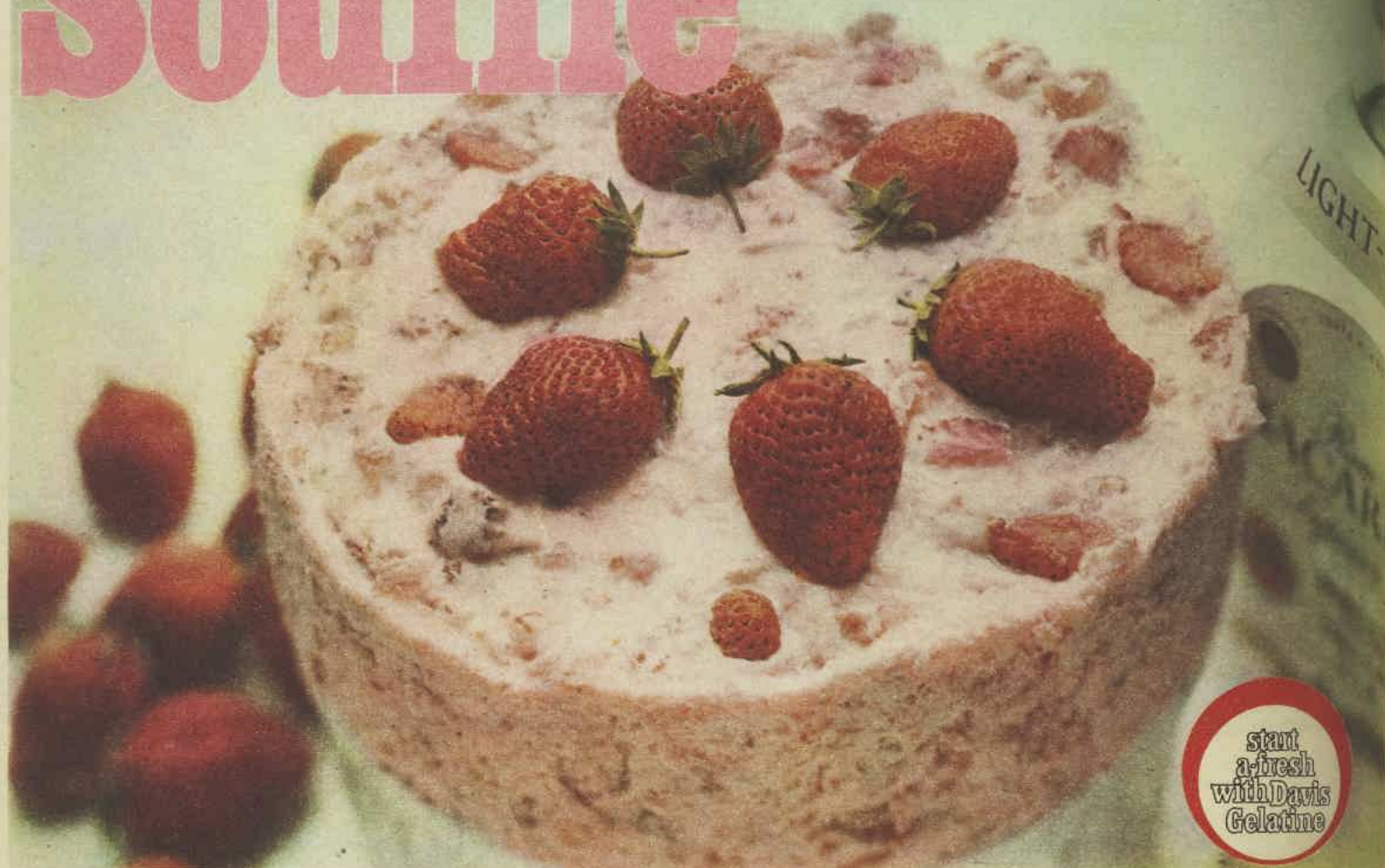
With David away each day from six until five, much of the work had to be done by Mrs. White herself. One of the greatest trials was learning how to handle the tractor. "I can't drive a car or balance on a bike — I never even rode a tricycle. So all my driving is in second gear, and I still worry. Not for myself but the tractor. There's no free repair service.

the threat of disaster. North Queensland was lashed by the worst floods for many years, and to add to the worry a cyclone was predicted.

"We couldn't sleep that night. We knew that if the cyclone came we'd be wiped out, with no chance to start again. It was the worst night of my life."

The cyclone passed them by, and the first crop was even better than they had hoped. Already thousands of cartons of bananas have been shipped to Sydney,

Strawberry Soufflé



**To be this good, this fresh
it has to be
made with
Davis Gelatine**

STRAWBERRY SOUFFLÉ

Clip and save

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 envelope or 3 rounded teaspoons of Davis Gelatine / 1 cup hot water
- *1½ cups strawberries
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup lemon juice
- ½ cup brandy or white rum if preferred (optional)
- ½ pint cream (whipped)
- 2 egg whites

METHOD: Hull and slice strawberries. Soak them in brandy or white rum with sugar and lemon juice. Dissolve gelatine in hot water. When cooled add to soaked strawberries. Chill till beginning to set. Then quickly fold in the whipped cream and stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into prepared souffle dish. Chill. Decorate with strawberries and whipped cream.

*If fresh strawberries are unavailable, use drained, frozen, or canned strawberries.

To prepare souffle dish:

Cut a band of greaseproof paper to go around dish. Fold in half so that it sticks out 2" above dish. Secure with elastic bands or sticky tape. To serve, carefully remove band.



When it comes to real fresh flavour and sparkling goodness, nothing can match the sweets you make yourself with Davis Gelatine. Because Davis Gelatine is unique. What's more, it's versatile. As well as sweets and ice cream you can use it in main dishes, savouries and confectionery. Economical, too, the gelatine in this recipe costs less than 5 cents.

Tonight, discover the *fresh* flavours you used to know. Follow the simple recipe and make Strawberry Soufflé with Davis Gelatine. How sweet it is!



IN ENGLAND . . . "I found in the old churchyard a gravestone 'sacred to the memory' of my great-granduncle Timothy."



IN SCOTLAND . . . "At our feet the water washed over the pebbles, and I picked one up, a Loch Lomond pebble."

AUSTRALIAN INNOCENTS ABROAD

In search of ancestors

IN the year 1842 my great-grandfather (on my mother's father's side) sailed from England in Her Majesty's Ship *China*. He was the son of a farmer but had been apprenticed to a butcher, and the story goes that although he had paid his passage money he was tricked into doing the ship's butchering, the official butcher having missed the ship at Liverpool.

In Melbourne young John got work at once.

One day when he was driving his butcher's cart down the dirt track that was to become Collins Street he met an Irish girl he had seen for a fleeting instant on the ship. Apparently the boys and girls had been kept separated on board, and one day when the roll was being called young John's surname intrigued this colleen, because in Gaelic it meant "devil," and she climbed up on a coil of rope to peep at him. He looked straight back at her.

Now, in the Melbourne street, John took Ellen up with him on the butcher's cart and he never let her out of his sight again. For, although she had a congenial occupation as a nurserygirl, she was obliged to give up looking after other people's children and start looking after 14 of her own.

Great-grandfather John took up a Crown grant of 640 acres of bushland, and prospered. He built a fine large house, as near as possible a replica of the one he had left behind in Towcester, in England. The walls were of local bluestone, but the roof was of English slates.

On an archway over the white picket fence he lettered the name of his old home, "Coldhigham Lodge."

More than a century later the Australian homestead, sheltered in its grove of English trees, still stands on the rise looking down over the paddocks to the gum-fringed creek. So when I, one of the fourth generation, sprung from those walls, set off with my husband, Ted, for Europe, one of the things I wanted most to do was discover whether the original "Coldhigham Lodge," in Towcester, was standing, too.

We had a few clues. An uncle had toured England in the 1920s, and someone saved a yellowed photograph of him standing in a churchyard. In a great-aunt's spidery writing on the back was, "Dear George, at Father's brother Timothy's grave in England."

In Rome, the night Pope John died, we were standing in the multitude of mourners

outside St. Peter's. All so close together, it was only natural to be drawn to people speaking English, and the couple standing beside us made themselves known.

"You people must be Australians," the man said.

"You must be from the Midlands," I said, for they had marked accents, too. As we talked later I described my quest of Great-grandfather's old home.

"Why, that will be near us. There's a little village called Towcester," the wife exclaimed, and we grew quite excited.

"Do you think the house might still be standing?" I asked. "It would be more than 400 years old!"

The Englishwoman laughed gently. "There are lots of older places still standing in England."

It was a Sunday evening in autumn when we drove into Towcester. What we could

see of the town through the five o'clock mist was unpromising; the countryside had flattened out around there, leaving behind the lovely hills and dales and autumn trees.

We put up at the Saracen's Head, which had been built some two or three hundred years before Great-grandfather John was old enough to have a pint there. It had a gleaming chromium cocktail bar, which we felt was most regrettable in an English country pub, and a pert young barmaid who, when informed that my great-grandfather had come from the district, sighed sympathetically and said, "Cor! What a place!"

Prompted by the sigh, I asked was there much nightlife in Towcester and was rewarded by an eloquent look. It seemed she only managed to keep from dying of bore-

dom by going to what she called "the Pally" at Northampton every Thursday.

We went up to bed early, of course, amused to find we could touch the great thick black beams across our ceiling. There was a tiny dormer window.

The woman in Rome had suggested we consult the borough surveyor, so next morning we asked the landlady of the Saracen's Head where we might find him.

She was a robust woman with wonderful gold hair, and she entered wholeheartedly in our quest. But she felt that Mr. Court-nidge, the Town Clerk, would be our man, on the grounds that he was a good customer of hers.

Mr. Court-nidge's secretary, however, said the surveyor's office was better for our purpose and firmly sent us across the street to see Mr. Wattleby. His secretary said it was a far, far better thing for us to see the

claiming, as one might have expected him to speak of the Nazis. He urged us into our car, leaped into his own, and shot off around the lanes at such a pace that we nearly lost him among the hedgerows.

Outside the delightful old church I wanted to stay a minute to dream, and to drift about among the leaning tombstones to find Great-granduncle Timothy's, but the rector would have none of it.

"You'd never find it, my dear young lady, never find it. Quite effaced. Time, you know." He whisked us into the church to look at the Templar stretched out hard and cold on his tomb, and meanwhile the rector galloped off into the vestry to get out the register.

In next to no time I found myself staring down at an entry in browned but clear, pointed handwriting. Under the heading "Abode" was written "Coldhigham Lodge," and under "Designation" the word "Gentleman." Great-granduncle Timothy had been killed out hunting.

The rector was triumphant. He shooed us out of the churchyard, intent on racing us off to a manor farm occupied by people bearing the family name. He was certain they were relatives, but I was as certain they were not, because the one clear thing in the family records was that there were no descendants left in England.

Just then an elderly man in gaiters came in sight. "Why, there's John Phamleigh now," the rector cried, giving me quite a start to hear my great-grandfather's name. Shouting "John!" he ran down the road.

I caught up in time to hear him explain about the Australian lady who was bound to be a relative, and to enjoy hearing this dry-looking old character hammering the rector down flat as a tack, saying in



IN IRELAND . . . "There, over a news-stand, was my Irish maiden name."

TRAVELLER'S TALE—by JEAN E. TURNLEY

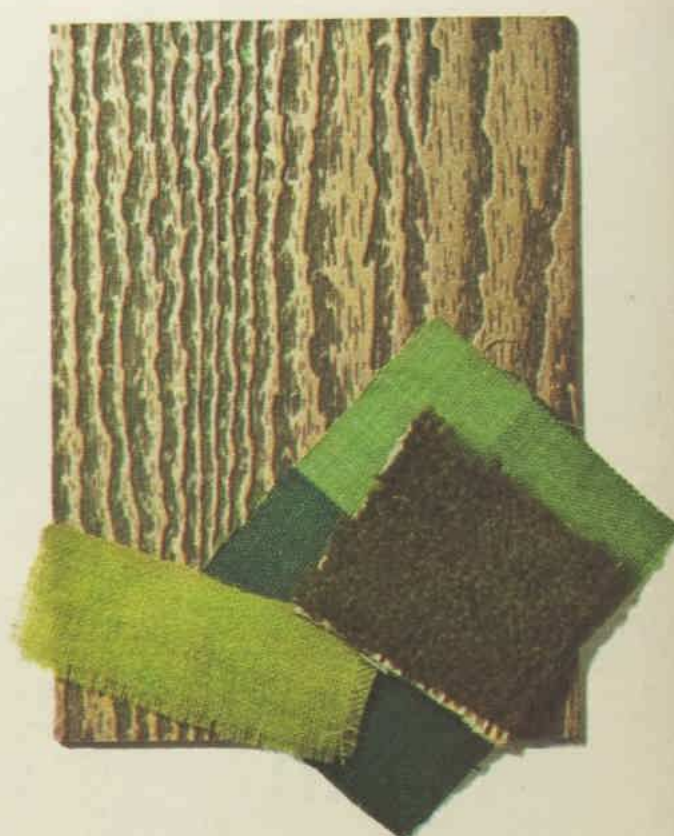
rector, who was well up in people searching for ancestral halls.

We knocked at the rectory door and a little maid let us in. The rector was rather terrifying. He kept on saying things were a "jolly good show" and confided that he was a "fellow scribbler." He wrote cricket stories.

His mother gave us a nice cup of tea and a Marie biscuit, and Ted took photographs of the gentle old lady. But the rector was keen for us to get away with him to see his particular treasure, a wooden effigy of a Crusader knight of those parts, Hugo di Patishall, lying in the Lady Chapel of the ancient church, which had only recently been restored after the ravages of Cromwell's time.

"Those Roundheads!" the vicar kept ex-

To page 44

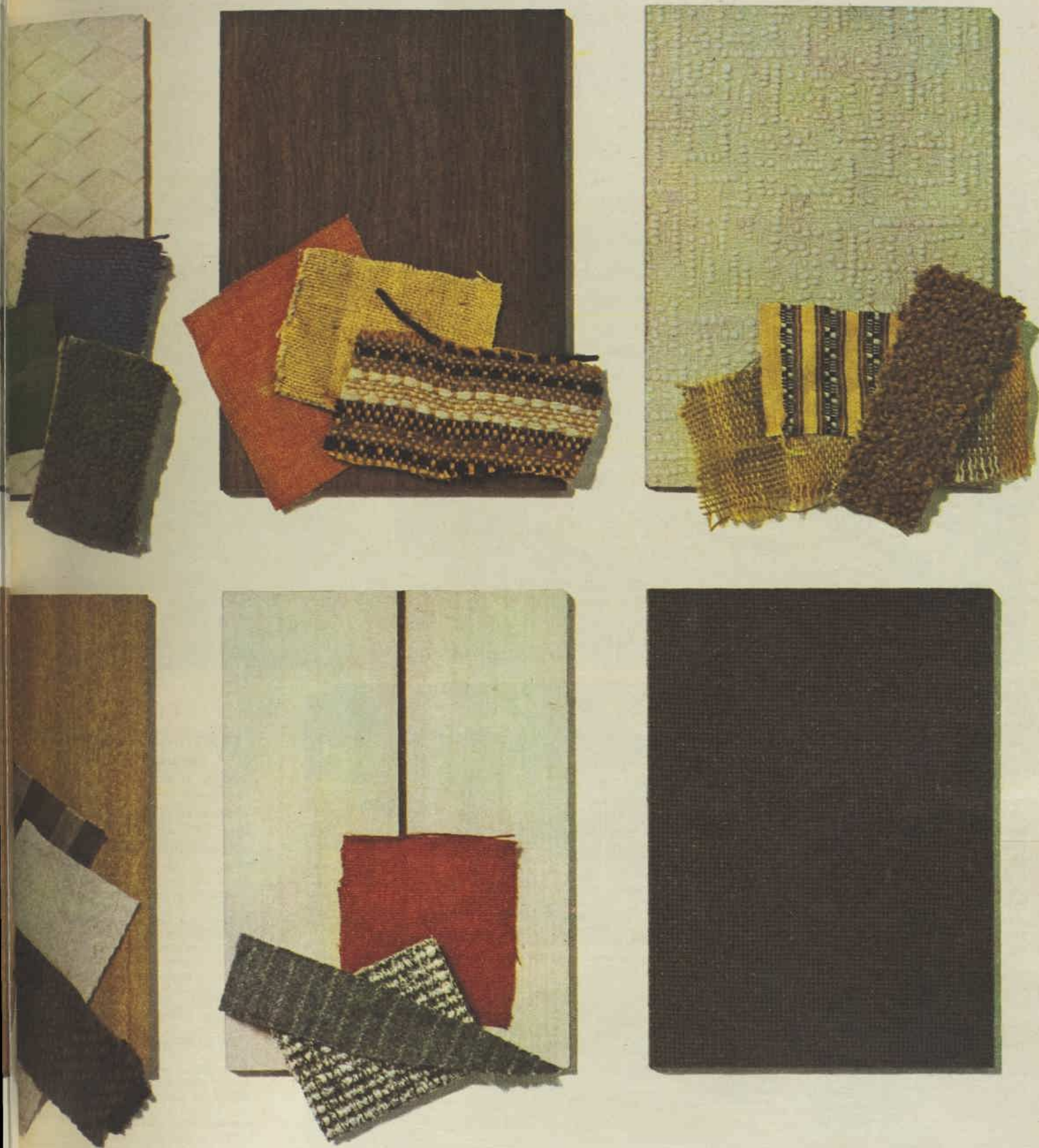


If you think Masonite is just shiny

Almost every house ever built has, somewhere, a Bad Wall. A wall that needs stripping and patching and undercoating and painting or wallpapering or maybe even plastering. Ugh. Now, if you'd like to tackle your Bad Wall in a new, easy way: If you'd like to put a new face on any surface without the smell of turps and the hard grind (and nails) of the other ways, go get

yourself some Masonite.

Not the shiny brown stuff they make the children's lockers out of at the kindergarten, but Masonite in remarkable colours and textures like those in the picture. Royalcote Teak. Mahogany. Queensland Maple. Travertine. Lustreboard. Lustrtile. And others.



brown stuff, take another look.

The new Masonite.

You can get a surface for anything from your living room to your shower. You can erect them yourself with a wallboard adhesive gun, or get a builder to do it, quickly and inexpensively. You can get all the accessories and all the help you need from your timber yard, handyman centre, or hardware store.

But the only way you will be able to tell you're getting the real Masonite is to look at the back.

That's the only sign that's left of the old shiny brown stuff.

MASONITE

Arts Centre takes shape in Melbourne



● Overall view of the Melbourne Arts Centre site from the top of the nearby YMCA Building; and, below, another view of the part of the main building which will soon be in use. Drawing shows the general project, with the graceful spire, all to be completed about 1975. An enormous part of the project is below the visible buildings and parks; the whole of the 7½-acre triangular site is being covered by a concrete podium, or platform, and under this will be a music auditorium and two theatres, large and small, together with a public car park and other facilities.



Sketch by courtesy of the Building Committee of the National Gallery and Cultural Centre of Victoria



WITH only weeks to go before the first stage of Victoria's Arts Centre is due for completion, 260 workmen are on the job six days a week to meet the deadline — December 18, which is architect Roy Grounds' 62nd birthday.

Already, as our pictures show, some areas are completed, waiting to be furnished when the National Gallery staff moves in early in January.

One man who knows the \$14 million centre literally inside out is clerk of works Mr. Fred George, whose daily tour of the 500ft. by 200ft. site — up and down four floors — takes him six hours.

Proudly he pointed out the Oriental Courtyard, where a series of bluestone stepping stones, each 4ft. wide, provide what he calls "controlled walking."

"We hope visitors to the gallery will find this courtyard a peaceful haven, that they might sit on the edges of the stones, dangling their legs, and contemplate," he said.

"The bed of river pebbles should discourage them from straying off the stones."

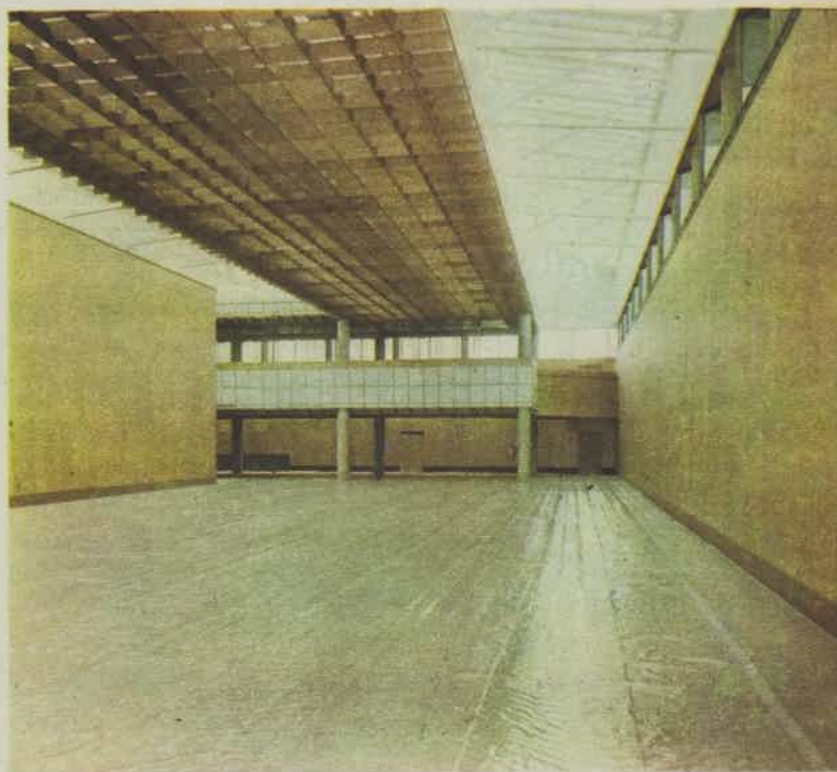
"It's rather uncomfortable to walk on."

Japanese black bamboos, imported several years ago as seedlings and raised in the Dandenongs, are already in position and will grow almost to the top of the bluestone walls which surround the courtyard.

Among the bamboos, jets of water will play in patterns.

There are two other courtyards — one where some of the gallery's finest sculptures (including works by Rodin and Henry Moore) will be displayed, and another, called the Playhouse Courtyard, for open-air entertainment.

Beside the Oriental Courtyard is the Asian Gallery, with an unusual battle-



LEFT: Our reporter with clerk of works in the peaceful Oriental Courtyard, nearly completed. The stones make for "controlled walking."

ABOVE: The European Gallery waits for furnishings — brown-tipped carpet is covered with protective plastic. Sky-lighting is elaborate.

BELOW: Unusual baffle-board ceiling is in the Asian Gallery, giving the effect of the roof of a pagoda. The carpeting will be gold-tipped.

board ceiling which gives the effect of the roof of a pagoda.

Floor-coverings in this gallery will be luxurious gold-tipped carpet, while in the European Gallery the carpet will be brown-tipped.

Architect Roy Grounds visited nearly 100 art galleries in America and Europe before completing the design for Victoria's Arts Centre, and to minimise what he found to be "gallery fatigue" he has provided for frequent changes in flooring.

Some areas will be carpeted, others covered in Johnson River hardwood parquet, or terracotta tiles, while the study storage galleries will be vinyl-covered.

These special galleries are situated immediately above the main display galleries

Story by Beverley Cooper,
pictures by Les Gorrie

which they serve, and will store everything that is not on show in such a way that each piece can be seen.

Any member of the public will be able, on request, to see any part of this stored collection — whether it is a large painting or a special kind of pottery.

One of the most spectacular features of the centre will be artist Leonard French's glass-mosaic ceiling in the Reception Hall. The mosaic will be set into triangular sheets of plywood and mounted on a steel frame 40ft. above the floor.

Two balconies, one at each end of the hall, will accommodate Press and musicians — anything from a string quartet to a brass band.

The Arts Centre will have natural lighting in daytime, and the light will come through equally on dull and fine days.

This is achieved with skylights made of semi-circular pieces of perspex with solar aluminium inserted between them,

preventing the sun's rays from shining directly into the gallery.

There is little color in the surroundings of the gallery; thus, explained Mr. George, there will be a perfect foil for the art treasures.

All timber used in the building is Victorian mountain ash, selected for its straight grain and muted color; the walls are of bluestone from nearby Brooklyn.

All areas will be covered by closed-circuit television cameras which will feed into a central office controlled 24 hours a day by the security staff.

Many of the most valuable paintings and other works of art will be protected also by electric eyes and alarms.

The new Arts Centre will be one of the most modern in the world — and one of the most comfortable to visit.

There will be no stairs to climb; instead escalators and lifts will take visitors from floor to floor. Special lifts will be provided for bedridden visitors and those in wheelchairs.

Tea and coffee will be served in lounge areas in each gallery.

The art gallery is only the first stage of the whole Arts Centre project, which will eventually cover 7½ acres, including parkland and attractive pools.

Already the architect is working on designs for the second stage, the north end.

This will consist of a magnificent spire, tapering to a height of 415 feet, covered in copper and gilded for the upper 100 feet.

On four floors of its cone it will contain a cafeteria, restaurant, and administrative offices, while below-ground will be auditoriums for theatre and music.

Another feature of the north end will be a postgraduate school for painters, sculptors, and designers, with accommodation for 80 students.

This second stage could be completed by 1973 — when Victoria's Arts Centre will be one of the finest in the world.

OVERLEAF: Packing up in the old Gallery

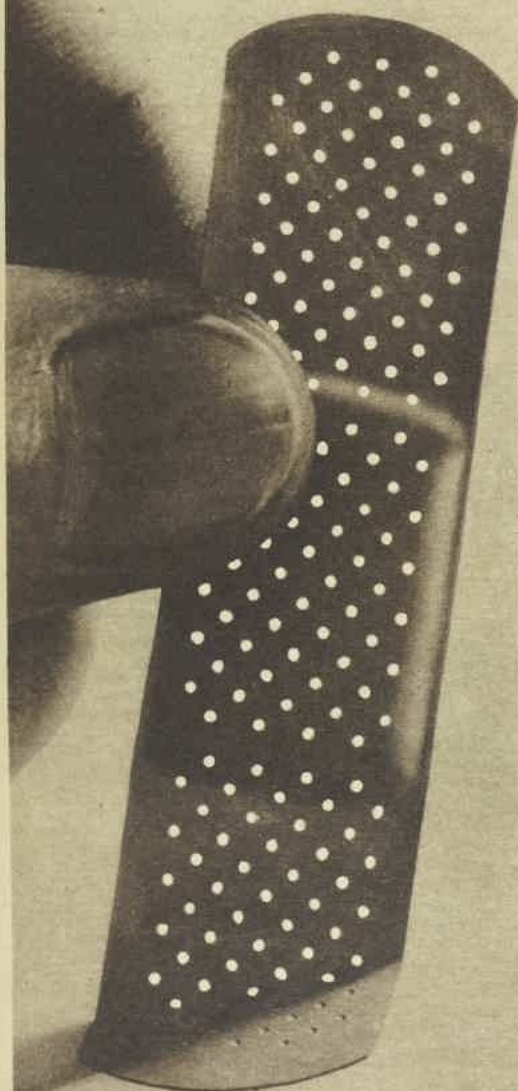


Some of our best ideas have holes in them.

Holes let air through to hurry up the healing. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick with a BAND-AID Strip. (It's a dirty world.)

BAND-AID

BRAND strips



Johnson & Johnson



SCULPTURES being packed in the Oriental room of the Victorian National Gallery will be taken on a small fork-lift to heavily padded vans, then transported a few at a time to the new Art Centre. The vans will travel at night when traffic is slight.



PART OF THE PRICELESS Oriental collection, stacked together almost like kitchen china, awaits packing. There are 3500 ceramics alone.

MR. C. ELYWN DENNIS, a quietly spoken, bearded American, is packing most of the gallery's exhibits for its move next January to the superb new home at the Arts Centre in St. Kilda Road.

He expects the packing to take him six months, working at it four days a week.

"I've packed 135 cartons so far and I'm only a third of the way," he said, as I watched him at work in the Oriental Gallery, now closed to the public.

To give you an idea of why the job is taking so long, he has 3500 ceramics alone to pack, not to mention glassware (300 pieces), lace (1500), and 200 sculptures.

Then come pewter, silverware, metalwork, jewellery, fabrics, and costumes.

One 17th-century lead crystal chandelier alone took him five days to pack.

"I had to disassemble it and pack each of its 350 pieces separately," he said.

"If it had been moved intact it would have split to bits on the way."

Ceramics and all delicate items are packed in cardboard cartons lined with polystyrene to form compartments for four, six, or eight pieces.

When each has been carefully placed in the box Mr. Dennis pours in granulated polystyrene (it looks a little like white cereal) to fill every nook and cranny.

A description of the contents is placed inside the box, another is pasted on the outside, and two copies are kept for the records.

"When the box is sealed it should be able to be dropped from a height of

PACKING UP IN THE OLD GALLERY GOES ON AND ON AND ON

● One slip, and smash goes 6000 years of priceless art — that's what Mr. C. Elwyn Dennis, assistant curator of decorative arts at Victoria's National Gallery, can't help thinking as he goes about his work these days.

several feet without breakage," said Mr. Dennis, adding with a grin, "I haven't tried it."

Using granulated polystyrene as a packing and insulating material makes unpacking relatively easy. A vacuum-cleaner sucks it out of the boxes, and it is kept for future use.

A team of volunteers, mainly women connected with the Gallery in one way or another, are helping Mr. Dennis with the paperwork involved in the move.

But they are not allowed to touch any of the material. No one but Mr. Dennis can take that responsibility.

"There is some incredibly delicate unfired pottery, all irreplaceable," he said.

"And the glassware is going to be tricky to pack, especially the Venetian glass."

Other headaches are miniatures with their lacy patterns, and anything with extended pieces that can break off easily.

Some of the big pieces of sculpture will be taken to the moving vans on a small fork-lift.

The famous Henry Moore work "Large Seated and Draped Figure" will be taken out by crane.

These large pieces will be laid flat in a padded truck, a few at a time, and moved at night when traffic is slight.

Furniture and costumes will be packed with tissue-paper and the frames of many paintings will be strengthened at the corners with thick wads of newspaper before being moved.

Mr. Dennis, an Arts graduate, is 26, and with his wife, Linda, migrated to Australia from California two years ago.

After teaching art at a Melbourne school for a year, he joined the National Gallery staff.

In California he directed a small academic gallery for two years, and since it had no permanent collection of its own, but exhibited visiting collections, he is well used to packing and unpacking art treasures.

In his spare time Mr. Dennis paints and sculpts. Last year he held a sculpture exhibition at Melbourne's Gallery A, and

this year one of his pieces was bought by the Mildura Arts Centre.

Although like everyone else he will be glad when the move is over, Mr. Dennis says there is one very pleasant aspect of his mammoth task.

"When you're a curator you don't often get the time or opportunity to handle the collections in your care — now I'm forced to handle every piece," he said.

"But the granulated polystyrene gets into my clothes and apart from looking as if I've got the world's worst case of dandruff, my wife objects because every night when I undress I cover the floor with the stuff."

"It makes a terrible mess, but there's not much I can do about it."

In addition to packing for the gallery's move, Mr. Dennis has his normal curatorial duties to attend to, including plans for the number of display cases needed at the new site, and where they will stand.

"The new cases will be great glass boxes on wooden stands — much more elegant than the existing old-fashioned ones with brass frames that obscure part of their contents," he said.

"The new cases were designed here in Melbourne by Grant and Mary Featherston, and are completely transparent."

The Arts Centre will be air-conditioned to a temperature of 70 degrees all the year round and this, Mr. Dennis says, will be a tremendous asset in attracting major overseas exhibitions.

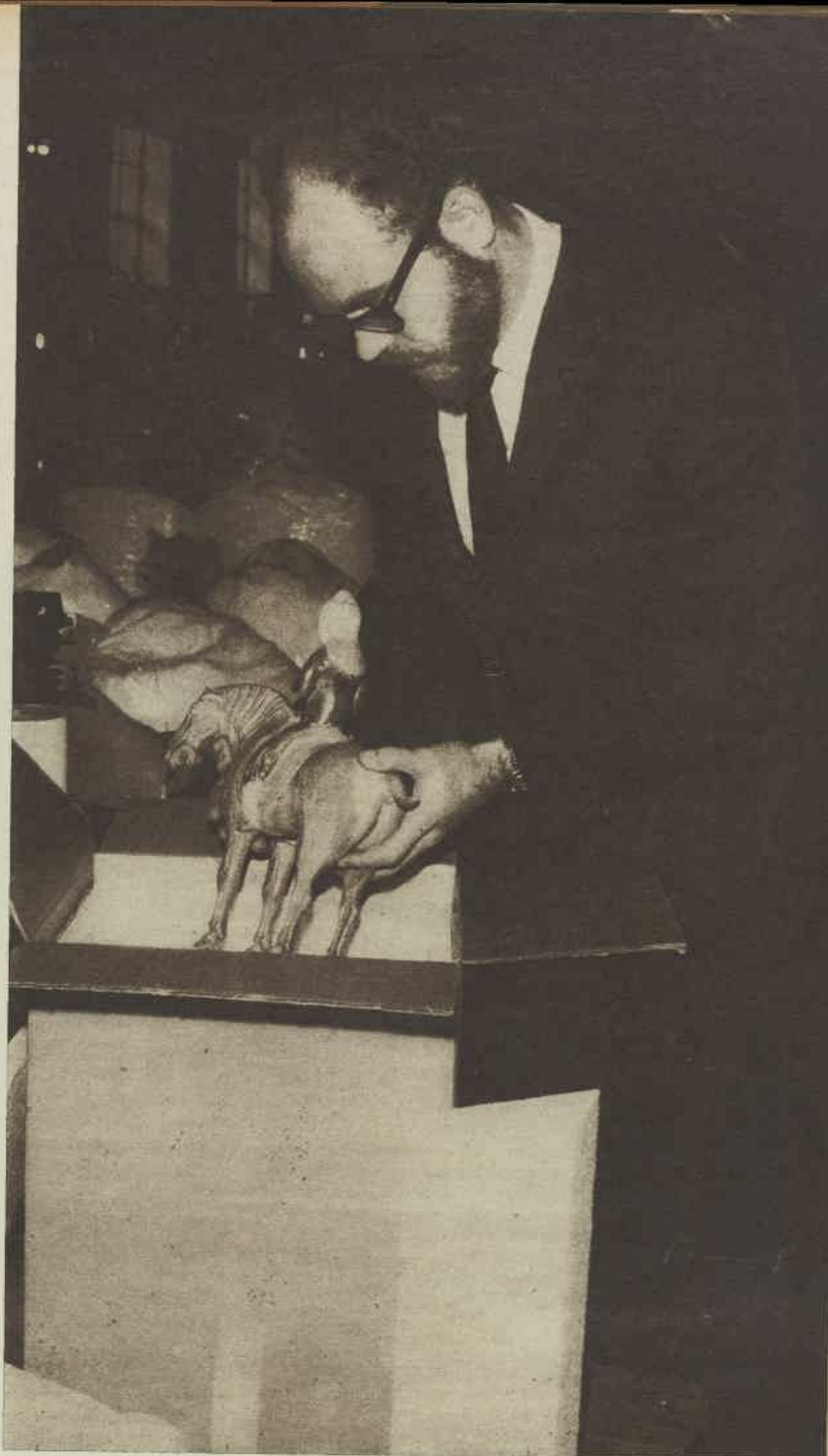
They could not be shown at the gallery's present site, which is not air-conditioned, because of the danger to material accustomed to being kept in a stable temperature.

"Paintings can crack, furniture goes to pieces," said Mr. Dennis.

"The air-conditioning at the Arts Centre won't make any difference to the gallery's present collection, except to ensure its safety."

Opening day for the public at the new art galleries is scheduled for late July or early August next year.

—Beverley Cooper



ABOVE: Mr. C. Elwyn Dennis, assistant curator of decorative arts, carefully places a T'ang horse and rider (A.D. 618-906) into a carton lined with polystyrene.



LEFT: Now he fills the carton with granulated polystyrene, so that the whole thing could be dropped from a height of several feet without damage to the statuette (but he admits he's made no test of this!).



● Graceful dinner dress in printed chiffon. The color choice includes blue, lime, and pink (illustrated), and hot-pink, green, and purple. Sizes XXSSW, XSSW, SSW, SW, W, XW.



● Tent dress in striped chiffon. Color choice includes pink, orange, and lilac (illustrated), aqua, lime, and pink, and orange, yellow, and pink. Sizes XXSSW, XSSW, SSW, SW, W, XW.



● "Cage" dress. Underslip is check cotton in navy and white (illustrated), black and white, plum and white. "Cage" in white tricot only. Sizes XXSSW, XSSW, SSW, SW, W, XW.

● Pretty, youthful, and gay sums up the current news in maternity fashions. There are dozens of fresh designs and we show eight representative styles here

The clothes are made in heady summer colors and wonderful sheers and cottons. They are cleverly constructed with just the

● Glitter party dresses, below, made in American lurex. At left, a dress in gold lurex; design also available in silver. At right, a dress in spotted silver-and-white; design also available in spotted blue-and-silver. Sizes XXSSW, XSSW, SSW, SW, W, XW.



right hint of fit. Note, too, it's a season when mothers-to-be have a fabulous choice of high-fashion party dresses.

The fashions are all designed and manufactured in Sydney and are available in stores throughout Australia. See list of stores, page 57.

—BETTY KEEP

● Repeat design is shown in the two glamorous party dresses below. The swirly skirt fullness is held out at the hem with a wide ostrich-feather trim. Material is chiffon, available in white and black. Sizes XXSSW, XSSW, SSW, SW, W, XW.

● Sleeveless one-piece, right, with a roll collar, is designed with a graceful ripple of fullness. The material is flower-printed chiffon; color choice includes pink and green (illustrated) and aqua and tan. Sizes XXSSW, XSSW, SSW, SW, W, XW.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967



PRETTINESS IN SUMMER MATERNITY FASHIONS



● Sleeveless tent dress, above, in striped cotton. Color choice includes pink, yellow, and purple (illustrated), and blue, aqua, and lilac. Sizes XXSSW, XSSW, SSW, SW, W, XW.

Master Foods unrivalled relish

Corny, & proud of it.



We don't rush our Corn Relish. We carefully select the freshest corn. Then we blend it slowly, slowly with fresh celery, onion, spices and pimiento. This may seem old-fashioned (even corny). But the result is worth it. We think you'll prefer our mild relish to strong vinegary pickles. Tonight?

DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This semi-fitted overblouse plus flared pants is my design choice for a young Sydney reader. Part of the reader's letter and my reply are published below, left.

"Could you please assist me? I have 5½yds. of 36in. striped cotton and wish to buy a pattern for summer at-home pyjamas. I want the pyjamas to have flared pants."

The pyjama suit (right) could be made from 5½yds. of 36in. material. The pants, as you requested, are widely flared and are darted into a waistband. The overblouse top is finished with a bias turn-over collar. If you wish to order the pattern, details are given under the illustration.

"I would greatly appreciate your advice in the choice of the correct accessory color to wear with a white crepe after-five dress."

White with white is good fashion, so is the combination of white and pastels. However, if you prefer a more vivid contrast, my choice would be orange, vivid green, or shocking-pink.

"Could you help with the correct accessories to wear with a spring-green coat? I am 16."

Wear green patent shoes and a matching handbag, white stockings, and white wrist gloves.

"Should the bridegroom wear a lounge suit if the bride wears a bridal gown? The wedding is at 12.30 p.m. and the invitations are to be marked formal dress."

A dark lounge suit, white shirt, dark hose and shoes are now accepted as correct for a daytime wedding.

"What is the correct attire for a six-year-old flowergirl? Should the dress be short or long? The bride is wearing a formal wedding gown."

The traditional flowergirl's dress can be floor- or ankle-length. The design is high-waisted, with an all-round gathered skirt. The bodice is finished with a high round neckline and little puffed sleeves.

"Could you please tell me if an unwaisted frock is still being worn? I wanted to buy a new dress in time for the Christmas holidays and was not sure what to choose. I am 26 and take an SSW fitting."

There is nothing newer for summer than the tent dress. This silhouette fits closely under the arms, then flares out to hemline width.

"Do you consider a white lace jacket would look correct worn over a navy-blue sheath dress? The dress is made in crepe and I wear it for late day."

I think a white lace jacket would look extremely attractive worn over navy. Actually, it would look attractive with any color. And don't forget white with white.



7103.—Two-piece pyjama suit in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7103, price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Please let me have a style and pattern for a formal bridal gown. I want a slim design finished with an empire bodice and three-quarter sleeves."

Our pattern department has a design similar to the one described in your letter. The pattern also includes an elbow-length veil held in place with a bow. The pattern is available in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. To order, please quote Butterick pattern 3986, price 75c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"As I have a rather ruddy complexion, I wondered if a deep shade of pink would become me?"

Pink is not flattering to a ruddy complexion. Greys and browns, white, olive-green, and navy are all colors that should become you.

"Would it be correct fashion to leave my wedding reception in the dress-and-coat ensemble I am being married in? The wedding is a small family affair."

Under the circumstances you mention, it would be correct to wear the ensemble you are being married in when you leave for your honeymoon.

"My husband and I have been invited to go away on a cruiser during the Christmas holidays. What sort of clothes will I need?"

You will need two swimsuits and some sort of cover-up. My choice for the latter would be a gaily colored shirt. You will also need pants and T-shirts, a waterproof hooded parka, rubber-soled shoes, and dark glasses.

"I want to bring a last season's white dress up to date. The dress is made in princess-style and has a rather low round neckline and no collar. The bodice is sleeveless."

Tuck a bright scarf into the neckline — all orange shades are currently popular. Add white fishnet stockings and sturdy low-heeled, black patent shoes. Be sure the hemline is knee-length or higher.

"I have several frocks made in pastel tints. Would it be correct to have one set of accessories to wear with all of them? If so, what shade would you advise?"

Accessories in bone or white patent would look fresh and new to wear with pastel-colored summer dresses.

"I need a design and pattern for a dress and matching coat to wear to a 5 p.m. wedding. I want the frock to be formal, but street-length, and the coat in the same length. My bust size is 34 inches."

Our pattern department includes a very attractive design for a street-length evening dress and matching coat. The dress has an Empire-line bodice with narrow self-straps and the skirt has a soft drape. The coat is slightly A-line and has a low-scooped neck finished with a shaped collar. The sleeves are three-quarter-length. To order, please quote Vogue Pattern 6765, price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Could you advise me about a suitable evening outfit for the theatre and concerts? I am in the late middle-age group and find lots of present-day styles are not suitable for the older woman. I like to look smart, though I favor conservative fashions."

My choice would be a theatre suit — a dress and matching jacket. I think this ensemble most becoming for late-day into evening fashion for your age group. It can be street- or floor-length. I would like to add that your age does not exclude you from elegance, but it does exclude you from some of the more extreme fashions. Don't overlook color and its importance. Color can add flattery and interest to classic designs. Experiment in this field and find the shades most becoming to your hair and eyes.



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Summer Skin Care

Sunny days can bring a glorious golden glow to your skin, but prevent the sun from leaving its mark around your eyes and drying out your complexion. Before and after going out of doors, smooth a film of moist oil of Ulan over your face and neck and pat it gently into the fragile skin tissues around the eyes to stop wrinkle-dryness. The moist Ulan oil is isotonically balanced to beautify and preserve the fresh, youthful bloom of your beautiful complexion.

. . . Margaret Merrill

VARIATIONS ON

● Here are dresses for a sunny summer — the designs are cool, chic, and loaded with fresh ideas. New trends to note: the dress that bares one shoulder and a flower-printed silk dress worn with a hat in matching print. Then there's the new black look opening up an entirely fresh view of summer dressing. The beltless silhouette continues, and don't overlook the return of the shirt-waist dress. Molyneux does one in creamy white lace and adds an organza collar and matching cuffs.

—BETTY KEEP



● Laroche's short-cut, little-girl dress (above) is made in black organza and finished with a white gilet and matching cuffs. Black stockings and black shoes add the total look.

● Dior's chic late-day dress (right), made in brown shantung. The line is asymmetrical and leaves one arm bare. Neckline is high. Note African - inspired coif.



THE SUMMER ONE-PIECE



● St. Laurent's modified tent dress (left), made in red-and-white flower-printed silk. The design has a soft bow - tie neckline and is finished with wrist-length sleeves. Brimmed hat is in the dress fabric.

● Louis Feraud's easy-fit one-piece (above) is made in heavy white linen and banded in navy. Pin-tucks trim the bodice and sleeves.

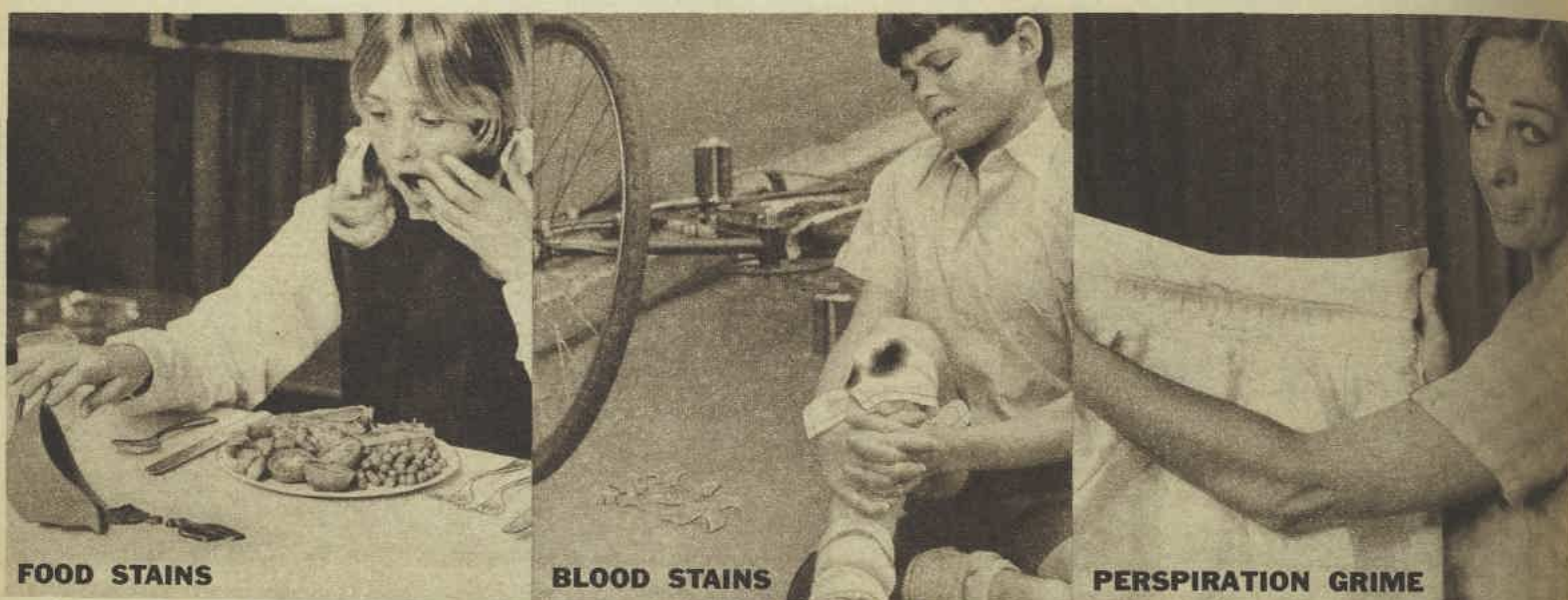
● Molyneux's classic shirt-waist dress (below), made in creamy white lace and finished with organza collar and matching cuffs.



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WITHOUT BLEACHING...WITHOUT RUBBING!



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NOT ON THE FABRIC!**





LETTER BOX

Retort courteous

HOW'S this for the perfect squelch? An old dear who lives nearby, is always complaining about the bus drivers; sometimes they start before she is seated, or one always stops near the stony part of the road, and so on. The other day she spoke to the driver about rudeness to passengers, and he spent a full minute abusing her. When he had finished, she smiled and said, "Excuse me, would you mind repeating that, I'm deaf in one ear and couldn't hear." The angry man started the bus, and she sat down quite happily.

\$2 to "Neighbor" (name supplied), Rockhampton, Qld.

Perhaps he'd gone potty?

THE mention of an old-fashioned pot-cleaner, consisting of a series of metal rings joined together, reminded me that I, too, once had one of these. At the time, my small daughter, looking through an illustrated edition of Shakespeare and coming across the picture of a knight in chain-mail, asked, "Why has he got a pot-cleaner on his head?"

\$2 to Mrs. L. Martin, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

In praise of a shed

OUR new home is almost finished and we take pride in showing our friends through it. Their comments are always very nice. However, when they go outside and see my husband's new toolshed (which cost but a fraction of the house price) men and women go into raptures, making such comments as, "I wouldn't mind your shed, Jim." Perhaps we should live there instead of in the house.

\$2 to "Shedo" (name supplied), Tatura, Vic.

A lesson for children

WHILE I wholeheartedly agree with the writer who deplored people crowding round after an accident, I must disagree with her complaint about families driving to the scenes of floods and bushfires. People want their children to see the tragedy connected with such disasters, as telling them doesn't seem to do much good. We always show our children these things, to make them realise that life is not a bed of roses. We find they are the better for it and appreciate the fact that they are very lucky not having had to go through such disasters themselves.

\$2 to S.Y. (name supplied), Wyong, N.S.W.

• Dorothy Drain is on holidays. She will resume writing her verses on her return.

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

How to explain?

IT makes me wonder if other New Australians who've been here as long as I, 13 years, have the same problem. I learnt English at school in Malta, but my baker persists in speaking to me in pidgin English. I would like to explain to him that I can read, speak, and write fluent English, but would not like to embarrass him.

\$2 to Mrs. L. Galea, Mascot, N.S.W.

To the pearly gates—sneezing

A FRIEND and I were discussing the effects certain flowers have on some people, especially in spring. My friend remarked, "Well, I hope no one brings jonquils to my funeral—I'll never stop sneezing."

\$2 to Mrs. J. Elphick, Junee, N.S.W.

AFTERNOON VIEWING

HOW I agree with "Natty

Me" in her plea for better afternoon television programs. The TV set is usually in the sole possession of Mum during the afternoon, and while ironing or sewing it is a perfect time to enjoy looking outside your own small world and broadening your views. However, with all the human dramas and baring of souls (with the hope of a prize) and intrusion into personal privacy, there is little to interest the woman who thinks she is reasonably intelligent.

\$2 to Mrs. N. Stanley, Somers, Vic.

WE do have some cookery sessions, but what about lessons in millinery and other handicrafts? And, for mothers like myself who help with their children's homework, courses on "Brush up your Maths" (History, Geography, etc.) would really be appreciated.

\$2 to "Another Nut" (name supplied), Geelong West, Vic.

CHANNELS should put on more serious programs in the afternoons. It is in the afternoon, free of the vacuum-cleaner and polisher whining, that women can devote more attention to thought-provoking sessions. Housewives could advantageously be introduced to some of the interesting Adult Education courses.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Stewart, Midland, W.A.

AFTERNOON programs should include something more than schoolwork or light entertainment for the housewife who sometimes has the urge to stimulate her mind. It is the only time she has to sit—and enough peace and quiet to listen. I find that when the family is home in the evening, if there is something I want to see, there is too much opposition. I usually retire to the kitchen to wash-up—alone.

\$2 to "Also a Nut" (name supplied), Tumbumba, N.S.W.

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Ross Campbell writes...

LIGHT FINGERS

"STOP picking those raisins at once!"

My youngest daughter put down the raisin loaf with a caught-in-the-act look.

"Well, anyway, I'm not wasting them," she said.

This was true enough. She had been eating the raisins. Nonetheless, picking raisins out of a raisin loaf is an irresponsible thing to do.

Her mother said: "Somebody else will cut a slice of that loaf and there won't be any raisins in it."

The thought of this raisin-deprived person did not seem to cause the offender any remorse. I suspect that she will continue to pick the odd raisin.

Premature picking at food is an old problem at our place.

When I am cutting up a joint I have to watch the slices like a hawk.

Last Sunday I turned to look out of the window while I was carving. The Hopkins' dog was chasing a cat. In a flash a hand had snatched a tasty bit of lamb cut from the knuckle. (I know whose hand it was, too.)

Pie-picking has been brought under control at last, I am glad to say.

Those little extra strips and dabs of pastry stuck on top of an apple



pie are a terrible temptation to picking fingers.

My wife, in desperation, issued the edict: "No more picking or no more pies." That settled it.

She used to have trouble of the same kind before the pies were even cooked. People would try to grab bits

of dough to use like modelling clay for making snakes and baskets of eggs.

She cuts up fruit salads in secret now. There was too much grabbing of bits of papaw.

"The maddening part is," she says, "that the ones who pick at the fruit salad while it's being made don't want any when it's on the table."

We even have a young eccentric who picks and chews pieces of raw spaghetti.

Just about the only food that's safe is spinach. Poor old spinach.

Nuts are a problem when visitors come. We usually turn on some peanuts or almonds for visitors before dinner. But the nuts dwindle with alarming speed.

One night when the Simpsons arrived late there were hardly any peanuts left.

"It's no good!" I said angrily. "From now on it's Family Hold Back till the visitors have had a go at the nuts."

On the other hand, I must admit that food-picking is a healthy sign.

More serious worry develops when someone loses interest in it.

Then one hears the anxious comment: "There's something the matter with her. She's just picking at her food."



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Who took Sally's chocolate Laxettes?



Grandma did

What's Grandma doing with a laxative made for children? Let's explain: young folk and elderly folk both have delicate systems, so both have the same problem when it comes to irregularity. Sally and Grandma each need a safe and gentle laxative. That describes Laxettes perfectly! The moral for grown-ups: Keep regular with Laxettes but please don't borrow Sally's. Laxettes tonight, tomorrow you're right.

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But you can rid yourself of stomach discomfort with the balanced formula of

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All city, suburban and country stores throughout Australia.



One of Australia's most vital and exciting interior designers — see her attractive budget-style ideas in the **AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL**

Page 42

DIARY KEEPS A DATE WITH PAST

● Past, present, and future meet in a book that measures a mere 6in. x 8in.

It is the National Trust (N.S.W.) Desk Diary—"The Early Australian Scene"—whose theme for 1968 is the development of the early Australian dwelling in New South Wales.

There is scarcely a page that doesn't show some aspect of 18th- and 19th-century homelife — be it a humble squatter's cottage or the first Government House.

There is even an illustration of a native "wirlie," constructed last century by Aboriginal families when no suitable cave was available.

Inns like the Macquarie Arms at Windsor and the Settlers Arms at St. Albans are included, too, because they were originally built as family dwellings with accommodation for guests.

"SECRETS"

There are illustrations of farms and rectories, town mansions, and country cottages. Some are in color, others in black-and-white.

And the Diary doesn't keep you guessing as to what went on indoors. Illustrations such as of a domed ballroom and graceful staircase take you behind the scenes for an intimate glimpse of how the Australian lived in those far-off days.

An informative introduction discloses many construction "secrets." For example, the lack of lime to make mortar in 1795 was solved by burning oyster shells.

And bricks (the first ones were burnt at Brickfield Hill, Sydney, in 1788) that were rather soft were protected "by brick nogging"—bricks set in a timber frame to which covering weatherboards were nailed.

Emmeline Macarthur "recalls" the building of her



Message in a \$750 bottle

★ Japanese girl Yoko Ono has a strange art gallery in London — she sells imaginary paintings, cut-in-half furniture, and other unusual pieces. Says Miss Ono, 25: "I sell imaginary paintings for anything up to £200 (\$500). People buy the idea and finish the paintings themselves in their minds." Also in the gallery there are rows of jars marked with labels such as "Half a Dream," "Half a Play," "Half a Sky." Centre of attraction is a vinegar bottle on a pedestal. Cost, \$750. (That's it above, with its owner.) Miss Ono: "This bottle is imaginary music. The bottle is a flute. How you play it depends on your imagination." The bloke looks a bit sour on the whole idea?

home, "The Vineyard," one of the great houses of the 1830s.

"Everything was done by workmen on the estate, building, furniture, and upholstery. Our childish delight was to watch all these various works from the brick kiln to the carpenter's shavings.

"The damask sofas and wardrobes were of choice Australian woods, the floors were Kauri pine from New Zealand — in the dining-room, 35ft. long without a break — and marble mantelpieces from the estate inland."

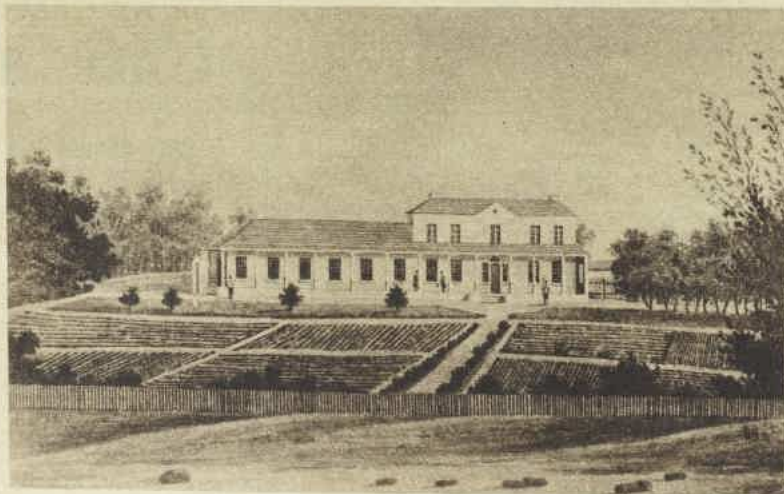
The National Trust Desk Diary is available at many book and gift shops, or at The National Trust, 15 Pitt Street, Sydney. The price is \$2.25.

THE Fijians are a notoriously casual and happy race, and this little story going the rounds of Fiji amused us.

It seems that people in a village on the main island of Vanua Levu saved for some time until they could put a deposit on a bus, in which they hoped to transport passengers to Suva.

Finally, they got the bus. But every time it left for Suva all the villagers piled in for the ride (after all, it was their bus; they'd all saved for it), leaving no room for fare-paying passengers!

Soon the inevitable happened. They made no money, could make no payments, and the bus was repossessed.



● Government House, Sydney, as it looked about 1809.

WORLD'S TINIEST CHURCH?

THE St. Anthony of Padua Chapel, in Iowa, U.S.A., has an unusual claim to fame—to be the smallest church in the world.

Built in 1885 of solid stone, the little church seats only eight people.

It was built by a man named John Gartner to fulfil his mother's wish.

Gartner was drafted into the French Army of Napoleon Bonaparte when he was 16 and his mother promised a church would be built in thanksgiving if he returned unharmed.

The little chapel measures 14ft. by 20ft. and has a 40ft. belfry. It is used only once a year—when Mass is said on its miniature altar, on the feast of St. Anthony of Padua.



Without comment... Overcrowding is so bad in a British village school that a class takes its lessons in a lavatory. An education authority official said recently: "The children will not have to endure conditions like this for long. A new £700 toilet block is being built."



**Pam had two little sheep,
Their fleece was champagne-pink.
She was showing off
new nurses' gear,
To see what people think!**

● Yes, the picture is of a model named Pam, and she's wearing a proposed new uniform for British nursing sisters. We imagine a sight like that would aid Humpty Dumpty's recovery, and help Jack's broken crown.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967

SITMAR



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In search of ancestors

From page 27

a definite North Country accent, "No, No relation whatsoever. No, that's not Manor Farm. They never lived there. 'Coldhigham Lodge' is the place."

"Do you mean," I said, "that there is actually an old house called 'Coldhigham Lodge' somewhere around here?"

The faintest flicker of amusement showed in his calm, old eyes as he looked back at me. "That's right. Good as the day it was built."

As soon as the rector had burned off down the country lane I popped back into the churchyard, and in five minutes found a stone quite clearly engraved (even though it had been done in 1869) "sacred to the memory" of Great-granduncle Timothy. That stone meant infinitely more to me than any Knight Templar.

Great-granduncle Timothy had been only 58. "In the midst of life," it said soberly on the old grey stone, "we are in death."

I pictured this far-off ancestor, ruddy-cheeked, in a high stock and a top hat, doughtily riding off to the hunt — and carried home on a gate. "Thy will be done," the inscription ended.

We drove away soon afterward to find "Coldhigham Lodge," following the directions supplied by the old farmer, and after a few turns through the lanes came to a place much as he had described.

We got out of the car and picked our way uncertainly across rough ground through the gateway, so long standing open that grass had grown high through the wooden bars.

Everything was still as we crossed the cobblestones and entered the little latticed porch. No one came down to our knocking. We felt like intruders.

As we passed a small-paned bay window we saw a large ginger cat comfortably asleep on a chair in a room beyond. It merely opened one slit of an eye at us, but in a nearby shed a dog began to bark, baying in a great deep voice and sounding as though he would break down the door. We had knocked everywhere in vain. "Let's go!" I said, and Ted said, "Well, there's another house down the road. We can ask there."

At the next farm a little girl ran out, and several dogs, and Mummy came out after them.

Mummy was tall and thin, in soiled brown corduroy trousers and skimpy pink jumper, glasses, and nice long red hair: very cheerful and cordial. "Well!" she said heartily

when I explained our errand. "You've come to the right place. Come in and meet the lady of the house. No, this is not 'Coldhigham Lodge,' that's it up on the hill, but Nan Graham owns them both."

She threw open a low door and ushered us over a stone step down into a dark kitchen full of dogs and children, warmth, the remains of lunch, an older woman sitting aside on at the deal table, and a dark handsome young man in gumboots throwing up a baby girl with a bare bottom.

"Here, Nan!" the young woman cried. "Here's a lady coom all the way from Orstrylia to look at 'Coldhigham Lodge,' where her great-granfer used to live."

The woman at the table gave me a slow, unsmiling look. She was wearing an old felt hat low over her eyes. It somehow looked permanent, and I was delighted to see a little spider spinning his web out over the edge. He lived there.

She wore gumboots and dungarees and a tweed jacket and over all a raincoat, weather-faded almost white where it showed among the muddy patches. She said at once, "I know who you'll be. There was a man came here 30 years ago from Australia. A big, tall feller. A military man or something." She had remembered the travelling uncle.

They wanted to make us cups of tea and press food upon us. We sat in the kitchen and enjoyed Mrs. Graham's reminiscences of the travelling uncle. The little children came and pressed around my knees, wide-eyed, possibly expecting me to produce a kangaroo from my pocket at any moment.

Ted felt the urge to photograph them. He would have preferred them unimproved, but Mummy popped them up on the table, gave their faces a quick swipe with the dishcloth, and lined them up looking solemn and entirely surrounded by dogs.

MRS. GRAHAM set off on foot for the house up the hill and arrived there before our car. She let out the shut-up dogs, three enormous foxhounds, which came leaping all over us, full of bounce. They had been saved from extermination by Mrs. Graham buying them.

One of a pack had killed a sheep and the whole lot were condemned to death. Mrs. Graham confessed she would have bought the whole pack if she had been permitted. She had ridden to hounds when she was younger. Over the same fields, I thought, as Great-granduncle Timothy.

This second time I could look at the house without the restraint of uncertainty. It was "Coldhigham Lodge."

Built 400 years before, it was one of several houses erected in the great estate of a duke. As I stood there looking at it and its details grew upon my eye, I began to recognise features that identified it as the original of the old home in Australia. Great-grandfather had made his modifications, of course. The English home was two-storeyed, where the Australian homestead spread over a single broad floor with an attic over the kitchen.

The little latticed porch here had become a wide, shady veranda to combat the glare of Australian summers. These thick English walls were of sandstone, not Australian bluestone; but the slate roof was identical, and there were the same bay windows that brought back a childhood memory of playing "theatres" inside the great-aunt's red velvet curtains.

I stepped back to glance around. Where was the white picket fence? At my elbow Mrs. Graham said with pride, "The place has never been changed. We've never added on to it or changed it in any way — except, of course, we took down the picket fence."

She prompted me to observe the location — she was a true countrywoman. "That other man from Australia said the house out there was put just like this. On the slope, with the brook down there, and the orchard."

And so it was, I realised as I looked, so it was — with everything in Australia extended fivefold. The small, neat English fields had been translated into wide, brown paddocks, and the tiny trickling brook to a river.

We entered a parlor with a low ceiling and uneven wooden floor. It was, however, in much better condition than the first house, by the simple expedient of not being lived in. It was scarcely necessary for our hostess to explain that she hated being inside, loved out!

She led us through the rooms and I was gratified to see a grandfather clock like the one we had at home, and a stag's head on the wall. The lady of the house pointed with some regret to wires sticking out above a bookcase. "That's where the telly goes. It's away being mended." And that soulless character, my husband, gnashed his teeth with regret that he could not take back a photograph of a television set in ancient "Coldhigham Lodge."

To appease him I posed in the bay window. "They say," Mrs. Graham informed us, "that Miss Margaret used to sit there with her great friend old Lady Carstairs. You can just picture them, can't you?"

I was grateful to her for this sudden flight of fancy. I could indeed picture the spinster great-aunt Margaret in black silk and a lace cap, as she was dressed in the family album, sitting visiting.

I moved a small table to improve my pose and a little ornament fell to the floor. A tiny plastic Madonna. "Made in Italy," it said on the back. We had gone full circle, I

To page 47

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967



Bradmill fitted sheets

Consider the housewife — no time for a break the washing, the cleaning, the beds she must make or the sleeper who's restive — a common complaint it's the sheet on the bottom that causes the trait, so the people at Bradmill, researches complete made in 'Terylene' and cotton the new Fitted Sheet.

But whether you're housewife with labour now saved and when you're not sleeping the sleep of the brave, perhaps you're a farmer, stockbroker, a clerk, a dancer of go-go, look after a park? One thing is certain — common-ground where you meet you'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week.

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The Boyces are one of a number of 3-generation Kelvinator families we have on record, where the original refrigerator (grandmother's) is more than 25 years old. And still working!

"So what" you might say "these days nobody builds things to last the way they used to." We don't know about everybody, but we do know about Kelvinator.

Here's an example. Twelve months ago we selected a Kelvinator Foodarama at random from our production line and put it through an "aging process". Extreme temperatures. Door slamming. Overloading and so on. Twelve months was equal to 50 years normal home use. During this 3-generation span the Kelvinator Foodarama never missed a beat.

Tests like this are going on all the time at Kelvinator. Just to prove to ourselves that we really do build refrigerators like we used to. To last generation after generation.

Next time, insist on a Kelvinator. Your children will appreciate it.



JOIN THE HAPPY ONES / *Kelvinator*

In search of ancestors

From page 44

I thought, from the hot night in Rome when the Pope had died and an Englishwoman had said brightly, "Oh, I know where Coldhigham is!"

Mrs. Graham fossicked out a hundred photographs of the house; some, to my satisfaction, complete with the picket fence. It was true, there was nothing changed. What could still stand was standing.

She confided that Meg, her daughter-in-law, were she to have her say, was all for modern improvements. "But I'm not having it changed," Mrs. Graham asserted stoutly. "I say it's got a history, and I'm not having it changed." She looked for my approbation, and I could not resist saying, "Who painted over the beams?" with a mild glance at the yellow ochre.

"We did," she said proudly, "my son and I. Of course, Meg's from Lancashire."

Meg was moving in with her mother-in-law shortly, and another son was taking over the first farm. I comforted myself with thinking that, having stood for 400 years, "Coldhigham Lodge" would likely stand up to the kids.

I picked a sprig of rosemary from an ancient bush by the porch and looked back at the house. "I'm glad you haven't changed it," I said. It was the only way I could thank her.

"No, I'm not having it changed," she reiterated. "We've got all we want. We're not posh, but we're happy." And she turned and smiled full at me, for the first time, and her face was quite irradiated, and I knew she really was happy.

They all were, the warm old house full of kids, Meg and the dogs, and the young farmer. Happy, kind, and generous, they had dropped everything to talk to us, the son only remembering he must go to Northampton as we were leaving, and he came out to wave us off with his face half-lathered.

That was the nicest part, as we drove away, thinking of the contentment of the people on the land there, in England, still in the same state as in Great-grandfather's day.

Mrs. Graham kept on saying, "I never thought anyone would ever come again. All the way from Australia!"

We left her standing in front of the old house, the three dogs leaping about her, that hat firmly on her head, and her gum-booted legs astride, standing on the ancient sward of our ancestors.

Actually, I thought it was in quite good hands.

the field his targe he threw," or "Then dashing down the darksome glen . . . in the deep Trossach's wildest nook . . . grey Ben Venue I soon repass'd . . . Loch Lomond lay beneath me cast," my mind was fired with visions of martial splendor.

Despite all the books and films and television in the meantime, those old childish images, conjured up in the long-ago Australian summertime with Grandpa, were still the ones I carried in Scotland 30 years later.

My husband and I arrived by train in Edinburgh early in the morning. A fine rain was falling as we drove through the streets to our hotel, and all looked grey and dour.

I wrote to my daughters later that day, "Arrived in Scotland, 6.15 a.m. Had Scotch porridge for breakfast, shortbread for morning tea, scones for lunch, and whisky for dinner." We were determined to absorb local color in every sense.

After breakfast we went out to explore the city. It was still raining. We caught a bus up to Princes Street, and we did our best to enjoy the sight of the graceful Scott monument, although we were somewhat discouraged by the stern pile of the castle.

Everything was stately, damp, and misty. We were prepared to believe that Princes Street could be charming when all the beautiful trees were in leaf, but now they were bleak and bare. It was preferable to gaze into the bright windows of the elegant shops and look at displays of warm furs and tartans and high-heeled boots. But this was something we could do in Melbourne!

We wanted to see the things in Scotland that they didn't have anywhere else in the world. "We must go to Loch Lomond," I decided.

We had missed the tour season, the lassie in the tourist bureau said: the buses had stopped the now. But, certainly, we could

upward, began to curve around a lake. The first sight of water — could it be Lake Vennacher? — gave us immense pleasure. Under the silvery sunlight it stretched like a piece of pale blue silk, so lovely that my husband, who had driven unmoved through much of Italy, Austria, and Switzerland, stopped the car to look.

He kept on pulling up all through that drive, to feast his eyes and take color slides. He kept on saying that the scenery was a chocolate-box cover come true. Those impossibly pretty scenes typical of that medium, that to us in Australia had seemed always over-colored and sugary sweet, were actually before our eyes, in the heart of Scotland. And we were enchanted with them.

We continued along the road to the Trossachs, a name, when I spotted it on the road map, that had immediately started off a chain of remembrance. So this was "rude Trossach's dread defile"; and here, where we parked the car because we could go no farther, Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.

As we ate our scones and looked out over the dimpled water I felt I would not be surprised if the Lady of the Lake herself had appeared in her "satin snood and silken plaid."

After lunch we turned the car and drove slowly through the lake country, and identified one after another those legendary names on the map as they appeared in their concrete form. The famous mountains — Ben Venue, not grey as in the poem but a lordly vision in russet and purple; and Ben Lomond, whose wooded sides ran down to the water's edge to mirror themselves in the matchless loch.

Loch Lomond was a looking-glass that gave back the sky, full of fleecy clouds and flocks of wheeling birds, and the thick, massy trees, dark at the water's rim and climbing the slopes in autumn splendor.

Just a little brown pebble, but threaded with gold. Mica, of course, but gold to me, like the memory of the day we went to Loch Lomond and I found at last my golden glens.

Episode three — THE IRISH SIDE

MY father was born in the Ned Kelly country, that part of the Australian bush that people in Victoria refer to as "the North-East." In Dadda's day it was a hard life there. The bush had to be cleared and the living was primitive. Men needed to be tough, hardworking, rough-riding, and endowed with pluck and spirit. They did not all become bushrangers; nevertheless, they provided plenty of material for the stories Dadda used to tell us of his boyhood at Glenrowan and St. James.

There must have been other nationalities represented in that pioneer district, when people of all kinds and station took up selections in the North-East, but as far as we were concerned the heroes of these tales were always Maloneys, or Mullineses, or Flynns; Kellys or McNamaras. I thought of that part of Australia as an extension of Ireland itself.

I have always been pleased to claim my Irish ancestry when occasion warranted it. It can be useful for explaining any awkward quirks in one's nature, as well as being an accepted source of wit and humor.

But I had no definite rendezvous with family sentiment in Ireland: no clues, handed on to me by the old ones in Australia, as to names and places; no hope of finding long-lost relations, it being firmly established that the family had long since departed out and away from Ireland to England and America and Australia.

It was Ireland herself that remained for me.

This touring of the British Isles had brought out a cham-eleon quality in my husband and me, and as our airliner left Edinburgh we began turning green. At least I did. Ted was still inclined to be clinging to his English roots. There was Kent on his mother's side, and the family seers had always pronounced Turnley to be a Cornish name. Funnily enough, when we had actually been in Cornwall we couldn't find a soul willing to claim the Turnleys as kin.

Dublin greeted us with brogue and a chilly blast of autumn wind. As a city it seemed to have little more to offer, tourist-wise (apart from the splendid Abbey Players),

than much-maligned Melbourne, and after we had traipsed over the bridge, gazed at the Liffey, and shivered through the streets to look at monuments, we decided to hire a car, as in Scotland, and look at the countryside.

"Killarney!" Ted was suddenly inspired. "Killarney is the place you have to see in Ireland."

But the fine young man at the tourist bureau was not enthusiastic. It was not the time of year to be jaunting round Ireland in a car. Too wet and cold entirely. And Killarney was too far. "Although you could," he conceded, our crestfallen faces before him, "you could fly to Shannon and hire a car there. And — look, why don't you be taking the Medieval Tour?"

"What's that?" I asked cautiously, and Ted groaned slightly and I knew what was troubling him. Medieval meant castles! After all that he had endured casing the castles and palaces of Europe, the word was anathema to him.

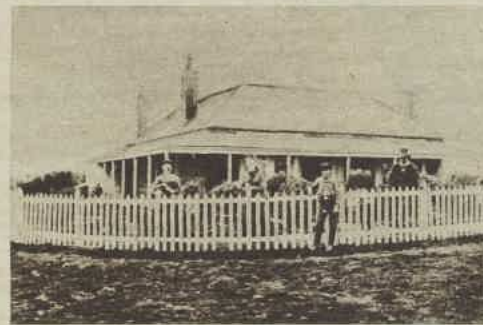
Castles, it seemed, were involved — one in particular, Bunratty Castle. "You dine there," the young man told us with relish, "at a medieval banquet."

At that we pricked up our ears. According to our philosophy, there's never a tour so dull that a nice meal in interesting surroundings doesn't give it a lift.

As we entered the airport to catch the plane it seemed as if "the sign was on



ENGLAND'S "Coldhigham Lodge" was built 400 years ago.



VICTORIA'S "Coldhigham Lodge" — an early photograph.

hire a car and drive ourselves into the country. Still and all —. She looked dubiously out at the grey, misty day.

Wouldn't the weather be better out in the country? I suggested optimistically.

So we hired a car, a little grey car, for £1 a day inclusive. Off-season rates! We were so pleased at this Scottish thrift, and the kindness of the garage men who plied us with maps and instructions and advice, that we set off with light hearts, driving away in the rain over the wide, damp, dignified stone streets of Edinburgh.

The rain grew heavier, and when I got out of the car to buy scones I had to dash through a downpour into the shop. I wanted the scones buttered and the woman in the shop was very friendly and helpful and pleasantly inquisitive. Soon I was telling her all about my Scottish antecedents. "So we're going for a picnic to Loch Lomond!" I ended gaily.

The expression on her broad, fair face said plainly, "This pair wee lassie is a mite daft!" But she was courteous itself. I begged her to agree that the weather might clear. She came all over canny and said she "couldna' tell."

The weather did clear. I forget just where this started, because my head had begun to fill up with names like Falkirk and Bannockburn and Stirling. Castles and crofts appeared for us to exclaim over.

The woods grew thicker as we followed the road through Callander, and, winding

"Is that really it?" my husband said. "Not really Loch Lomond? Loch Lomond is only the name of a song!" And we laughed aloud in the simplest pleasure at seeing what had been to us merely a legend.

And then, as we went on farther, deeper into the forest, yet always looking down on the loch, all around us the ground grew golden. The very grass was gold (I discovered later that it is a kind of reed). Golden under our feet the grass, and gold the lichen that lay over the stones, and gold again the larches that stood sentinel on the slopes all the way up to the sky. The distant banks, those Scottish braes, burnt-orange-red, all tawny-gold in the late sunlight.

We left the car and went down to a tiny shelving beach. Across the water was a wooded island. It was a beach made for partings, and standing there I could imagine seeing the fair Ellen "put out a shallop for the shore."

At our feet the water washed over the pebbles and I stooped and picked one up.

There's a dish on the desk in my study in our house built on the slopes of the riverbank in Melbourne. The dish is full of odds-and-ends and the children like to hear me say, "This chip, like a piece of toffee, fell out of the walls of Windsor Castle. That's a shell I found on the rocks at Land's End. That black bit is obsidian from the Aeolian Isles. That's marble from Pompeii. This one? Oh, that's a pebble I picked up on the banks of Loch Lomond!"

Episode two — THE GOLDEN GLENS

THE only grandparent I really knew was my mother's father, from Scotland. "My grandfather came from Scotland!" I liked to say proudly when I was a little girl at school and we were discussing ancestors — almost as though he were the sole representative. He had a full silvery beard and a swallowtail coat.

He was born in Edinburgh, but he lived as a boy on the Isle of Bute, off the west coast of Scotland, in the town of Rothesay. There had been a stern old Granny who used to lock him in his room on Sunday until he had learnt a verse of the Bible, so it was no wonder that a lifetime later, as he sat on the shady veranda of the Australian homestead looking out over the brown paddocks, he could recite whole chapters of the Bible to me, listening admiringly at his feet.

I confess I listened more attentively when he recited something less ecclesiastical. Grandpa rather favored melodrama, and there was a lovely one starting, "I am not mad—but soon shall be!" which he rendered with great verve.

There was Shakespeare, too, and of course Walter Scott. We loved "The Lady of the Lake," and when Grandpa declaimed "Ill fare it then with Roderick Dhu, that on

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967

To page 49

Page 47

make a Golden Circle summer freeze



Lindeman Island

make it cool and
tropic-tempting

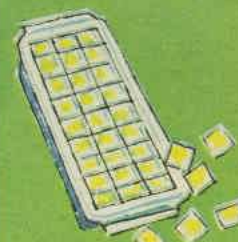
PINEAPPLE ISLAND CREAM

15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple Pieces, 15 oz. can sweetened condensed milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup desiccated or flaked coconut, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint chilled whipping cream.

Place pineapple pieces and syrup in basin. Stir in condensed milk, lemon juice, coconut and orange rind, then turn into refrigerator trays and freeze until firm. Turn into basin, stir well and fold in whipped cream. Return to freezer trays and freeze until firm. Spoon into chilled serving dishes, topping each with shredded orange rind and orange or mandarin sections.



PEEL A CAN AND TASTE THE SUNSHINE



ICE BLOCK SURPRISE

Combine one 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed Pineapple (including syrup) with one-third cup (loosely packed) of sliced crystallised ginger. Add a good half cup of water. Freeze in ice cube trays.

Healthy refreshment for the kiddies... tangy cool-bergs for your long summer drinks!



make this summer freeze with

Golden Circle

TROPICAL
PINEAPPLE PIECES

The Golden Circle Cannery, Northgate, Brisbane, Q.

In search of ancestors

From page 47

it," as my Irish Aunt Nellie would have said, for there in large letters over a news-stand was printed my Irish maiden name, Mullins. Ted posed me under it and I held a large shamrock while he took my photograph.

We were no sooner in the air over Dublin than we were coming down again at Shannon. Then we were off on the first leg of our Medieval Tour.

This was a drive around Limerick through the rain in a little bus full of Americans, all preoccupied with exploring their Irish origins. The atmosphere dripped with sentiment.

This was contagious and I felt a rush of sentiment myself as we drove through the streets and I saw upon the buildings and the shopfronts all those names that had figured heroically in Dadda's tales: the McNamaras and the Gilhooleys; the Flannigans, the Clancys, the Dooleys, the Baileys, the McGraths.

We made one descent from the bus to look at the wonders in the Limerick Museum and after that they took us back to our hotel in good time to prepare for the Medieval Banquet.

The hotel lounge at cocktail time was seething with people who were going over to dine at the castle, a short walk away; and one of those nice things happened to us that occur less and less as one grows older. We got talking to some Irish people and a spontaneous friendship sprang up between us.

They were two couples who had driven from Dublin to dine at Bunratty Castle.

At the appointed hour we all streamed across to the castle. The going was rather rough over the gravel paths and there was much hilarity with ladies stumbling on their high heels and gallant gentlemen picking them up.

We crossed the drawbridge and had to climb up a narrow, twisting stone staircase with only a rope to aid us.

In the vast hall we were received by the official hostesses, about a dozen lovely Irish girls dressed in medieval costume. All the officials were in costume, the men in high boots, doublets and jerkins, and colored hose, all very splendid.

We were served champagne as we grouped about the huge braziers of glowing coal (could it have been turf?). Then we went into the banqueting hall.

The pretty hostesses put white linen bibs on us all, for we had to eat with our fingers, helped out with a little dagger apiece. Each course was heralded by a trumpet blast, and borne aloft.

We had our wine in posset-cups, and the hostesses played to us on harps and sang madrigals. There was also a lad on a lute.

After dinner we returned to the reception hall and drank mulled claret

and coffee, then went back to our hotel for a nightcap.

Inevitably the subject of our forebears came up, and when we were producing our Irish, Scottish, and English antecedents, the senior member of our group (a lawyer, and something of an authority of nomenclature) confounded Ted by declaring that Turnley was an Irish name. "Ly" or "ley," he pointed out, was a common Irish suffix.

Ted, amused and flabbergasted, began muttering that his father had told him an old family legend about being the forty-second cousin twice removed from an Earl of Terconnell, presumably in Cornwall, and at this the lawyer cried out, "The place is in Ireland. 'Tis Gaelic! Tir Connail, in the north!" And he brought out road maps to prove it.

This all provided wonderful cause for celebration. Ted decided it was like being reborn: baptismal celebrations were indicated. The Irish friends began to call him "Tir Connail" with ceremony, and he, rising to the occasion, though a trifle mixed up, poor lad, fell to smiting his chest and declaring, "I am Tir Connail! I am the laird!"



MEDIEVAL BANQUET. "Pretty hostesses put bibs around our necks." Writer is on the right.

Being the mother of three girls, I was peculiarly sensitive to the plight of girls wherever we travelled, and on the shores of Lake Killarney I made the most exotic encounter of all, with a young woman from Bangkok called Sompong.

We had driven through incessant rain to the lake and booked into the huge old hotel on the shore. Once inside there was nothing to do except look out — at the lake.

We mooched around the large gloomy lounge-rooms, gazing forlornly out the wide windows, or peering disconsolately at leprechauns or shamrocks in the souvenir showcases by the reception desk.

It was while I was engaged on this melancholy occupation that I overheard a little twittering voice inquiring if there were any jaunting-cars going around the lake that afternoon.

The receptionist explained that cars were not given to jaunting in the wet

weather; perhaps tomorrow would be finer. And I looked up to see a round, bland, oriental little face, with almond eyes, concerned only with sightseeing at Killarney despite the rain.

She said, so sadly, "I . . . on-lee . . . have . . . today." She was adding something else in her delicate, carefully pronouncing little voice, "Is . . . it . . . safe—" but the receptionist seemed to have trouble in understanding her and had turned away. The golden, slant-eyed face, perplexed, turned to find my own.

I dare say my expression was the one my girls call "that mother-look," because she immediately confided in me. "Can . . . you . . . please tell me . . . is . . . it . . . safe . . . to go alone . . . with . . . the . . . taxi-man?"

Bless her heart! What had she been hearing about wild Irishmen? I said, "Oh, I'm sure anyone the hotel got for you would be reliable — but would you like to go with us? We have a car and only have today, too."

So quite soon, to his mild astonishment, Ted found himself driving me and a little Thai girl around Lake Killarney in the pouring rain. Sompong was inclined to cling to me; she did not care to be left alone with poor, harmless old Ted for one second. Yet she was a doctor, doing a postgraduate course in London, and her precisely spoken English was excellent.

We had a hilarious time on this drive. The rain was so heavy we could scarcely see the turbulent waters.

When we got out to see the ruins of a fort built by the Danes in the ninth century we spent most of the time huddled under a ledge for shelter. But Sompong was terribly serious about seeing everything.

Back at the hotel Ted and I were tired and we went up early to bed.

Our room had two long windows overlooking the lake. I stood and looked down through them at the wild, dark water just glimpsed beyond. The winds of Ireland were wailing around the house like banshees, and the windows rattled.

Like the windows of home. Like home when I was a little girl. Killarney brought to me memories of Sunday night with the lamps lit on the piano and Dadda singing *By Killarney's lakes and fells* . . . Killarney was a fairy place.

And in the second verse, where the music was marked *pp*, and Mother's hands, with the wide, gold wedding ring, would spread on the chord and touch the keys softly, hushing our childish voices; and Dadda's baritone shook with a hint of tremolo . . . *angels fold their wings and rest* . . . Killarney was a holy place.

First progress prize in Amoco Contest

ENTRIES for our Amoco-Davis Cup Contest, for which the main prize is a Ford Cortina, have closed.

We received thousands of entries in this contest, in which we asked readers to tell us about a woman driver.

Judges are now busy selecting the State winners and the Grand Champion winner, to be announced on December 13.

The first progress prize — \$20 or a pair of Davis Cup tickets — was won by Mr. John Joseph Cassidy, of Revesby, N.S.W. He wrote:

The place was Alexandria, in Egypt. I was a barely 19-year-old kid, but by that time I knew what it was to have an empty belly and I knew the smell of death.

After the evacuation of Gallipoli, we were camped just outside Alexandria in bell tents. We were rather surprised one morning when a puffing tin lizzie pulled up and out stepped a girl, who looked round about the 20-year-old mark — and inquired if we had any "clossie wash-em" we wanted done.

Some of the boys reckoned it would be goodbye clothes if she got any, but she did

get some, and although it was after 8 a.m. then, she was back with what had been sweaty, dirty singlets and socks, fresh and ironed, soon after midday.

From then on, Susie (as we christened her) was a regular and her work was always well and quickly attended to. It was an eye-opener to see the way she handled that old tin lizzie. In its top gear she'd put-put in and out among the tents and never once was she known to even touch a tent, a tent peg, a tie-rope.

When what was left of our squadron was notified we were going to another camp

at Zeatoun, near Cairo, we bid Susie goodbye, but she only grinned and said, "No bye-bye, I go, too," and, by crikey, she puffed into our new camp a couple of days later!

When eventually we pulled out of Zeatoun to chase Johnny Turk right up to Palestine, I'm certain if Susie had known where we were going she'd have grinned and said, "Orl right, I come, too."

I unhesitatingly say today that I never saw Susie's equal as a driver, and I know I never will, not without wings, anyway.



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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY



**This Springtwist Wilton
will spring back
to shape immediately**

But we're not so sure about Dad

Going to judo classes is one thing, but practising with Dad on the lounge room carpet...? Not to worry. About the carpet anyway. All that scuffling and jumping and thumping and bumping won't even leave a mark.

You see, Red Book's remarkable Springtwist Wilton is made from 100% Acrilan, the miracle fibre that is so resilient it always springs back to shape no matter how much punishment it gets. Dance all night on it, have a kiddies' party on it — the thick lush Acrilan pile with the permanent twist will never look less than beautiful. It's stain resistant, too, and those unfortunate spills wipe away in a flash.

Go and look at the wonderful Springtwist range in the Red Book at your carpet retailers. You've 27 inch width and 12 ft. broadloom to choose from and 12 exciting colours — Martini, Mistletoe, Hayman Green, Lichen Green, Bay Leaf, Old Gold and the 6 brand new ones

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For **teenagers**

SHARK GIRL SEEKS A PORPOISE IN LIFE

SHARKS! Just mention them and most people go pale. Yet to Kerry Douglas, of Darling Point, N.S.W., grey nurses and whalers are as much a part of her working day as the typewriter or telephone.

You see, the attractive 21-year-old brunette — whose infatuation with marine life began in the tropical waters around Singapore almost six years ago — is a diver at Marineland, Manly, N.S.W.

"I am a public relations hostess, really, but diving is one of my duties," she said. "I also explain points of interest to visitors, and answer queries about the oceanarium."

"Diving" at Marineland involves a great deal more than merely exploring the strange, silent world under the water.

As well as hand-feeding stingrays, gropers, snappers, and turtles — "The male divers feed the nurses and whalers from a long pole at night. I feed only the smaller Port Jackson and gummy sharks" — Kerry brushes the teeth of the 60-year-old turtles, scours growth off their shells with steel wire, and sometimes rides on their backs to amuse visitors.

● **'Doctors'** **sick fish**

She also keeps an eye on the health of all her marine charges.

"I watch them to see when they're sick. If one is sleeping on the bottom of the tank, I'll go and see if he's all right. That's the point of my being with them."

So far the only real "nursing" she has done was when she helped the director of Marineland, Mr. G. Goadby, perform an operation on a rare oarfish.

"I held him while Mr. Goadby stitched up a nasty gash in his side," she said.

"I also walked him around — that is, swam in the tank dragging him behind me. But we didn't save him. He died a day later."

Kerry doesn't pretend to be a heroine where sharks are concerned. But she would

never show them that she's afraid.

"You can't turn and swim away, because once you let them know you're frightened you'll always have to swim away."

"They don't go near the male diver who goes down with me," she added. "They know he'll bash them on the nose with the food-box."

● **Summer** **brings fear**

According to Kerry, sharks only become killers when they're hungry. That is why her fears grow as summer approaches.

"Several of them haven't eaten all winter," she said. "But now the water is getting warmer they are swimming closer to the surface — which means they're looking for food."

While you cannot make friends with a shark — "he's nothing more than a wild 'animal,' really," said Kerry — he does earn the diver's respect.

Kerry smiled. "You respect anything that's likely to bite off your feet!"

Kerry has also had some touch-and-go experiences with the stingray. Although they won't use the barb on the end of their tails as weapons unless molested, they sometimes mistake Kerry for something to eat.

"If one of them gets my wetsuit in his mouth, he'll drag me around the tank until he realises he can't eat me. When I'm feeding them they'll start nipping me, too."

But then, according to Kerry, just about every time she goes into the tank something nips her! She has scars to prove it.

"In summertime I don't know what will happen when I wear only a bikini instead of a wetsuit. I'm sure I'll be bitten all over!"

Yet not all the fish are unsociable. The blue groper, which Kerry describes as behaving like an affectionate kitten, has become almost a pet.

"They'll watch you with their big brown eyes," she said, "and when I tickle one of them he'll stand on his head or turn a somersault."

Despite the dangers and



ABOVE: Kerry Douglas, of Darling Point, N.S.W., wearing the rubber wetsuit she dons to feed the big fish at near-Sydney Marineland. The contrast color of the neckline adds a feminine touch. **BELOW:** Kerry (right) underwater in a more glamorous swimsuit. Both pictures are by staff photographer Ron Berg.

discomforts, Kerry looks upon her job more as a hobby than work.

"There's no other job like it. It combines everything I'd be doing at the weekends. That's why in the time I've been here I haven't had a day off. I don't really want one."

● **Job is** **boy-bait**

She loves telling people what she does, "although this is beginning to wear off." But she dislikes the "land sharks" who date her because THEY love telling people!

"I've met a couple of blokes here who have carted me along just because they could say they went out with the girl who feeds the sharks at Manly."

Perhaps it's only to be expected that Kerry's hopes for the future have a strong fishy flavor.

Her greatest ambition is to train porpoises.

"I've had a few swims with them, and have seen enough to know they're affectionate and intelligent."

—VALERIE CARR



Flies and Mosquitoes Menace the Health of Your Family

AUSTRALIAN homes are constantly confronted by the irritating menace of flies and mosquitoes. These annoying insect pests invade the home to present a dangerous threat to the family's good health and clean living habits. And it is in the interests of good health to see that Australian homes are effectively proofed against flies and mosquitoes this summer.

Flies are recognised by leading entomologists as the carriers of such dread diseases as typhoid, polio, dysentery, cholera, and hepatitis. The germs of these diseases are carried into your home on their hairy bodies or through their digestive systems. Simply by walking over a surface or using the proboscis (sucking-mouth tube) like a straw, a fly deposits or transfers bacteria on to uncovered food or drink.



Mosquitoes are the second most prevalent pest in Australia. Although the male is generally harmless, the female of the various

species is known throughout the world for spreading malaria, yellow fever, dengue, and other diseases.

Fortunately, the discomforts of insect invasion can now be controlled and eliminated thanks to the development by A.N.I. Chemical Research of new Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide which kills flies, mosquitoes, and all insect pests faster because the active ingredients are stronger in their concentration than any other brand.

Pea-Beu also has enormous power of penetration due to its unique "umbrella-spreading" action. In a room, short bursts only adequately produce a devastating effect on insects — a result due to its tremendous fume action strength and killing power. Regular spraying of premises, to cover all usual breeding places, will wipe out insect pests entirely.

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Live for today

Our generation is inclined to say, "Well, I'm going to make the most of life while I'm still young." But do we put this into practice — or waste time worrying over things which will or have already happened? Many teenagers complain about the pressure put on them at school or in the home, yet bring extra nervous tension upon themselves by worrying needlessly. I'm sure we would all live a happier life if we live in the present, let tomorrow look after itself, and not look back on all the embarrassing things which happened in the past.

— R. BELL, Randwick, N.S.W.

MANY teenagers seem to lack not only commonsense but the ability to handle their problems. I am 17, and a few years ago I was shy, nervous, depressed, and a total wreck! Today I am in fifth-year high school, have a wonderful boyfriend, and remember that each day is unique and that you can enjoy it only once. The following may help others who are like I was to help themselves:

- Always tackle a problem calmly and objectively; hysterics will get you nowhere.
- Have someone to confide in—even if it is only your dog!
- Never brood over depressing situations.
- Don't take your troubles out on others.
- Ensure physical and emotional health by enough sleep, fresh air, exercise, and good food.
- Try to find an interest which will serve as a form of relaxation and enjoyment (not escape).
- Never be afraid to stand on your own feet.

—P. Moore, Chester Hill, N.S.W.

The other half

NO one realises just what things are like for others until they see for themselves. Every year after the final exams, the fourth-form girls of my school spend a few days visiting places one would normally never think

Love conquers all

WE were told that the wedding of Margaret Elizabeth Rusk, daughter of the U.S. Secretary of State, to Negro Guy Smith was one that rocked America. People can have their own

and was astounded to see how friendly the opposing teams usually are. Let's take a hint and put some meaning back into sport—the girls in the other team aren't arch-enemies! — "Ace," Findon, S.A.

ROUND ROBIN

SECOND WAR OF ROSES

Rose of Texas," and she is running a national beautification scheme for parks, etc.

In Britain, garden parties—even at the Palace—have been banned under the Defence of the Realm Act.

Guy Fawkes Day has been changed to William Wordsworth Day—and the story goes that he tried to smelt up Parliament with daffodils.

Melbourne's Moomba organisers have offered to wipe out Sydney with bombers dropping weedkiller if the Waratah Festival is held again.

For all this, the situation is so serious that clear-thinking soldiers everywhere are planning mass picketing of flower shops and parks.

They will carry banners saying, "Guns Before Buttercups."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967

SO FUTILE

The drug-taking problem is really making an impact, and in newspapers people explain that they take drugs because it makes them feel good, or they get kicks from them and feel as though they are in another world. But if these people really want thrills there are plenty of occupations (including service in the Forces) which offer opportunities for travel and excitement. Escape through drugs is a futile and dangerous one. I believe they do it because they fear the responsibilities of life. If they faced up to the task of living, they would have no need for substitutes. — Joan Ferguson, Woodford, Qld.

Reading matter

READING for enjoyment can pay off in more ways than one. Last exams I'd completed three essays in a geography paper (in which I was positive I'd failed miserably) and had one essay to complete. The choices were between Germany, mining in China, and another subject of which I knew nothing. Somewhat reluctantly I chose Germany. Then I remembered having once read a book whose characters had come from that country, and I proceeded to write at great length on the districts where they had lived. I scraped a pass, thanks to reading just that one book. — T. C. Gatton, Qld.

You'll be sorry!

TOO many young people want to leave school before they are properly educated for this fast and ever-changing world. If I had my chance again, I would stay at school and learn as much as I possibly could. Diligent study has its rewards, although it may not seem that way at the time. I constantly find myself ignorant of things my friends talk about because I did not take notice when I had the opportunity. Also, there is the difficulty when applying for a job. The person with the highest educational standard usually will be given preference. — "Dancer," Gerlong, Vic.



Adair

GO-MANGO



On the run

"I AM 15. My problem is that I can never talk to boys because I'm scared they will find some fault in me and make me feel more shy than I already am. My closest friends tell me that I am pretty. I am fairly popular with girls, but I always give up opportunities to meet nice boys by running away from them. Do you think a pretty girl can miss out on getting boys by acting this way? Most of my friends are either very shy or forward."

"Unhappy."

● Shyness can indeed hinder the boyfriend hunt. While a pretty face may attract a boy, it's usually a sparkling personality that holds him. But, then, at 15 you have plenty of time to overcome your shyness. Why be so afraid boys will find some fault in you? Surely everyone has faults. I bet your girlfriends have, and you still like them, don't you? Besides, "perfection" can be a deadly bore. All you can do for the time being is to make an effort not to run away when another chance comes along. Force brightness into your smile and conversation. Who knows, you may begin to deceive yourself as well as others.

Fun prohibited

"WE are two teenage girls aged 15. We think our parents are too strict. When we go out it has to be with our parents or their friends, who tell them if we misbehave. Occasionally we are allowed to go to the pictures, and this is our only chance to meet boys. There is a cafe in town where most teenagers meet and play records, but our parents won't let us go there any more,

although my brother is allowed to go. Please tell us what we can do."

"Fun-lovers."

● Be patient! And remember your parents' so-called strictness is safeguarding your future happiness. After all, you both have a lifetime ahead in which to have fun. If you have too much freedom at 15 the wine of life could lose its sparkle! Make the best of those occasional outings on your own; some girls don't even have that to look forward to. As for the local cafe being out of bounds—I'm sure your parents have a good reason. And you will have to accept the fact that boys are usually allowed more freedom than girls.

Louise
HERE'S YOUR

Another girl's beau

Hunter's
ANSWER

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

"ONE of my best friends at work has just started going out with a boy I couldn't stand. But now I am getting to know him better I think I'm falling madly in love with him. I don't want to hurt her, but sooner or later I'm afraid I'll give myself away. What shall I do?"

"Wondering."

● What you do depends on how highly you value this girl's friendship. If you genuinely don't want to hurt her, keep out of this boy's way. That shouldn't be difficult! In any case, I think you should re-examine your feelings for him. Many teenagers find themselves "falling madly in love" with another girl's boyfriend just because he's unobtainable. It adds excitement to a romance.



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Beauty in brief:

SHADES OF SUMMER

IT'S more "fact" than "fancy" that has the summer of 1967 marking new and exciting changes in beauty.

Nothing unreal or drastic is being predicted this year. On the contrary, the natural look is all that matters.

But if overseas trends are to be accepted, light, honey tones in foundation and powder, and a smooth hint of color on the cheeks, are the color background for young people everywhere.

Natural look

The basic idea is to give the skin a warm glow and add two signature notes—the clear-cut mouth in sun-shimmery shades and eyes made deeper and brighter inside a frame of subtle color and lots of lacy lashes.

This means the dark-ringed, vaguely mournful orb that still seems to dominate some young faces has given way to a clear-eyed look that makes the most of natural color and brilliance.

Finally, nail enamel. This needn't be the same shade as your lipstick so long as both are in the same color range. But ideally it should be pearly for a total make-up effect.

—Carolyn Earle



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Part-time jobs for working mothers

Seeking that elusive job that will fit in with school hours, two readers (one from Perth, one from Brisbane) found the answer in different kinds of door-to-door work.

WHEN my youngest child went happily off to school this year, I thought now was the chance to get a job, like so many of my friends, and help out with the family finances.

When a part-time job came along with a sampling company, I had no hesitation in taking it. Working with a friend, we had the simple task of delivering sample packets of a laundry product to each house in a certain area.

We each had a map showing the area to be done, with the streets clearly marked. We found that if we parked the car in the middle of a long street, one of us could do up and down the street in one direction, and the other in the other direction, then meet back at the car, thus saving time and effort.

The packets were economy-size soap powder and heavy, but using a shopping trolley we could carry quite a lot before having to return to the car and restock.

The pay was good, 80c an hour each plus an extra \$1.50 a day for the person using her car. We could keep any broken or damaged packets of the powder. Hours were good, too — 9.30 a.m. to 3 p.m. with half-hour (unpaid) for lunch, making a five-hour day.

This will be a breeze, I thought, as I merrily set out to become a working wife for the first time. I had been playing tennis two or three times a week and I thought I was reasonably fit, and would be untroubled by walking.

Weary

How wrong I was! At the end of the first day I crept home with blistered feet and aching legs, and instead of setting to and catching up on the housework all I could do was collapse in a chair and soak my poor feet.

I will do the washing and polish the kitchen floor tomorrow, I thought. But the next day I was even more tired, if that were possible, and still the washing waited, and the floor went unwashed and unpolished.

Fortunately, a hot shower and a cup of tea do wonders for a weary body and, on those first few weary days, by the time the boys and Dad arrived in for their tea I had somewhat recovered from my exer-

tions, and was back on my protesting feet.

"You don't want to do a job like that," said my husband when I first broached the subject of working. So, needless to say, I got no sympathy from him as I creaked around the house trying to catch up on my neglected tasks. But I did want the job, and derived great satisfaction from it — receiving what seemed to me a nice, fat cheque.

We were told to put the packets on each veranda and not in letter boxes, as they were rather bulky, and this meant quite a lot of extra trudging backwards and forwards with our shopping trolleys piled high.

A lot of the family Fidos resented our invasion of their territory, and sometimes we beat a hasty retreat after dropping the

box on the lawn, but neither of us was bitten in our ten days' touring.

The supervisors were understanding, and told us to take the house number and miss any house with a vicious dog, which was a weight off my mind. I am inclined to be scared of big, barking dogs.

My friend and I had a little giggle to ourselves at some of the housewives we met in our travels who, thinking we were selling something, would quickly turn on their heel and disappear as we approached. But most people we came across had a smile and a "hallo" for us, and one kind lass provided me with a plaster for my blister that very hard first day.

By the end of the week we were old hands, and our aching legs had come good. We started to enjoy looking at the beautiful new

homes in this outer suburb of Perth, and fortunately the weather held, keeping fine and cool.

I went prepared with sunburn cream and hat, but my friend neglected to put on sunburn cream the first day and found she had a burnt neck and nose by the end of the day. We also found that if we didn't keep our lipstick renewed, our lips dried and cracked.

A representative of the soap - powder company came to each area to spot check a house here and there to make sure we were doing a good job, so we had to be careful no houses were missed. If they were, for some reason, we had to note them down.

We thankfully finished up after ten days, and went home silently lifting our hats to the thousands of working wives who hold down a job and still manage to keep their homes clean and their families happy.

(This reader says that she later worked for the same company, delivering pamphlets, and found herself less leg-weary. The pay was again 80 cents an hour, but \$1 a day for the person using her car.)

READERS' STORIES

In praise of Australia's gum trees

Observe, says DAPHNE FLEMING, of Ferryden Park, S.A., and you will find beauty and character in every stage of a eucalypt's growth.

WHENEVER I hear people disparage Australia's eucalypts, the gum trees, I feel very angry. Coming home from the city by bus the other day, we were passing through the parklands, when a stranger sitting next to me remarked, "I wish they wouldn't plant so many dreary gum trees. They spoil the effect of the other trees."

I was too furious to say anything. Apparently this woman, and many like her, has never really looked at a gum tree.

Have those scoffers at our eucalypts never driven along a mallee-lined country road and marvelled that, although there is a similarity between the trees, each is an individual in its shape and form?

Have they never, in the late afternoon, seen the leaves polished and gleaming silver in the setting sun?

Have they never stood on a hilltop and looked down at the valleys and hillsides crowned with billows of red-bronze leaf-tips? Or seen the ghost gums gleaming in the moonlight? . . . or the mosaic of pastel colors as the new coat of the stringybark emerges from its tattered shreds? . . . or stood under a mighty gum and looked at the tracery of leaves and branches against the sky?

Many trees may be more beautiful at some stage of their life than the eucalypt, but few have such beauty and character at every aspect.

The stately river gums drowned in a swamp etch starkly grey against the water with a beauty of their own. The weathered old warrior standing alone in a paddock can take on shapes that would make the most modern sculptor envious.

And what other tree has such powers of rejuvenation to reclothe itself in green after a bushfire and to grow under all conditions, from the giant reds of the riverbank to the stunted mallee of the dry country?

What other tree with its hollow branches provides such a haven for nests of our lovely parrots and other native creatures? Or such a wealth of blossom for honeyeater or bee?

Perhaps, if more eucalypts were planted in our parks and gardens, those who belittle this lovely Australian tree would come to appreciate their natural heritage.

Fancy, me — a SALESWOMAN!

(And no one asked how many children I had!)

I HAD always been on the side of those who were against working wives and mothers, except in cases of sickness or desertion. Then it dawned on me that not many of these women worked solely to escape the boredom of household duties.

With four children under 11 years and a husband who had worked hard for eight years without a break, it was decided that I should work, for a short while at least, so we could come out from under the mound of accumulated debts and possibly have a short holiday.

That decided, the next problem was: What kind of work? I had been trained for nothing, my only job before marriage having been as a salesgirl in a department store. I could do that again, couldn't I?

Or could I? That was where I differed with every store in town.

"Twelve years away from this work? We'll get in touch with you, madam."

"Four children, one under school age? We'll let you know by Friday."

Just mention a pre-school child and I was finished. One gentleman even said, "You got any kids to worry about?" Finish!

This went on for a month. Where were all these people who wanted to make use of the female workforce reputedly tied to the kitchen sink?

At last, I answered an intriguing advertisement in the daily paper. "If you are of neat appearance (yes), pleasant personality (w-e-l-l!) and want to earn \$40 a week for 30 hours' work, please contact us."

Without hope, I did, and it was incredible. I didn't need previous experience, and they didn't care if I had a dozen pre-school children. Not quite sure of what it was all about, I entrusted myself to their care and emerged, three days later, after intensive "schooling," a SALESWOMAN!

I have never regretted this and probably never will cease to be surprised at finding myself, always rather shy, doing and enjoying this work. My outlook became so positive—as it must for successful selling—that people coming to visit us said, "What's happened to you?" But, best of all, young girls stopped giving up their bus seats for me!

"Butterflies" soon went

There were bad moments, of course. The first week I visited a chemist every morning before work for "something to settle my butterflies," and he would oblige with a vile mixture in a medicine glass. But soon that passed.

There can be no more enjoyable or interesting work than selling a product you believe in. In door-to-door selling you meet every type, and most are hospitable. In my six successful months "on the road," meeting thousands of people, I met only about three who were rude.

So, to women who want to work, but find themselves in my predicament, I'd say give saleswork a try. I thought I couldn't do it, but I did, and did it well. It will bring out qualities in your personality you had forgotten you possessed, and add immeasurably to your confidence.



If your child won't eat...

give him some 'get up and grow' with INCREMIN*

If your child is finicky about food—don't worry. Just a daily serving of cherry flavoured Incremin will renew natural, healthy hunger. Your chemist will tell you that Incremin contains essential vitamins, iron and L-lysine (the appetite stimulant). When children are poor eaters, listless or recovering from an illness, Incremin will restore health and energy through hearty eating. Incremin makes kiddies "get up and grow".



INCREMIN* the tonic appetite stimulant with a delicious cherry flavour



LEDERLE LABORATORIES

BLINK BLINK

**CUTEX
COLOUR
POP!**

Cutex pops lipstick in pop-colour cases! Inside the cases, twelve blinks of colour—to shimmer your smile, pearl your pout, sparkle your sweet-talk. Twelve lit-up, sit-up-and-take-notice lip-shades. Cutex lipstick will drive the boys wild. All you've got to do is wear it. (85c a pop—take two!)



CUTEX

When all her shiny electric mod cons fell silent because the power went off, the thoughts of this country reader from near Dungog, N.S.W., went back to the days when she used a pressure stove, a petrol iron, a fuel copper, and a smoke-belching fuel stove she called "the black devil."

The day the electricity went off

THERE will be a break in power for several hours," a voice at the other end of the phone informed me. "We're letting everyone out your way know because the failure may take till 8 p.m. or later to fix."

Well, so much for my baking and ironing plans for that afternoon. I'd better start thinking earlier of the evening meal, and of the lighting. Where had I put that old lamp?

As I unearthed the pressure stove and kerosine lamp from the shed and carried them into the kitchen, memories came back of my first encounter with them more than 20 years ago.

Being a city girl coming to live on the land for the first time, with my ex-soldier husband, everything seemed like an adventure.

I knew electricity had not reached that neck of the woods, but I had all the optimism of youth. Coping was a challenge.

Lighting a pressure stove was nothing, or so my husband claimed. He showed me, step by step.

"First you fill it with kerosine — lighting kerosine, not power," he said. "Then you pour methylated spirit around this little rim, and light it. When it burns out, you quickly wind the key up tight, and pump. This shoots the flame around the burner, and you're away!"

It looked easy, but somehow I made it seem hard. "Never mind," my husband comforted, after my pathetic early attempts failed. "You only need it to make a quick cup of tea while the stove is heating. We'll try the stove."

That black devil called a stove was my enemy from the start. Even when the bark and wood chips were dry (which often they weren't, if I forgot to gather them in advance),

jelly, and by the time the half-melted ice arrived with the milk-carter I was so hot myself I was tempted to sit on the ice and forget the jelly.

Washing day was an ordeal. Clothes were sorted and soaked overnight, the copper filled and the fire set for an early start. Everything was washed by hand before boiling with home-made soap.

If the whole process could have been gone

if it became too low to add the logs my husband provided. If I finished in the laundry by 5 p.m. I congratulated myself.

Ironing was done with a petrol iron, which became too hot to use if left standing for any length of time — such as when the men came in for afternoon tea — so I usually tried to iron at night after the baby was in bed and the evening washing-up done.

To help the time pass pleasantly I listened to a battery wireless, and many were the frustrating times when the battery would fail at a vital part of a serial.

I look around my modern kitchen now with its electric jug, toaster, cake-mixer, frypan, and deep-freeze refrigerator.

In the place vacated by the black monster fuel stove sits a gleaming white electric stove.

There is hot water over the sink and in the bathroom.

In the laundry cupboard is a vacuum-cleaner and a polisher.

The old copper has long since been replaced by a self-heating washing-machine, which is now outdated and will soon be pensioned off for a more modern one.

All these conveniences are silent and still in the blackout, but even when they are in action again tomorrow, I won't take them for granted.

The flick of the switch has been the most wonderful innovation to come to our valley, and I know it!

But tonight, it's back to pressure stove and lamp. After years of practice, pressure stove, with dust removed, is soon working.

My three children, home from school, are amused to watch me prepare a meal by lamplight.

"Only one thing wrong," they say. "No TV!"

A mythical beastie called WHO (Every mother will recognise him)

AT our home there are six children under ten years, and—well, yes, I think it must be—a mythical beast called WHO.

Who leaves the towels on the floor after bathing, and Who left the tap dripping, and Who screwed up the toothpaste.

It must be someone or somebody, yet none of my little human bodies is doing it, so who . . . ? And Who is our beastie's name.

Who's diet consists of odd socks, many, many garters and thongs, and his delight is handkerchiefs.

Who is mischievous but not bold. He leaves lolly papers on the lawn, lights on in the toilet, boot polish on the back landing, and even jumps on beds.

I must say in his favor that he is very quiet. He never answers me, and as yet I haven't caught him redhanded. But give me time, and I'll catch that Who who is always doing things!—L.E., Rockhampton, Qld.

the stove belched smoke which made my eyes water, often putting me out of the kitchen.

If the wood was too long and the door of the fire-box wouldn't close, the smoking continued indefinitely. Even a thorough cleaning did nothing except turn me into a "black mammy," under my checked headscarf.

Judging the right heat of the oven was another problem which resulted in undercooked or burnt offerings and blistered fingers. My high spirits took a beating at this point.

Keeping the wick of the lamps trimmed and the glass bowls clean was a new chore to me.

I sighed as I thought of my parents' home in the city with all mod cons.

My first "refrigerator," a drip-safe, was a wooden framework covered with hessian, kept constantly wet. This stood on the veranda to catch the breeze. In it were kept the perishables—butter, milk, meat.

It wasn't till we bought a second-hand ice-chest that I was able to set a

through without interruption it wouldn't have been so bad; in between came baby's feed at 6 a.m., the men's breakfast (my husband had hired help on the farm), baby's bath and 10 a.m. feed, midday dinner to be cooked and washing-up, baby's feed again, and finally the last of the washing — the men's working clothes.

All this time the fire under the copper would be either blazing merrily or burnt to a few red coals, often having to be reset

WHERE TO BUY PRETTY MATERNITY FASHIONS

● The pretty summer maternity fashions shown in color on pages 34, 35 are available at:

SYDNEY:

David Jones Ltd.
Farmer and Company.
Lady Grayson Maternity
Boutique, Double Bay.
Serenity Maternity Shop,
St. Ives.

MELBOURNE:

Myer's Emporium.
George's.

ADELAIDE:

John Martin and Co. Ltd.

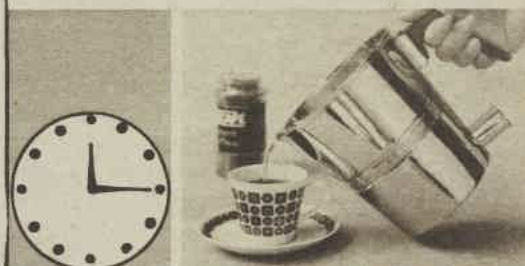
versatile

Birko

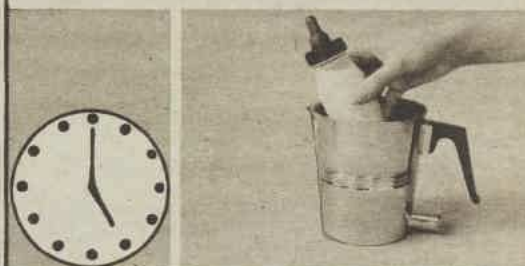
FOOD AND DRINK HEATER



First up for eggs at breakfast.



Bubbles and boils at lunch time.



Hears baby's bottle at five.
Easy to manage — looks beautiful.
Perfect for yourself, or a gift.



Choose from 3 sizes: 1 pint, 1½ pint, 2 pint.
From \$8.90 at all good stores.

always busy!

Avoid Embarrassment of FALSE TEETH Dropping or Slipping

Don't be embarrassed again by having your false teeth slip or drop when you eat, talk, laugh or sneeze. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This new, fine powder gives a wonderful sense of comfort and security. No gummy, gooey taste or feeling. Any chemist has FASTEETH. Refuse substitutes.

The Ideal Gift!

A SUBSCRIPTION TO

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	1 YEAR	1 YEAR
Australia	\$4.75	\$9.50
N. Guinea	\$5.00	\$10.00
N. Zealand	\$6.50	\$13.00
and Fiji		
Brit. Dom.	\$6.55	\$13.10
Foreign	\$7.85	\$15.70

A Lovelier Teenage Skin

The radiant beauty of the teenage complexion becomes immediately apparent when the skin is toned with special beauty lemons. After normal cleansing, pat lemon Delfi freshener over your face and neck as a second thorough cleanse to clear clogged pores and dispel surface bacteria that cause skin blemishes. Delfi lemon freshener brings beauty to the teenage skin as it whips up circulation and gives the complexion a superb, young glow. It ideally smoothes and prepares the skin for a lovelier make-up. Brushed on the hair it gives the glow of sparkling diamonds.

Memories of Old Blue

● New South Wales country reader JOY DURHAM looks back affectionately at an old farm horse she used to ride in her childhood days.

I HAVE always been fond of horses and, encouraged by my grandfather, a wonderful horseman, every minute I could spare in my childhood was spent among them.

Of all the horses and ponies I loved, the one most clear in my memory is Old Blue.

Old Blue was Dad's horse. He was grey, about 14 hands high, and strongly built. He was no show-ring aristocrat, but an

honest worker, and intelligent, with a quiet, gentle temperament to which I owe the fact that I am here today, sound in body and limb.

From the time I could toddle, Blue was a companion and playmate. My falls off his broad back brought many bumps and bruises and, when I was four, a broken arm.

My little brother and myself could climb under his legs, over his back, or down his tail, and Blue suffered it all patiently. On one occasion, Mother, coming to see what we were doing, was horrified at what she saw.

I was leading Blue and, sitting in an old half drum attached to Old Blue's tail, was baby brother, enjoying the ride. Blue, as usual, was completely unruffled.

Through the years Blue often took us to school, and one day, but for Blue's calmness, I might have lost my foot.

Our road gate was a wooden one with a rectangular frame and crossbars running from corner to corner. I leant down to open the gate and somehow caught my foot, still in the stirrup, in the crossbar.

As Old Blue stepped back to avoid the swinging gate, my foot was pulled and jammed tightly into the gate.

I screamed to him to stop, and he did. How long he stood there, with me, a frightened, sobbing child on his back, I don't know.

At the time it seemed like hours. In reality, I think it was only a few minutes until the schoolteacher, on his way home, found me and pulled my foot free. Old Blue was a hero that day.

Dad could do almost anything with the old horse. He could catch him anywhere, and ride him without saddle or bridle.

I have a memory of Dad, who had taken me behind him on the saddle, catching a sheep to take home and placing it in front of him. So we went home, the sheep in front, me behind, and Dad in the centre. Old Blue was unconcerned.

The one thing Blue really looked upon with disapproval was working after sunset. Dad could go out around the farm, fencing, burr cutting, or checking sheep, and leave Old Blue in the sulky to graze quietly.

He would never move far away—that is, until the sun started setting, and then Blue would start moving toward home.

Blue kept ahead, at a steady trot

Dad usually remembered to tie him up before sunset, but once he forgot. He was working about five miles from home and didn't notice Blue heading at a steady walk down the lane until he was a couple of chains ahead.

Dad started to run after the horse. Old Blue saw him, broke into a jog. When Dad dropped back to a walk, the old horse did the same.

This happened a couple of times. Dad had resigned himself to walking home when a neighbor, working on the road some distance ahead, saw what was happening, caught Blue, and brought him back.

After I left school I was more interested in riding lively ponies (mad-headed brutes, Mum called some of them) and Old Blue was put into retirement out in the paddocks.

He lived to the great age of 28. I was married, with a baby of my own, when Mother rang one morning to tell me Old Blue had died. I felt very sad, as it wasn't just a shaggy old horse that had gone, but a well-loved old friend.

Perfect Partners



Chocolatey Freeze



Strawberry Freeze

Canned Pears &



FREEZE

EXCITING
CARNIVAL
DESSERT IDEA



FREEZE

and

Canned Pears



New from White Wings, an exciting dessert idea. Freeze, the quick, easy way to give the whole family a delicious summer treat. White Wings Freeze is available in four flavours. And to complement Freeze add golden, juicy pears. So easy and economical, just open the can. For a carnival of summer fun try the Perfect Partners—White Wings Freeze and canned pears. For more Carnival Dessert ideas, send for the special 101 Carnival Dessert Recipe Book—coupons on every pack.





Give dry skin its dew ... with day and night moisture

(you have nothing to lose but dryness and its tell-tale lines)

Smooth on Skin Dew to help revive sun-parched skin in seconds. Skin Dew's remarkable blend of rich emollients, moisturizers and softeners, works invisibly to keep your complexion soft, smooth and dewy fresh all day.

SKIN DEW



At night, refresh with Skin Dew Moisturizing Night Cream, \$1.85.
Under make-up, wear Skin Dew Moisturizing Emulsion, \$1.95.
Moisturizing Cleanser and Eye Make-up Remover, \$1.75.
As a daytime refresher, Freshener and Toner, \$1.75.
For hands, smooth on Skin Dew Hand Cream, \$1.35.

by Helena Rubinstein

world famous for skin care

SPECIAL OFFER!



2 oz. Skin Dew Emulsion and 1/2 oz. Skin Dew Moisturizing Night Cream—the two for only \$1.95. A limited offer from all Helena Rubinstein stores and pharmacies.

YOU'RE HERE -But Why?



Why Were You BORN?

What Am I Living For?

MILLIONS ARE frantically searching for the meaning to this question! "Escapism" in all its forms is sought as a relief from the pressures of reality!

Movies are "better than ever." Television dominates many a home!

LSD and Marijuana "trips" — no longer "taken" only by the hippies and addicts — have moved into "respectability" as lawyers, college instructors, writers and others stage "pot parties."

LIFE has become an *empty void*, increasingly filled by the fantasy of the illusionary!

But You ARE Here!

Life is no illusion! You and I are *here* — in this world. But why? Is there any meaning to life? Do we know where we are going and what lies ahead? Does Science have the answer? Or Education — or even Religion?

An eminent astronomer, in his book on the nature of the universe, speaks of the Universe which, despite its incredible order and precision, leaves mankind with scarcely a clue as to any real meaning to human existence.

He wonders *why* the Universe is as it is, and not something else. Or *why* is it here at all?

At present, he says we are *without an answer*! Man possesses an intelligence that can penetrate deeply into the vast Universe and yet is left WITHOUT THE SMALLEST CLUE as to his own fate.

This scientist, like his fellows, is puzzled. What he sees is frustrating... "that almost every development during the last fifteen years has taken the world along the wrong road."

"Science Gives US No Purpose in Living"

Now listen to a Nobel Prize winning scientist telling us: "Science gives us

NO PURPOSE in living beyond having a pleasant existence in one way or another."

"What, then, do scientists live for? The fascination, he says, of their study. "But," this scientist, continues, "Science does not give the ordinary man, whose daily life is often drab... any motive that gives him a feeling of dignity... One of the great needs of this age is a great interpretation which can accept the facts of Science and at the same time give inspiration to fill this great void."

Have We National Purpose?

If most have no personal purpose in living, what about whole nations — Britain, America and Australia? "Most of the commentators on the national mood detect the absence of a national purpose," says an American writer.

The Common Market nations of Europe are finding a national purpose. They hope to create a giant third power bloc, equal to the United States or Russia. Does *this* promise good for the British Commonwealth and the United States? Or does it threaten a danger far greater than prewar Germany? The Russian Communists have a national purpose — to conquer our nations and destroy our liberties!

But do *WE* have any national purpose, further than that of holding on to what we have, and trying to find what pleasure we can in the swiftly passing present?

There IS an Answer!

Science cannot give us the answer. Education has gone materialistic and teaches science, arts, literature as means of *earning a living*. Schools, colleges and universities do not teach young people the real **PURPOSE** of life... how to live it happily and abundantly... what lies ahead and how to prepare for it.

What about the religions of this world? Do they have the answers?

If they do, why do they know so little about *eternity* and how it will be spent? Approximately one third of the Bible is devoted to prophecy concerning the future — the immediate 5 or 10 years ahead, then the twenty-first century, the thousand years, and the eternity after that. It tells you **WHY** you are here! It reveals the real purpose of life. It teaches, in plain language, *how to live*, how to be happy, successful, fearless. And, above all, how to have security you can rely on!

But the Bible has been misunderstood! It has been *interpreted*! It actually means what it says, but men have always thought they needed to *change* its meaning by interpretation. And so the Bible has been twisted, distorted, ridiculed — and rejected.

Get Booklets

Make this test! Write for the *free* booklets listed below. Then check the plain explanations they offer with your Bible. Finally, check this revealed knowledge with what science, education and philosophy have produced. You'll find there **IS** meaning to life! Here and now, and hereafter! You'll be astonished. You'll read challenging things new to you, possibly at variance with what you've assumed. But it will *ring true* because it is plain **TRUTH**!

One important booklet is called: **PROOF of the Bible**. Fundamentalists believers usually assume, without proof, that the Bible is inspired. Most scientists assume, *without* the proof, that it is *not*. Don't *you* assume. Get **PROOF**!

Another is entitled: *The Wonderful World Tomorrow — What It Will Be Like*. It shows vividly, strikingly, accurately according to prophecy what this earth will be like in the future under Christ's rule.

The third is, **WHY Were You Born?** It reveals in clear, concise terms, the **PURPOSE** for human existence!

You will also want *The PLAIN TRUTH*, the dynamic world news magazine that brings you the real *meaning* behind today's world headlines, with the *prophecies* of the **WORLD TOMORROW** — and the common-sense truths of life.

There will be no follow-up, no request for money. This is the contribution of Ambassador Colleges to public enlightenment.

Also, tune to the revealing, thought-provoking broadcast, *The WORLD TOMORROW*, every night. The radio log is included in *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine.

But **FIRST**, before you turn this page, fill in the coupon below and mail immediately for the **FREE** literature.

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Please send me, at no obligation, the following **FREE** literature

- ☐ **PROOF** of the Bible
- ☐ **WHY** Were You Born?
- ☐ *The Wonderful World Tomorrow*
- ☐ *The PLAIN TRUTH* Magazine

NAME

ADDRESS

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Round about this time of the year people start planning the finer details of summer holidays. Nowadays, we're all bitten by the "going away" bug, and going away somewhere seems the only real holiday for an adult, but sometimes I do wonder about small children.

WHEN our generation were children, holidays were not necessarily going-away times so much as running-wild times. Suburbs were better places for running wild in then — roads safer, gardens bigger and surely more lavishly supplied with trees and junk and garden sheds, and all the impedimenta necessary to the proper construction of castles, towers, hidey-holes, forts, cities.

My two most utterly memorable holidays of early childhood were spent in a packing-case and a tram. I spent the better part of one long, hot summer in the packing-case, and the better part of the following one in the tram, and I know what I'm talking about.

The packing-case had housed an upright piano, and had been dumped in my grandmother's backyard till someone could find time to chop it up for the copper. My sister and a cousin and I moved in. We were all between four and six years old at the time, and it seemed immense.

We moved in with all our dolls and their furniture, with skipping ropes and old boxes and hammers and nails, kindergarten chairs and tables, and old tin cans. We barricaded it against "the boys"—sundry brothers and cousins and their hangers-on—and we spent a summer in the gloomy half-light of the closed box in the company of Gran's dope of a black cat who liked wearing a doll's bonnet and being tucked into a doll's pram, and a tame magpie who used to get oppressed by the lack of sunlight, striking savagely with his beak when he wanted out.

The tram summer came a year later, when we had been taken to stay with friends in Adelaide. In a tangle of trees at the bottom of their garden they had a tram, a genuine double-decker, spiral-iron-stairway horse-tram. It had stairways at front and rear, superb for in-fighting on its besieged-castle days, equally superb as companionways when it was a ship of the line. It's hard to think of anything that tram couldn't become—a house, a theatre, a shop, a prison, a fort, a stable, a concert hall, even sometimes a tram.

It had a sign on the side saying "Paradise." Nobody told me that that was the name of an Adelaide suburb, and I accepted it as a plain statement of fact.

Whatever happened to all the old horse-trams? Hard things to dispose of, one would think, but I wonder how many are left?

Modesty boards to shield the lady passengers' ankles

WHAT made me remember all this is that the same Adelaide friend, obviously with the same fond memories of our tram summer, has sent me L. S. Kingsborough's recently published book, "The Horse Tramways of Adelaide and Its Suburbs."

There must be many people in Adelaide who remember horse-trams as part of the city scene. The trams first appeared in June, 1878, but lasted only 30 years. In 1907, the independent tramway companies were bought by the Government for £280,372/9/3, and electrification set in.

In those 30 years they experimented with all sorts of models. The book has contemporary photographs of them, and they're a joy. The first line was to Kensington, and the company had first single-deck and later double-deck trams 12ft. long. Later there were big 16-footers.

Some of the double-deckers were roofless with open pipe railings round the deck. Others had awnings to keep off sun and rain, and modesty boards to prevent those who knew no better from staring at the lady passengers' ankles.

The big three-horse cars were licensed to carry 54 passengers, usually 22 passengers inside, 24 topside, and four on each platform, but they were known sometimes to carry a hundred or more.

Hill horses, saddled and with a boy in attendance, waited at strategic points to be hitched on while the tram was in motion. When the extra horse had helped pull the tram up the slope, the attendant unhitched, mounted, and rode back down the hill to wait for the next one.

Passengers were forbidden to mount or descend from a tram in motion unless it happened to be one of the Lunch Specials which ran through the city every working day, picking up workers who bolted out of their offices, jumped

aboard, jumped off as near home as the tram went, bolted their lunches, and rushed out to rejoin the Special on its return journey to town.

Conductors were paid 15/- a week. They were boys between 13 and 18, their "uniform" was a straw boater with the company's name on the band and a small lamp hung on the lapel of their coats for night work.

They were allowed to sit on the fourth step of the

stairs with their feet on the second step while travelling, and an essential part of their duties was to dust all seats, window ledges, and windows before starting every run.

These were the good days of public transport when the passengers was right; when the tram would wait a few minutes for him or for his wife if he told the driver she was just putting on her hat; when there were no regular stops, and the tram stopped anywhere along its route that suited you; when the longest journey cost 6d, and you could get a cut-rate by buying a dozen at a time for 4/-.

If anyone has a spare horse-tram he doesn't want, let me know. It must have two delicate iron stairways, a white canvas canopy, a modesty board, an interior panelled in cherry, cedar, or maple, drop-down glass and louvered-wood window shutters, lots of gold leaf, and a sign saying, "This car has super springs contributing quiet and ease."

Special people brush with



the special toothbrush



Only Tek has
ANTI-GERM
built-in germ
fighting action

Johnson & Johnson

T46328

A GUIDE TO GARDEN PESTS

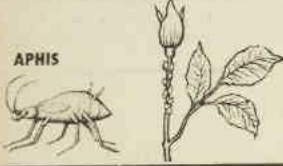

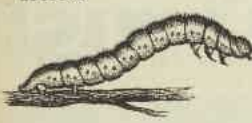








● This chart will help you identify and control some of the common pests and diseases of plants. Paste it on a sheet of cardboard and hang it wherever you keep your pesticides; or cut it into sections and paste in your gardening book.








WATCH FOR THESE SYMPTOMS:



- A. Distorted or downward cupped foliage, suspect **APHIS**, or check under **MILDEW**.
- B. Silvery mottling, or dull, bronzed foliage, check against **THRIPS**, **LACE BUG**, **RED SPIDER**.
- C. Holes in leaves, suspect slugs, snails. If you see their silvery trails, use snail baits. If not, suspect **CATERPILLARS**, **LOOPERS**, **CUTWORMS**, **BETTERLES**.

- D. Buds on daphne falling, ferns shrivelling. Check under **MEALY BUG**.
- E. Yellowing foliage, check under **FUNGUS DISEASES**. It could, however, be a virus disease, for which there is no cure, but aphid and thrips often carry virus disease. House plants may show yellow foliage if overwatered in cold weather or if drainage is faulty. Yellowing also could mean element deficiencies, which usually can be rectified by watering with complete liquid plant foods.

Always read directions and precautions on label before using any pesticide.

INSECT	WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE	EFFECT ON PLANT	WHAT TO HIT IT WITH
APHIS 	Small green, grey, or black, usually wingless insects clustered on young shoots, buds, or under foliage.	Sucks sap, deforms buds and petals of gerberas and other daisies, causes foliage of stocks, ageratum, pansies, etc., to contort and cup downward. Carries virus diseases.	Systemic insecticides, * Malathion, nicotine, lindane, pyrethrum, or derris.
CATERPILLARS  LOOPERS 	<p>Small or large, fleshy or hairy "grubs" in a variety of colors.</p> <p>Fleshy caterpillars with centre set of legs missing, giving them a looping action. Camouflaged in leaf-green color, or as brown or grey twig.</p>	Both loopers and caterpillars devour large sections of foliage. Tomato grub bores into fruit. Small loopers often skeletonise leaf by eating away fleshy sections between veins. They usually stay under the leaf and may be hard to find.	DDT, lindane, chlordane, sevin, malathion, cabbage dust, derris, or pyrethrum.
BETTERLES  	<p>Half inch long, oval, red and black pumpkin beetles.</p> <p>Dull orange and black dendrobium beetle, 1/2 in. long, shield-shaped.</p>	<p>Skeletonise leaves of pumpkins, marrows and other vine crops.</p> <p>Chews petals of orchids, eats away green tissue from young dendrobium leaves. Larvae tunnels in and kills bulbous stems.</p>	DDT, lindane, chlordane, sevin, malathion, cabbage dust, derris, or pyrethrum.
GRASS-HOPPERS 	Long green or brown insects.	Devour all types of growth.	
HIBISCUS BEETLE 	Small purplish-black beetle.	Eats small holes in leaves of hibiscus and other shrubs.	
STAGHORN BEETLE 	Tiny rounded black beetle.	Makes shot-holes or indentations in stag-horn or elkhorn fronds.	Malathion, derris, or pyrethrum are the least likely to burn staghorn or elkhorn foliage.
BLACK BEETLE 	Black beetle of lawns; shiny, black, 1/2 in. to 3/4 in. long.	See chafer grub.	Chlordane, dieldrin, lindane, DDT, or a generous douse with malathion. Tomato dust on tomatoes, and wash before using. When beans have formed, repel with pyrethrum or derris.
SHIELD BEETLE or BEAN BUG 	Adults are green, shield-shaped, about 1/2 in. long; flat, with pungent smell. Also light or dark brown during earlier stages of development.	Sucks beans, tomatoes, etc., causing distortion, wilting, or blotching.	
CITRUS BUG 	Twice the size of above, brown or black; when disturbed may emit fluid which irritates skin or causes temporary blindness.	Causes young shoots of citrus to wilt.	

INSECT	WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE	EFFECT ON PLANT	WHAT TO HIT IT WITH
HARLEQUIN BUG 	Similar to shield beetle, usually with red and black markings.	Sap sucking; mostly found on dahlias and other ornamentals.	Chlordane, dieldrin, lindane, DDT, or a generous douse with malathion. (See Shield Beetle).
CUTWORM 	Fleshy, grey-brown caterpillar; hides in soil by day, curls wheel-shaped if disturbed.	Severs seedlings at ground level or devours foliage near ground.	Water soil with DDT, lindane, dieldrin, or chlordane, mixed to spray strength; or dust soil around plants liberally with DDT or cabbage dust.
CHAFER GRUB 	Dirty white, 1 to 1½ in. long; plump grub with brown or orange head and legs. Larva of black beetle has similar appearance, but is more slender.	Ringbarks plants below soil level, damages roots.	Water soil as suggested for cutworm. Give further watering to take chemical into soil.
MEALY BUG 	Downy, whitish aphid-like insects on ferns, daphne, and some perennials.	Causes slow die-back of fronds, loss of buds, weakening foliage.	Meta systox or malathion with one tablespoon of white oil per gallon of spray.
LEAF MINER 	Tiny larvae imbedded in leaf tissues. Adult miner fly is not often seen.	Tunnels a winding course through leaf, leaving a light-colored trail.	Systemic insecticides,* or lindane, malathion, pyrethrum. Apply the last three chemicals twice at 10-14 day intervals.
THRIPS 	Slender, black or brown, cigar-shaped insects about ½ in. long. More often seen during hot, dry conditions.	Rasp away green tissue from gladioli, onions, and other foliage, leaving silver streaking. Flowers damage similarly — marking more noticeable on dark carnations, roses, etc.	Systemic insecticides,* DDT, lindane, chlordane, sevin, complete pestkillers, or pyrethrum. Spray gladioli every 14 days after they reach the four-leaf stage.
LACE BUG 	Insect resembling large sandfly, with delicate, lacy wings. Found on underside of foliage.	Attacks underside of foliage, especially azaleas, causing pale flecks, then an all-over light bronze or silver appearance. Small, treacle-like spots usually present. Similar to thrip damage.	Same control as for thrips. Direct spray toward underside of foliage, or use systemic insecticides.

RED SPIDER 	Minute pests difficult to detect without a magnifying-glass, reddish-brown to transparent. In colonies, usually on underside of foliage.	Foliage loses lustre, becomes closely mottled, then turns dull yellow or light brown.	Systemic insecticides,* kelthane, or malathion. DO NOT use DDT or lindane, as these destroy only the natural predators of the pest, allowing it to multiply rapidly.
SCALE PESTS 	White wax scale is common on holly, box-thorn, gardenias, and citrus in some areas. Red scale on citrus and ornamentals shows as pinhead-sized brownish scales; oleander scale as brownish or black swellings on stems. Cottony cushion scale leaves soft, cushion-like sacs surrounded by fluffy substance along twigs, sometimes under foliage.	Weaken plant, and heavy infestation causes die-back. Black sooty mould is fungus living on honeydew, a sugary substance secreted by scale pests. As white scale. Attacks wattles, hydrangeas, fruit trees, and ornamentals, causing die-back.	Spray with white oil in late December, and again a month later. Malathion may be added to spray. If white wax is already evident also add 4oz. washing soda to each gallon of spray. Spray with white oil and malathion when noticed. Spray with white oil.

FUNGUS DISEASES

POWDERY MILDEW	Ash-like growth over foliage.	Deforms young shoots of crepe myrtles, roses, etc. May also cause foliage to fall.	Spray with bordeaux, copper oxychloride, karathane, or combination spray.
DOWNY MILDEW	Tufts of whitish mycelium under foliage.	Leaves of grapes, melons, etc., go brown and crimp downward, usually first at edges. Onion foliage withers from tips.	Zineb, maneb, bordeaux, or combination sprays.
BLACK SPOT	Black spots, rather feathered at the edge, later surrounded by yellow areas.	Leaves fall prematurely.	Spray phaltan, zineb, captan, or combination rose spray to prevent spread of disease.
RUST	Rust-colored pustules under leaves. In the case of geraniums, the tiny pustules are in circular formation, while in calendulas they are in large orange tufts.	Foliage yellows and plant weakens. Snapdragons collapse when infection becomes severe.	No positive cure for snapdragon and calendula rust, but spray as for black spot to prevent disease. For geraniums, roses, beans, etc., remove infected leaves and spray as above to check spread.

* Systemic sprays include preparations such as meta systox, ekatin, rogor, lebaycid, anthio, etc. They penetrate and remain toxic in the foliage for one to three weeks, and so do not wash off.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

The art of keeping your INDOOR PLANTS happy

MORE house-plants are killed by over-indulgence than by neglect. The key to successful growing is the right situation.

Except for ivies and ferns, most foliage plants grown indoors come from tropical or semi-tropical regions, where there is no sharp variation between night and day or winter and summer tempera-



● *Alocasia sanderiana*, grown by Mrs. E. Sinclair, Balgowlah, N.S.W.

By ALLAN SEALE

tures. Some tolerate fairly cold conditions, but not temperature extremes.

Avoid areas near heaters used only for part of the night or near glass which catches the sun. Both result in sudden drops in temperatures.

Constantly cool conditions are preferable to sudden fluctuations. Most house-plants withstand temperatures down to 50deg. F. if kept fairly dry.

Light: A plant must have light to make substances necessary to its structure, but there are some which live below a dense canopy of jungle growth, growing little but remaining healthy. These are for poorly lighted areas.

These low-light-intensity plants have dark green rigid or leathery foliage, and include ficus, most philodendrons,

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 192

Feeding: Plant nutrients are used up by an actively growing plant, or leached by frequent soaking and draining.

Under these circumstances, feed house-plants every two to three weeks, preferably with a packeted complete liquid manure at the dilution recommended. Thoroughly wet the soil in the container with the liquid, and keep the soil moist after feeding. Don't feed in cold weather while plants are dormant. Slower-growing plants in a low-light intensity need less feeding than others.

Before feeding, soak the plants so that excess water drains through, removing residues of previous feeding and avoiding a damaging build up.

Humidity: Indoor plants, except those of desert origin, need humidity. In most coastal regions the humidity is about right, until radiators or other dry heats are used. Then foliage may die at margins, shrivel, or fall.

To overcome this: Stand the pots on trays of pebbles, crushed tile, or gravel with enough water to keep them damp. This water evaporates around the plants. Grouping plants together also helps create humidity around them.

Repotting: Vigorously growing plants will need repotting each year into a container one size larger. Repot only in warm weather, when growth is active.

Remove the plant when soil is damp. Place broken crocks, coarse charcoal, coke, or similar over drainage holes of the new container, then add dampened potting soil to bring the top of the old soil ball to within an inch of the top. Don't plant deeper than before.

Fill the gap between new pot and roots, packing the soil in evenly. Then firm around the plant, or tamp by lightly dropping the pot on its base.

The Soil: Most house-plants prefer a rather porous, slightly open soil such as three parts crumbly sandy loam, one part of peatmoss and one part either of vermiculite, rice hulls, or crushed charcoal; or a prepared potting mixture.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 193

brassia (umbrella tree), sansevieria (mother-in-law's tongue), and some of the aphilandras.

Lighter foliageed plants such as diffenbachias, pileas, dracenas, begonias, etc., need more light for healthy growth.

Watering: In winter, without central heating and in average room temperatures below 65deg., foliage plants should not be more than slightly damp. The topsoil should look and feel dry, but be slightly damp 1in. below surface.

Small waterings may only moisten the surface, and let the roots dry out, so moisten evenly—when necessary.

In summer, the same plants respond to constant watering—especially in a dry atmosphere where humidity is low, there is more light, or a large plant is in a small container.

There is some variation. For example, peperomias like to be moist all summer, but too much watering will cause leaves of ficus to drop. Very cold water can shock the roots, so remove the chill.

OTHER POINTS TO WATCH

Roots Outside the Pots: It is natural for monstera and some philodendrons to send down heavy, pipe-like roots from high up on the stem. In nature, these help anchor the plant and tap extra moisture. Sometimes you can direct these roots into the pot, but if they go beyond it, don't worry.

Leaves Falling: Often a problem with monstera, ficus, diffenbachia, dracena, and other plants with a definite stem, it can be caused by overwatering, draughts, and uneven temperatures, but it is also natural for these plants to shed.

Leggy Growth: As bottom leaves fall and the stem progresses, plants become leggy. Cutting them back 6in. to 1ft. from the base forces new shoots, but does spoil the plant for a time, so why not make an aerial graft on the old one?

AERIAL GRAFTING is done by encircling the stem with a cut about 1in. deep and 1in. wide. Scrape away the bark above this for about an inch, exposing the silky, greenish wood beneath. Take a strip of plastic sheeting about 9in. square and loosely wrap it round the stem, but tie it firmly at the bottom, an inch or two below the cut section. Fill the cone this makes with wet seed-raising mixture or equal parts moistened peatmoss and sand. Then tie top so mixture is in firm contact with cut section.

Under warm conditions, roots quickly form. Inspect after about six weeks. When roots are well formed the top section is cut just below them and potted up as a new plant.

Do cutting back or grafting in warm weather, preferably early summer.

Problem Areas: For poorly lighted areas choose philodendrons such as *P. cordatum*; ficus, brassia, aspidistra, or kentia palm. These also tolerate fluctuating temperatures, but keep water to a minimum in cold weather.

Ivy is wonderful in sun, shade, or in exposed areas, provided wind or draught is not too severe. Green-foliaged types stand more cold than variegated types.

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everywhere!



SPARKLING
PORPHYRY
PEARL



Cut out and paste in an exercise book



Soup'n' Sandwiches

Summer-kind of action needs the action-packed goodness of CAMPBELL'S Vegetable Soup and KRAFT Cheddar Cheese sandwiches

A good, old fashioned way of packing action into kids: a healthy helping of the home-style goodness of CAMPBELL'S Vegetable Soup and wholemeal sandwiches packed with honest-to-goodness KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.

CAMPBELL'S Vegetable Soup is just like home-made. Fifteen garden-grown vegetables simmered in a hearty beef stock to put kids into gear for all kinds of action.

And every bite of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese has the fresh taste kids really go for. They thrive on it too! After all, it takes 8 pints of creamy milk to make every pound of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.

More Summer Lunch Ideas

1 CAMPBELL'S Chicken Vegetable Soup and a buttered bread roll filled with lettuce, sliced tomato, onion and KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.

2 CAMPBELL'S Cream of Tomato Soup and a variety of your favourite toasted sandwiches. Place slices of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese on top and grill until cheese begins to melt.

3 CAMPBELL'S Old Fashioned Stockpot Soup and cracker biscuits spread with butter and covered with ham, pineapple and slices of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.

4 CAMPBELL'S Vegetable Soup and slices of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese placed between slices of bread. Butter outside of sandwich and fry on both sides in a heated frying pan.

This summer give them the goodness of CAMPBELL'S Soup and KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. You'll make a summer snack more of a meal.

Campbell's Soups



for good food and good food ideas

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 15, 1967



HOME HINTS

A \$2 prize is awarded for each of these handy hints sent in by our readers.

A PINCH of herbs added to a basic batter mixture will improve the flavor. Tarragon is good with fish and other seafood. Thyme and marjoram blend well with meat and vegetables.—Mrs. E. F. Isenbert, c/o Comalco, Weipa, North Qld. 4874.

Try sweetening cream with honey: it stays firmer and keeps whipped longer.—Mrs. J. G. Brown, 181 Kentucky St., Armidale, N.S.W. 2350.

An outsize plastic bib made from an old plastic raincoat will keep toddlers' clothes dry when playing "water games." Bind the edges with bias binding, sew ties to the waist and neck and make long enough to cover knees.—Mrs. L. Jansen, 48 Kyre Ave., Kingswood, S.A. 5062.

Next time you bake plain biscuits make up extra mixture. Shape the extra mixture into long rolls, wrap in greaseproof paper and store in the refrigerator. When guests arrive unexpectedly the rolls can be quickly sliced and cooked.—Mrs. P. A. Bilsborough, 174 Macdonnell Rd., Redcliffe, Qld. 4020.

Tea will stay hot for a much longer period if you stitch aluminium foil under the lining of the teacosy.—Mrs. R. Fitzpatrick, Valla Beach, North Coast, N.S.W. 2448.

If baby needs frequent drinks of boiled water in summer, freeze some cooled boiled water in ice-cube tray and use several ice cubes to cool small amounts of freshly boiled water.—Mrs. J. Barnes, 8 Station St., Kangaroo Flat, Vic. 3555.

A vacuum-flask cork rolled through sugar before use will keep the contents of the flask hot longer.—Mrs. A. Laubsch, 63 Haig St., Mowbray Heights, Launceston, Tas. 7250.

Here are 10 new ways of serving canned meat for caravan cooks:

- Diced, curried, served with rice or toast.
- Chopped, stewed with potatoes, onions, etc., and gravy.
- Sliced, covered with batter, then fried.
- Chopped, warmed with tomatoes and onion, served with spaghetti and grated cheese.
- As hamburger filling.
- Chopped, added to fried rice and vegetables.
- Chopped, plus onion, spooned into tomato cups and gently steamed.
- Cold kebabs—cubes of meat, cheese, cold vegetables, pickled onions.
- Cold slices served with salad.
- Finely chopped as an omelet filling.

—Mrs. P. Shiner, Yarloop, W.A. 6218.

Bias strips from sheer fabric are easier to cut if you mark out a sheet of paper the same width as the strips and pin it to the fabric, then cut through both paper and fabric.—Mrs. T. A. Packer, R.M.B. 234, East Kurrajong, N.S.W. 2758.

Style-conscious women choose.

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Step into the "Debonair." Easy, isn't it? Clever idea that setdown side. Now just lie back and soak luxuriously... feel how perfectly the contour shape supports your back! There's the soap in the twin recesses, right at your fingertips; and the stainless steel hand-grip makes it so much easier to raise and lower yourself. Glad you agree "Debonair" is the most beautiful bath! Finished in stain-resisting, porcelain enamel, seven decorator colours. Two sizes, 5' and 5'6".



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You'll love bathing in the glamorous "Carola." Its exclusive "taper-shape" with longer back-slope and curved sides provides more bathing freedom and comfort.



METTERS "LUXURY" BATH. If you prefer the more conventional

lie back and stretch out shape, you will be delighted in the comfort and convenience of the handsome "Luxury" 5' or 5' 6" life-long cast iron bath.



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Photographs by Ron Berg

Wide eaves, supported by fluted Corinthian columns (above), shade part of the extensive terrace, with its panoramic water views.

Softly terraced front garden (right). Natural rock was kept, extra rock, water-washed pebbles, sandstone stepping stones added.

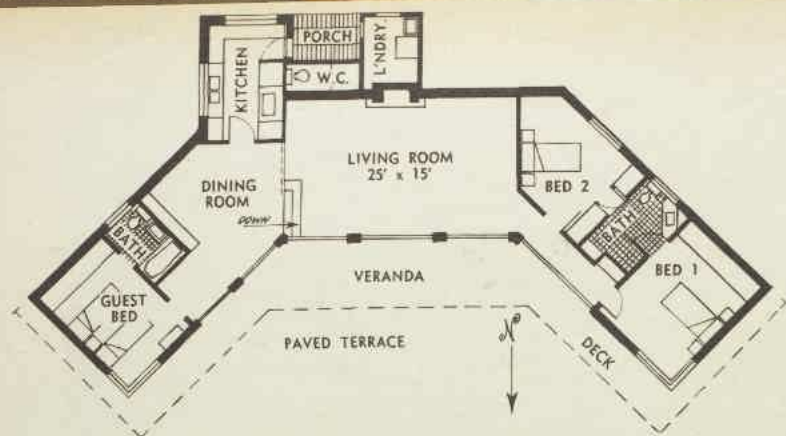
● HOUSE OF THE WEEK

CLASSICAL PAVILION

● French architecture of the 17th and 18th centuries, with its emphasis on elegant pavilion-style buildings with classical colonnades, provided the inspiration for the charming home Graeme Over designed for Mr. R. J. Booth at Palm Beach, N.S.W.

Continued overleaf





● HOUSE OF THE WEEK . . . continued

THE design of Mr. R. J. Booth's delightful home at Palm Beach, N.S.W., is basically simple. The long, glass-walled sitting-room in the centre of the pavilion is flanked by two wings, one

comprising dining-room, kitchen, and a bedroom and bathroom, the other a study with adjoining bathroom and bedroom. The wide eaves of the double-sloped mansard roof (named after the 17th-century French architect Francois Mansart) are supported by slim fluted Corinthian columns to form a sheltered colonnade on the wide northern terrace. Most rooms open on to this terrace with its glorious panoramic views of the Palm Beach area.

Color theme for the exterior of the house is white and charcoal-grey with bright orange accents in cushions on the outdoor furniture and in plantings such as clematis in white pots. Inside the house the theme is white and gold — white walls with gold or gold-and-white wallpaper on one wall in most rooms, white or gold curtains and golden-toned sculptured Wilton carpeting. There is also a good deal of gilt — on lovely Italian tables, mirrors, and chandeliers, in the French gilt mouldings on white painted doors and on the hand-carved, limed wood mantelpiece which is a feature of the study-room.

With this gold-and-white background it is easy to change color accents from time to time.

Architectural details emphasise the classical style. The cornice in the sitting-room, for instance, is in the formal Greek egg-and-dart pattern. This cornice is continued along the glass wall facing the view and incorporates the pelmet for the floor-length swag drapes of old Indian silk.

To add visual interest, most rooms have some oblique angles and ceiling heights are varied. For example, the entrance vestibule and adjoining dining-room have a 7ft. 6in.-high ceiling, but go down three steps from the dining-room to the sitting-room, and the ceiling is 10ft. 6in. high.

Built on a steep, fan-shaped site which had been avoided for many years because of its apparent inaccessibility from the road, the house fits tightly on to the rock shelf forming the triangular part of the fan shape, with all the space occupied except for a tiny service courtyard and strip of lawn. Consequently the only excavation needed was for the garage and the ramp from the road. The flat roof of the garage was concreted to extend the terrace in front of the house.

Graeme Over designed not only the house but also the easily managed garden. He retained several trees, including a fine angophora which has its roots beneath the rocky shelf on which the house is built (it shades part of the terrace) and some wattles, which grow particularly well at Palm Beach. The steep banks from the road are suitably terraced and planted with conifers, deciduous trees and shrubs, and patches of annuals. Creepers cover rock outcrops and there are small terraces of water-washed pebbles with irregularly shaped and placed sandstones for stepping stones.

— Ennis Honey

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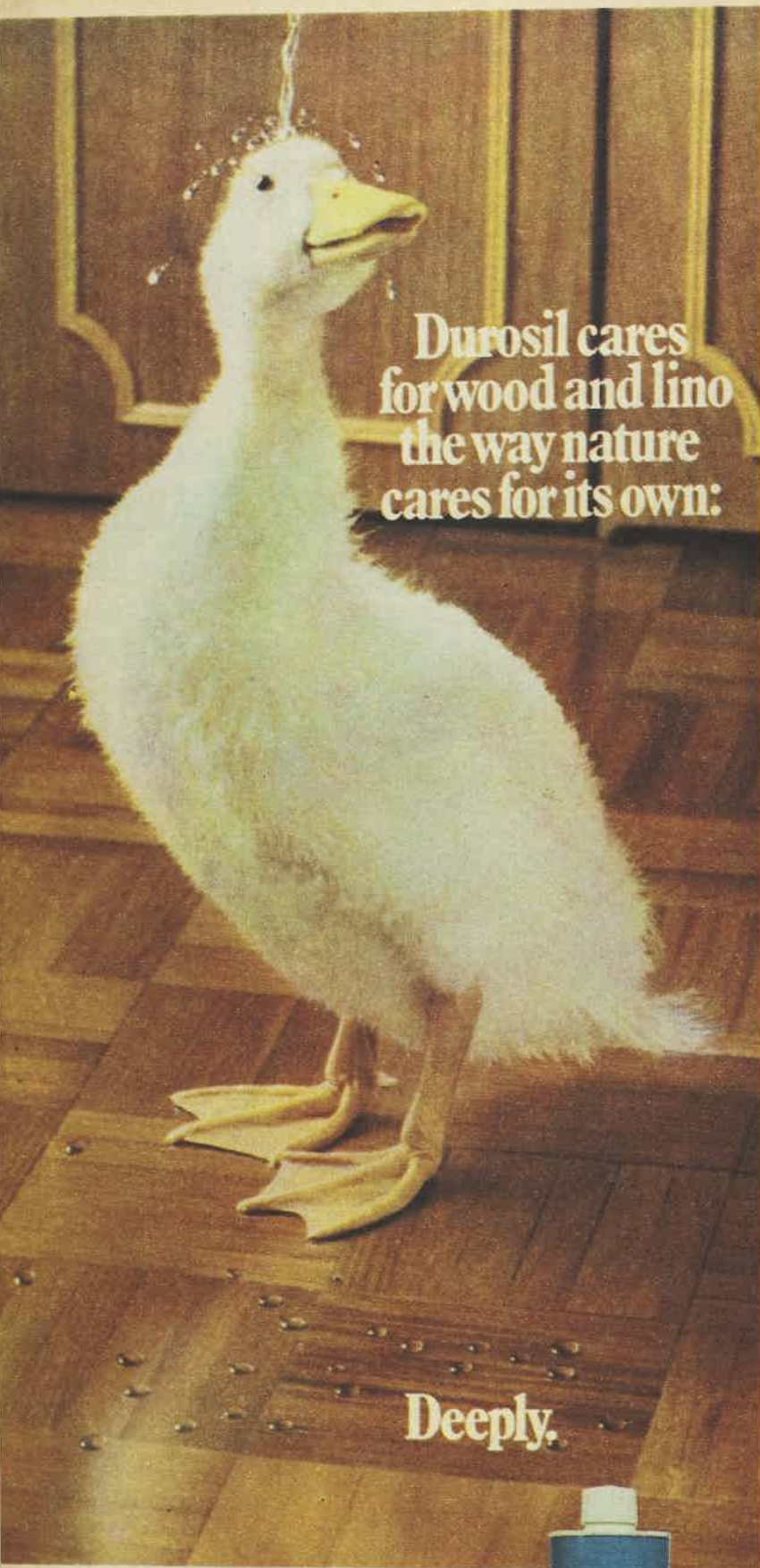
● HOUSE OF THE WEEK . . . continued

Slim Corinthian columns support wide eaves of Mr. R. J. Booth's house at Palm Beach, N.S.W. (right). Gay cushions and plantings such as cumquats in foreground and beneath colonnade highlight white color theme.



Gallery (above) connects sitting-room with main bedroom suite and has one wall of glass to let in light and water view. Details on cupboard door in the foreground are of gilded French swept moulding. Above, right, is a view from the dining-room down to the high-ceilinged sitting-room, where a French flocked wallpaper covers the wall behind the hand-carved limed wood mantelpiece. Color accent for predominantly gold-and-white theme is green — in some of the furniture and in the marble on the hearth and inside of the fireplace. At right is the main bedroom. Brocade pelmets and tie-backs of white silk curtains are of same fabric as bedspreads. Gold theme is continued in Italian gilded mirror and candelabra above antique chest.





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LOVE IN SAN FRANCISCO

By NORMAN KATKOV



While Barbara and Paul sat at a table in the restaurant each recalled memories of the past.

IT was a woman's voice calling—"Paul?" It came from behind him, here on the Embarcadero in San Francisco in the bright noon sun, and it stopped him dead in his tracks. Because he had not heard that voice in fifteen years. He stopped breathing. He grimaced as though he had been hit.

Paul Woodman decided it was impossible. But just then she said, "Paul," again like nobody, ever, anywhere in Christendom, had ever said his name, and when he turned Barbara was there. She was standing there, smiling at him.

He said, "Barb? Holy . . ."

" . . . mackerel," she said, still smiling at him. He could not remember when he had used the words last. He could not remember when he had had such trouble breathing. His chest ached.

He said, "Barbara?" and then, with the tourists in their souvenir caps passing, he put his arms around her and kissed her. It was the same kiss. Her lips were the same. He was kissing Barbara for the zillionth time, and for the first time in fifteen years.

When they stopped, they remained together, holding each other. He said, "I'm just out for lunch." Then he said, "Barb! Here! In San Francisco!" He could not believe it. "I'm holding you!" he said.

"I'm holding you," she said, never taking her eyes from his face. "Paul," she said, and kissed him. "Closer," she said, as in another life in the dark she had said it.

He released her. Because he suddenly remembered that she had fled from that other life, leaving him with an awful, searing loneliness that had remained for years. Now, suddenly, he wanted to run, but she took his arm, pressing her hand against his hand. "It is you," she said. "I'm weak; Paul, I'm all jelly."

"Me, too," he said. "Let's sit down somewhere."

In a restaurant built over the water they were led to a table looking out on the bay. "Help you with your coat?" he said.

"Over my shoulders, darling."

When he took the coat, his hands went into the fur. He ran one hand over the collar.

She kissed him and grinned. "I've always hated that. In public."

"I've changed."

Her smile disappeared. She sat down, watching him. "Not you. Everything and everyone, but not Paul."

The waiter appeared and Paul ordered a daiquiri and a scotch on the rocks.

She came forward until she was against the table. "I knew you wouldn't forget," she said. "I've always known that. I had to know that. Because that's all I've had for fifteen years. Because for fifteen years I've remembered everything and know you remembered everything."

"Where," Paul said to himself, "are all the speeches you made on all the nights after she left?" She had left without a word of warning, without a written word of explanation. He wanted to tell her that. He wanted to remind her.

But she was trying to smile at him. She was trying not to cry. She was offering her hand to him, challenging him to remember. He took her hand, holding her in their special way. Holding her, all the nights alone and all the speeches were forgotten. Because long, long ago, they had, sitting or walking in broad daylight, needed no more than their hands joined to be absolutely together.

"Do you know how many times in how many countries I've wanted to feel your hand?" she asked, and blinked. "Hundreds and hundreds of times. And here we are."

"How do you like San Francisco weather, ma'am?"

"Pretend it's miss? For a little while?"

"You've read my mind," he said.

She put her other hand over his. The ring she wore held a single diamond. He had never seen a stone as large. She burst into laughter. It was infectious. Paul began to laugh. The waiter came with their drinks and left before they could control themselves.

To page 74



Today Revlon brings you

The most dramatic change in blonding

For the first time: you can get classic, delicate (non-brassy!) blonde shades that really last! With 1 fast, cool shampoo—and no tedious sectioning!

Skeptical? Who can blame you? New 'Blondsilk', the first totally new toner, gives you a subtle, inherited kind of blondness. The shades, the *even-ness* you long for. The best coverage of ends you ever saw. The healthy-looking hair you crave ('Blondsilk' has special conditioners in it, too!)

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"I," she announced, "am hysterical."

"I know," Paul said. He was light-headed. He was very happy. He raised his glass. "Here's a go," he said.

"You always said that." "And you always said . . ."

He would not continue. She raised her glass. "You always said 'Here's a go,' and I always said, 'I love you.'" She held her glass, waiting. "Paul," she said, "won't you look at me?" He looked up. "I love you," she said, and sipped her drink. She set down her glass. "Distinguished by his silence," she said.

"What do you expect?" His voice was loud. "You're talking about another life!"

She moved back against the chair, pushing herself a little away from the table. She was fright-

LOVE IN SAN FRANCISCO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

ened. He could see the fear. He was overcome with shame. He looked out at the bay. "Lovely view," he said, and then turned to her. "I'm sorry, Barb."

She leaned forward on the table and took his hand again, and he felt her caressing fingers. He remembered, distinctly and still full of promise, all their times together. Once more he was carefree and happy. He was giddy with her presence. "Here's a go," he said, taking his glass.

"I love you," she said, drinking when he drank.

She set down her glass and released him. "I love you," she said, "and it's really you, Paul.

It's you, and not the memory of you or the mirror."

"You're beautiful," he said.

She said, very low, "Hello." It was the most exciting word he had ever heard.

"Hello, Barb."

"Goose pimples?" she asked. He nodded. "Isn't it unbelievable?" she asked. He nodded. "Fifteen years, not touching, and goose pimples."

She shook her head. "What happened, Paul?"

He did not want to remember his speeches. "That would take a whole lot longer than my lunch hour," he said.

"Please, Paul. Tell me what happened."

So he was forced to remember. He said, "I was poor but proud and you couldn't wait." Now she looked out at the bay. "Barb?" He waited. He reached across the table to take her chin in his hand. She held his hand, bending to kiss his fingers.

"Oh, Paul, why didn't I wait?" she asked.

"Why didn't I hold you?" he asked. "Why didn't I say, 'Marry me and live on beans!' We were in the clouds, Barb! It was my fault. I let us fall."

"No, Paul. I fell. From grace. Is that how the phrase goes?"

"Haven't checked it lately," he said. Paul watched her turning the stem of the glass. "How is Jack?" he asked.

"Married and the father of twelve years ago!" He stared at her. "When I came back from Rome you had disappeared off the face of the earth."

"Twelve years ago?" "Nobody knew where you were," she said. "Nobody!" "I left," he said. "Left town, left the country. I'd been handling that airline's account and they sent me to Tokyo to open an advertising office there."

"I was in Tokyo on my honeymoon!"

He frowned and she said, "Darling, I'm married. Almost ten years. Paul, I'm Mrs. Oswald Torrance."

"Ozzie Torrance, the oil man? Isn't he a little older than you?" Paul loathed himself. "Barb, forgive me. I'm not usually so rude."

She smiled. "He's a lot older. We're in San Francisco celebrating his sixtieth birthday. But we're celebrating in different ways. Ozzie Torrance has diversified interests, darling. Professional and personal." She clapped her hands. He remembered that she was always like a little girl. She was like a little girl now as she said, "Viva la diversified interest! You're my interest!"

"Your interest has to get back to work," Paul said. He glanced at his wristwatch. "Right now."

She was frightened. "I've got to see you again!" "We will."

"When? Tonight!" She reached for her purse and began to push back from the table. "Please tonight. Ozzie's got a big important dinner tonight and I told him I wasn't going." She waited for Paul to slide back his chair and stand.

FROM THE BIBLE

● These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that, believing, ye might have life through his name.

— John 21: 31.

"We're at the Fairmont, but I'll meet you anywhere!" She watched him for a moment, and when she said, "Please, Paul," he surrendered.

"Across the street from the Fairmont," he said. He left money for the bill and a tip, and, taking her arm, he said, "There's this cocktail lounge high up. Cozy little place. Soft lights and lots of windows. Some people get a kick out of the view."

"You!" She stopped and turned, moving toward him. "It's the Top of the Mark!"

"We may have to wait for a table," Paul said. "How about eight o'clock at the bar?"

"Isn't it . . . dangerous?"

"Unlike kissing in restaurants!" He took her arm. "I don't know," he said. "I'm not an old hand. Besides, I've only lived here eight months. I don't know people."

"Paul, I am terrible. I haven't asked about you."

"Little more stomach. Little less hair."

"Still in advertising?"

"Still." They were on the street now and he led her to a taxi. He tried to be casual. "Get a fancy name now: account executive."

Barbara got in the cab. "You'd better get in!" she said.

"I go the other way."

"I'll drop you off." She moved across the seat.

In the taxi Paul gave the driver his office address. As the cab turned away from the kerb, Barbara moved against him, reaching for his hand. She held his hand in their special way, and whispered, "You can kiss me." When he kissed her she released his hand to put her arms around him. When they stopped she said, "There was never anybody like you." They kissed again. The driver stopped for a

To page 75



tough customers!

Bond's play hard, play soft . . . play on and on! Bond's babywear can take it in new Poodlette and cool knit cottons. They're tough, they'll stretch and keeping them cool is no problem at all. Like your boy, the colours are fast, stay bright and lively whatever their game. Yes, Bond's is where the action is. Baby!

Style 95600. Sun suit with striped leg band and straps. Crotch opening. "Sailing boat" motif. White/Royal, White/Red. Sizes ASO, AS1. \$2.50. • Style 45974. Crew neck T-shirt in open weave knit. White, Aqua, French Blue, Lemon. Sizes AS1-AS3. \$0.99. • Style 95699H. Tennis Set has contrast binding on neck, sleeves, waist. "Tennis racquet" motif. White/Royal, White/Red, ASO, AS1. \$2.99. • Style 45978. Cool knit cardigan, raglan sleeves, contrasting striped placket and waistband. White with Royal, French Blue, Red. Sizes AS1-AS3. \$1.99. Short Sleeve style \$1.79. • Style 45010. Pants, fully elasticised waist, elastic at back of leg bands. Royal, French Blue, Pink, Red with White. Sizes AS1, AS2. \$0.99.

BOND'S

red light and they separated. They were flanked by cars. "What you do to me!" she said.

"I'm a little bit shaken myself, Barb."

"Are you, darling?" She clapped her hands in delight. "Isn't that marvellous?" The light changed, the taxi moved forward and she reached for him. "Let's do it again!"

He pointed. "There's my office."

"So quick," she said. She studied him. "Aren't you wondering about something?"

"Like?"

"I haven't even asked if you're married."

"I'm married. Three boys, twelve, eight, and six." The taxi stopped, and Paul reached for money.

"I'll pay, darling," Barbara said.

"Is she pretty?"

"Yes," he said. "She is pretty."

When he got out of the cab he said, "Driver!" and opened the front door of the vehicle. "The Fairmont," he said, paying the fare. Then he looked at Barbara, and as he did his lips made the words "I love you."

AS he came into the lobby of the building Walter Drake, another account executive, fell in beside him. "Sightseeing again?" Drake asked.

"I can't get enough of this town."

"There are a lot of sights in this town you can't see in the streets," Drake said. They reached the elevators and he said, "For example, North Beach. I have just returned from North Beach."

Drake winked.

"For lunch?" Paul asked.

"Are you against beautiful women for lunch?"

"I'm a working man," Paul said.

"You mean married," Drake said. The elevator doors opened and as they entered he said, "We're all married, laddie. I am not suggesting a transgression. I am offering a small oasis in the heat of the day. A small steak served by a lovely lady wearing a very small amount of clothing."

"I am against dark, smoke-filled rooms for lunch."

"Liar," Drake said. "Or coward. Or both." Their offices were in opposite directions, but as they came out of the elevator Walter Drake took Paul's arm. "You've got an open invitation, laddie. You'll never get to know this town without me."

When Paul reached his office he closed the door so his secretary could not hear him, and then he called the Top of the Mark. He made a reservation for eight o'clock. When he was finished on the telephone he turned to the work on his desk.

But he could not work. He could not think without thinking of Barbara. He could not read without seeing her face. Summoning the secretary, he tried to dictate, hoping her presence would help him. It did not. He could not remove Barbara from his mind, and at last he gave up. He sat alone in his office for the rest of the afternoon, held prisoner by all the days of his past with Barbara.

He made the five o'clock bus for Marin County, settled back in his seat and opened his newspaper, but he could not read it.

Paul got off three miles beyond Sausalito, breaking into a run as he saw the local bus at the entrance to the highway overpass. They lived in a valley on the ocean side of the county, in a section where the homes were old and extraordinarily expensive, even for California. But the school system was excellent, and that is what had brought them to the village to assume mortgages that often kept Paul Woodman awake.

The dog's barking signalled his arrival, and in Jim's room Paul saw the television screen suddenly darken; television was forbidden on school nights. He saw little Paul's face in the kitchen window and then heard the boy shout, "Daddy's home!" He heard Willie take up the chant. And he heard, as he climbed the steps to the summer kitchen, Peggy ordering the boys to sit down until they finished their dinners.

LOVE IN SAN FRANCISCO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

In the kitchen Willie was eating with little Paul, and both tried to quiet the dog when Paul entered. The refrigerator door was open, and he heard Peggy before he saw her. She said, "Hi, darling." He dropped his newspaper, and as he bent to kiss the boys his wife turned away from the refrigerator holding a wrapped ice-cream sandwich in each hand.

Peggy had on blue jeans and her feet were in blue sneakers. She was wearing an old, faded sweat shirt, the sleeves cut just below the elbow, and he could see the mark left by her wedding ring. She was always removing and misplacing her wedding ring.

As the boys snatched the ice-

cream out of her hands she fell dramatically into a chair and asked Paul to fix them both a drink.

"One daiquiri coming up!" he said.

"One what?"

He had his back to her. "Serves me right for reading those bus ads," he said. He bent to open the cabinet flanking the sink and reached for the scotch.

"Upstairs, men," Peggy said. "Tell Jim that if he's going to watch television he'd better do it without the sound. Next time he's grounded for the weekend."

To page 76

LULUBELLE



Elisa

"Sunnydays Primary School, please!"



BASIC JELLY WHIP

What's even more delicious than Carnation jelly whip?



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One can of Carnation Evaporated Milk and a packet of jelly crystals. That's all you need for the smoothest summer desserts ever. Carnation Jelly Whip. Delicious, cool, nutritious.

Try these variations, then some of your own. Add your favourite fruits for that home-made special.

Basic Jelly Whip. 1 packet of jelly crystals; 1 cup boiling water; 1 cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk icy cold. Dissolve jelly crystals in the boiling water, allow to cool, but not to set. Whip icy cold Carnation Milk till thick and blend in jelly mixture. Set in refrigerator. Serves 6.

Maypole Whip. Make up lemon flavoured jelly whip and a lime flavoured one, following the basic jelly whip recipe but using only half quantities of ingredients for each. Layer with coconut in tall glasses. When preparing, it will be necessary to keep the jelly whips beating gently if you are using more than one layer of each color.

Berry-Banana Whip. Make up the basic jelly whip using a raspberry jelly. Fold in sliced bananas. Serve topped with pieces of banana.

Fruit Salad Whip. Make the jelly whip recipe using an orange jelly. Fold in 1 drained 15oz can tropical fruit salad. Use extra passionfruit if desired.

Chocolate Pineapple Whip. Make up the basic jelly whip using a pineapple jelly. Fold in 1 15oz can of well drained crushed pineapple. Layer in tall glasses with crushed chocolate biscuit crumbs.

Angel Food Whip. Make up the basic jelly whip using a lime jelly. Fold in two tablespoons of grated chocolate and 1-2 teaspoons of peppermint essence. Decorate as desired.

Two-tone Whip. Make half a chocolate instant pudding. Half fill serving dishes. Then make half quantity of basic jelly whip, using strawberry jelly, and spoon on to top of instant pudding.

Carnation, the milk 'from contented cows'.



Look for the free Carnation Cook Book in your store, or write to Mary Blake, Carnation Company, 252 Swanston Street, Melbourne.

LOVE IN SAN FRANCISCO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

"Tight ship," Paul said, watching the boys rise.

"Sure," Peggy said. "That's why that one got spaghetti for dinner, the other one got pancakes, and Jim had a steak in his room."

"In his room?"

"He came home with a fever. I told him if he wants to enter the decathlon tomorrow the only chance he's got is to take to the sack now."

He extended one of the glasses. "Cheers," he said.

He bent over her, kissing her, and she said, "Gosh, you smell good."

He sat down slowly. He decided to say that the bus had been crowded and he had been pushed against a woman who was soaked in perfume. But as he organised

his explanation, Peggy said, "It's that walk from the bus stop. You smell like all outdoors. That color in your face! Like little Paul."

There was a crash and the entire kitchen shuddered. "You've got to talk to them," Peggy said. Paul went to the swinging door. "You guys cut it out!"

Behind him Peggy said, "That's not a talk."

He was caught up in a sudden rage. "And that crack isn't my idea of the cocktail hour!" He strode out of the kitchen without his drink.

In the master bedroom he stripped down to his shorts. He went into the bathroom, plugged in his electric razor, and then

irritably pulled the cord from the socket. He returned to the bedroom and, sitting on Peggy's bed, picked up the phone and buzzed her in the kitchen below.

Paul apologised and then said he had to go back to the city on business. His heart was pounding. When Peggy began to sympathise he cut the conversation short, explaining that he was in a hurry. He sat on the bed, unable to move. He could not remember lying to Peggy, ever, except as preparation for a surprise: her birthday or their anniversary.

He did not move until he heard her on the stairs, and then he went into the bathroom and began to shave. A moment later he saw

Peggy in the mirror walking toward him, holding his drink. Standing behind him, she set the drink on the basin and then put her arms around him.

And as she released him, giggling mischievously, Paul Woodman suddenly wanted, more than anything in his life, never to lay eyes on another woman again.

She felt his mood. She stopped giggling; her face sobered. She leaned against the door. "Are we in trouble, Paul?" she asked.

"Like?"

"Job trouble."

"Come on!" His voice was loud again. "I have to go into town one night and you've got us losing the old homestead!"

She didn't move. Her eyes filled with tears. "Don't have to yell at me," she said.

"I'm sorry."

"Bully." She was crying now, and she turned, going into the dressing-room.

"Peg!" He started to follow, but she said, "No!" Then she said, softer, "Finish shaving."

She was lying on their bed when he came out of the dressing-room. He was wearing the pants of his grey suit, and carrying his jacket and a tie. "Good-looking fellow," she said.

"Help me with this collar," he said.

She helped him with the collar, and when his tie was knotted she helped him with his jacket. "I'm not mad any more," she said.

"I wasn't mad to start with."

"You're a liar," she said.

On U.S. 101 the outbound traffic was still heavy, but there were comparatively few cars going into the city. Paul stayed within the speed limit. He did not want a speeding ticket.



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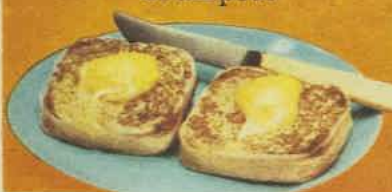


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HALFWAY up Russian Hill he crossed over to California Street, and when he was at the crest of Nob Hill, he came around the Pacific Union Club. There was a garage with gas pumps near the Mark Hopkins, and he chose that instead of the hotel garage. He was early and wanted to walk.

In the garage he drove forward to the gas pumps and waited while the attendant filled the tank. As he reached the open garage entrance, a car turned in from the street and stopped beside him. "Not for lunch," said Walter Drake, "but dinner's something else again, eh, laddie?"

Walter Drake got out of his car, grinning at Paul. Walter wore a grey suit and a fresh white shirt. He said, "Unlike lunch, I can now offer you a double date. But methinks you're a loner, laddie. As an old campaigner, I have a feeling you're a loner."

"As an old campaigner," Paul said, "what are you talking about?"

Walter shook his head. "Don't," he said. "Not with me." He touched Paul's jacket. "Fresh suit, fresh shirt, different tie. You shaved again. And don't tell me your wife's in the powder-room. You've got the look, laddie. Which way are you going?"

"Not your way."

"Bet?" asked Walter, grinning. He turned, walking toward the Mark Hopkins. Paul didn't move. Another car turned in from the street, a long, low, foreign runabout, and a handsome woman emerged. She was wearing a suit that was either Chanel or an expensive copy. Paul could smell her perfume. It was an expensive perfume.

Paul remembered that Peggy had worn no make-up. He remembered her jeans and sweat shirt. He remembered that he had not even gone in to see Jim. He remembered that he had not even called goodnight to Jim or the two younger boys.

He knew that just now she would be looking for her wedding ring. He heard her summoning the boys to aid in the search and yelling at Jim to stay in bed. He could see it. It would be bedlam. The boys would sprint through the house. The dog would bark. Peggy would yell at the dog and the boys and warn Jim to stay in bed. The ring would be found, and even if Peggy had found it there would be a victory celebration as she kissed each boy and turned down three separate requests for television.

Paul turned back into the garage. He found the phone booth and looked up the number for the Top of the Mark. He cancelled the table. Then he asked the head waiter to give a message to the lady when she appeared. Paul thought of and rejected ten messages until, at last, he said, "Just tell her the twelve-year-old has a fever."

He could have said more, but he would have been repeating himself. Because where he wanted to be, where he couldn't wait to be, was with the twelve-year-old and the twelve-year-old's two brothers, and with the twelve-year-old's mother.

(Copyright)

*Here comes
the Bride*
**THERE GOES
MOTHER**

THE telegram read: Western Union Madison Wisconsin Mrs. Helen Paulson 7 Wellfleet Road North Brattleboro Mass Finished final exams Crosby and I flying home tomorrow also Bentley American Airlines student standby have big surprise for you love Polly.

"Student standby" is an innovation on the part of the airlines whereby the college student is enabled to fly home at half-price and the student's parent is enable to spend the entire day at the airport waiting for the student to arrive.

"Darlings!" I cried as I embraced them when they finally landed at the Boston airport. Darkness had fallen. Polly was carrying her guitar and Crosby was carrying a pair of skis across his shoulder and a suitcase in his right hand. "Where's Bentley?" I asked.

"At the last minute he decided to spend the summer taking a canoe trip in Mexico," Polly said.

"But Bentley is best man," I said. "He should be here in North Brattleboro this summer helping with the wedding arrangements. He shouldn't be taking canoe trips in Mexico."

"He'll be back in plenty of time for the wedding," Polly told me soothingly. "Can I have my ears pierced?"

"Certainly not," I said.

"If I could have the keys to the car I could start loading the baggage, Mrs. Paulson,"

To page 78

*I burst into tears as I saw
Polly in all the bridal wear,
plus her old brown casuals.*



COMMENCING A GAY AND AMUSING TWO-PART SERIAL BY **IRENE KAMPEN**

RIVETS



Crosby said. "The other stuff is . . . The remainder of his sentence was drowned out by an eerie wail which arose from somewhere in our vicinity and increased in pitch and intensity until it became a piercing scream. Several passersby stopped in their tracks.

"What was that?" I said. The scream gradually subsided to a piteous moan.

"What was that?" Polly asked innocently. "I didn't hear anything. Did you hear anything, Crosby?"

"I didn't hear anything," Crosby said. "Before I forget, Mrs. Paulson, my parents wrote me to be sure and apologise to you for not making a formal call after the engagement announcement, but they're on a Mediterranean cruise and the minute they get back they'll . . ." The wail

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

started again, drowning out Crosby's voice as it rose to its ear-splitting crescendo.

"You must have heard it that time," I said. Suddenly my eye fell on the suitcase in Crosby's hand. Now that I took a good look at it, it struck me that it wasn't a suitcase at all. It was the wrong shape, for one thing, and it had a wire-mesh netting across one end. "What's that?" I demanded, pointing at it. Polly and Crosby looked at each other guiltily. "What is it?" I asked again. "Come on — speak up!"

"We weren't going to tell you until we got home," Polly said.

"It's a present for you from Crosby and me. It's the surprise I told you about in the telegram."

The wail began again, and this time it was clear that it was issuing directly from the case in Crosby's hand.

"There are only two living creatures that make such a sound," I said suspiciously. "One of them is a newborn baby and the other is a Siamese kitten."

"It's the most adorable Siamese kitten in the whole world," Polly said.

"Why?" I asked. "Why did you do this to me?"

"We read a magazine article," Crosby explained. "It was called 'The Empty Years' and it was all about women. When their children get married these women are left alone and sometimes they have nervous breakdowns and have to be sent away."

"So we got you this kitten to fill your empty years after Crosby and I get married," Polly said. "Say you're glad?"

"Thank you both just the same," I said, "but I am just glad. You can send it back to wherever it came from and leave me to fill my empty years with a goldfish. Or a turtle. Or maybe simply a philodendron plant."

Crosby put the case down on the floor and a small paw emerged through the netting and gestated imperiously to me. I knelt down and peered in. Two round blue eyes stared into mine.

"Oh, hell," I said, and stood up. "What's its name?" Polly said it had no name yet. "Put it in the car," I said, resignedly. "Let's get home and get some sleep because we have to be at the bridal salon bright and early in the morning to pick up your wedding . . . Oh, heavens, there it goes again. What on earth is it yawling about, do you suppose?"

"It's probably hungry," Polly said. "We'd better stop at a grocery store and buy some chopped beef liver."

"And some strained spinach," Crosby added.

"Chopped beef liver?" I said. "Strained spinach?"

"It only eats baby food," Polly said.



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MILLARD the caravan that is built to last and last and last . . .

THE saleslady came to the door and said, "You can come into the dressing-room now and see your daughter."

I went into the dressing-room of the Moosop and O'Gond Department Store Camelot Bridal Salon ("Every Bride a Queen"). Polly was standing there in her white bridal gown and long white train and white veil and brown casuals. I burst into tears.

"Up till now I didn't really believe it," I said to the saleslady, mopping my eyes with a handkerchief, "but seeing her all so white this way . . ." I gulped, and blew my nose. "My little girl!" I said.

"Isn't the train heavenly, Mother?" Polly said in delight, twisting around to see herself in the full-length mirror. "It's a Camelot train. I've always wanted a Camelot train ever since I saw Richard Burton in 'Camelot'."

The fitter, who had been crawling around the floor on her hands and knees, with her mouth full of pins, now stood up and gave it as her opinion that the dress would have to be lengthened.

"Never, never, never," the fitter told me, "have I had such a tall bride-to-be in this establishment." She looked up at Polly. "How tall are you, dear?" she asked.

"Six-foot-one," Polly told her. The fitter clucked in amazement and went off to fetch a stool.

"Will you be wearing your hair up or down for the wedding?" the saleslady asked Polly. Polly said "Up" and I said "Down" simultaneously.

The fitter returned with her stool and told Polly that some friends of hers were waiting outside.

"It must be Alice and Mildred and Ann," Polly said. "I said them to meet us here and look for bridesmaids' dresses."

"Who's Ann?" I asked. "Where's Anita, your maid-of-honor? Where's Sally? Where's Mildred?"

"Anita is at summer school in Boston," Polly said. "Sally is touring Europe this summer with her mother. Ann is taking Harry Altschuler's place. Harriet decided to join the Peace Corps instead of being a bridesmaid, but her brother Eberhardt is hitchhiking from California to be an usher instead of Henry Godwin because Henry got a scholarship in Rome, so it's all right."

"I don't understand," I said. "It's perfectly simple," Polly said.

To page 80



All eyes are on

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MFF 1467

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METTERS — FIRST WITH THE FEATURES WOMEN WANT MOST

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967

Page 79



New 'wide mouth' teat fits any feeding bottle.

Wonderful isn't it? Maw's new Universal teat works perfectly on either narrow, or wide mouth feeding bottles. And like all Maw's teats it has a life-like feel moulded teats lack. Ask for Maw's new Universal, the wide-mouth one. It fits any feeding bottle.



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LOOKING FOR PENNIES FROM HEAVEN?

SEE

The Bulletin

BUSINESS, ROBBERY, ETC. INVESTMENT. THE SHARE MARKET. THE WILDCAT COLUMN. EVERY WEEK • ONLY 20c

"Alice?" Polly called through the half-open door. "Don't come in, but I'm trying on the gown and it's beautiful! It has a Camelot train."

"What's a Camelot train?" Alice called back.

"She's not planning to wear heels, I hope," the fitter said to me.

"It's the same kind of a train Richard Burton wore in 'Camelot,'" Polly told Alice. "I just love it."

"Tiny french heels," I said to the fitter.

"Oh?" the fitter said. "Well, we certainly hope the groom is tall, don't we, because otherwise we're simply going to tower over him and we wouldn't want to do that, would we? We wouldn't want to look silly coming down the aisle, would we?"

"We won't look silly," I told the fitter. "He's six-foot-two."

"Mmmm," the fitter said. "There—all finished. You can take it off now, dear."

"And now we can choose the bridesmaids' gowns!" Polly exclaimed. "Oh, Mother, isn't this fun! Can you believe that we're actually buying the clothes for my wedding? It's like some kind of a beautiful dream."

Polly and I and the other members of the Beautiful Dream department — Alice, Mildred, and Ann — now seated ourselves in the show-room of the bridal salon. The saleslady trundled out a long rack on which hung a dozen or so bridesmaids' dresses, and displayed the first one on its hanger. It was a dainty green chiffon with tiny cap sleeves.

"What material is that?" Alice inquired. "Is it chiffon? I despise chiffon."

Mildred said she thought it was sort of pretty, except for the sleeves. Ann said she couldn't wear green, so there was no sense even considering it. I opened my purse, thoughtfully took out an aspirin, and swallowed it, dry. The saleslady displayed the next gown.

"If it's going to be anything with panels like that, Sally will be wild," Alice said flatly. "Are you having a flowergirl, Polly?"

"No," Polly said, "but I'm having a ring bearer — my ugly, obnoxious, nasty little creep of a cousin Morton."

"Now, Polly," I said. "That will do. Uncle Joe and Aunt Grace would be terribly hurt if Morton weren't included in the wedding party. Morton is a dear little boy."

"I like this pink linen gown," Alice said. "I can't wear pink," Ann said.

"What's this one — silk organza?" Ann asked. "Sally will look like a horse in that. Anyway, Mrs. Fenstermacher wore the very same gown to the Republican Woman's Club Dinner Dance last week."

"Mother!" Polly cried. "The Fenstermachers!" I opened my purse again and took out a list headed DECIDE! Under "Doves?" and "Pew Ribbons?" I wrote "Fenstermachers?" I put the list back in my purse.

"This silk linen is rather sweet, don't you think?" the saleslady asked. Mildred said Anita hated a fussy neckline like that. Ann said she was going to wear her hair up for the wedding, so she would prefer a fussy neckline.

"Are you going to wear your hair up for the wedding?" she asked Polly. "And are you going to have your ears pierced like you said?" "My mother won't let me," Polly said.

"Girls, if you don't mind," I said, "let's get on with choosing a dress, shall we?" "How come you're not having the reception at the Country Club, Polly?" Alice asked. "Not that it's any of my business but the Country Club is a thousand times

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

prettier than the North Brattleboro Community Centre. The North Brattleboro Community Centre is like having your wedding reception in the high-school gym, I think."

"The Country Club is all booked up for August, Alice dear," I said, sweetly. "The Community Centre is going to be completely redecorated — the Board of Directors voted on it just last week. It's going to look absolutely lovely," Alice looked unconvinced.

"This gown is sort of pretty, but I don't like Empire style," Ann said. "I went to a wedding once where the bridesmaids wore Empire gowns and they all looked pregnant."

The saleslady took a taffeta gown with rosebuds at the waist from the rack and held

the saleslady by the arm, propelling her into the office with me.

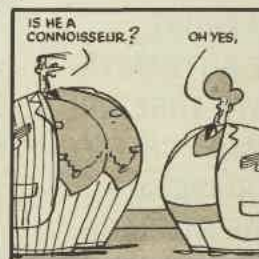
"Order five in yellow," I told her. "The girls will mail in their measurements. I'll take care of the deposits. I'll take care of everything, only just order them!" I went back into the showroom. "It's all settled, girls!" I told them. "You're going to look absolutely breathtaking!"

"Mrs. Paulson," Alice began, but I cut her off. "Beautiful!" I said. "Breathtaking!"

"All I was going to say was that Sally will be simply furious," Alice informed me gloomily. "Sally absolutely loathes and despises and hates the color yellow."

LUCERNE SWITZERLAND JULY 25 VIA TRANSATLANTIC CABLE

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUDD

it up for the girls to examine. They all gazed at it in silence for a moment.

"Eberhardt Altschuler has one ear pierced," Polly announced, apropos of nothing. The saleslady resignedly put the gown back on the rack. "He wears a gold hoop earring in it."

I turned on her indignantly. "If you think I am going to allow an usher to walk in the procession wearing a gold hoop earring..." I began, but Polly said, "Don't get excited, Mother, he only wears it when he plays guitar with his group at Berkeley. He has this group called The Crawling Cats. They're quite good."

"Oh, Mrs. Paulson, that reminds me," Alice said. "Did you name your Siamese kitten yet?"

"I named it Puddy Tat," I said. Alice looked at me.

"Here's a very chic number," the saleslady said, showing us a pale blue net gown with a heart-shaped neckline. Alice, Mildred, Ann, and Polly studied it in silence for a long moment. "Terribly sweet," the saleslady said.

"You know, that's not bad," Ann said thoughtfully. Mildred cocked her head to one side. "It is kind of pretty," she admitted. Alice said she couldn't wear blue.

"It could be ordered in yellow," the saleslady suggested. Everybody studied it again.

"Yellow might be all right," Alice said with narrowed eyes. "It might be rather nice in yellow, providing they took the ugly velvet flowers off the belt and changed the sleeves. And the neckline."

"And took away the fullness in the back," Mildred said. "Outside of those things, I like it."

"I like it, too," Ann said decisively.

"Well..." Alice hesitated, but I jumped up and cried, "Good! Wonderful! We'll order it in yellow. Lovely! Beautiful!"

Alice said "Well, I don't know..." but I repeated, "Lovely! Lovely!" and took

MISS P. PAULSON 7 WELFLEET ROAD N. BRATTLEBORO MASS. U.S.A. LETTER FROM ALICE SAYS BRIDESMAIDS GOWNS YELLOW STOP AM APPALLED STOP PLEASE RECONSIDER AS YELLOW MY WORST REPEAT WORST COLOR STOP HOW ABOUT PINK STOP LOVE SALLY.

Polly and I went all the way to New York City — to Cartier — to order the wedding invitations. It was a six-hour trip each way and we had to stay overnight at a hotel, but, as Polly said, a girl only gets married once. "A girl better only get married once!" I told her.

In case you are ever planning to go to Cartier to order wedding invitations, a word of advice: Proceed directly to the second floor, because the first floor is given over entirely to elegant glass-topped counters at which customers loiter while idly sifting diamonds and rubies through their fingers.

Engraved wedding invitations, sterling silver pheasant salvers, crystal epergnes, and other household items indispensable to the newlywed are located on the second floor, directly across the aisle from gem-encrusted letter-openers and the Russian Crown Jewels.

"I should like to order some wedding invitations," I said to the manager, or whoever it was standing there in the frock coat and striped trousers.

The manager turned Polly and me over to a Mr. Evisham in the Stationery Department.

"So you wish to order wedding invitations?" Mr. Evisham said, after the three of us had settled ourselves cozily around a priceless antique rosewood desk to talk business. "Engraved, naturally?" "Well, thing is," I said, clearing my throat, "I have this friend — not really a friend, exactly, more of an acquaintance — anyway, this person married her daughter

last year. I don't mean she married her own daughter, of course" — here I gave a merry laugh — "I mean she married off her daughter." Mr. Evisham waited politely for me to get to whatever the hell it was that I was getting to.

"At any rate," I went on, "this friend told me that you can order invitations that look like they're engraved but aren't really engraved and are much less expensive."

Mr. Evisham frowned. "She says they feel exactly like engraving, too," I finished miserably. "My friend, I mean."

"There is such a method," Mr. Evisham said in a dead voice, "but here at Cartier we have very little call for it."

He fished around inside a desk drawer and dug out a white card. "This is undoubtedly the process your friend described," he said, shoving the card grudgingly across the table to Polly with the tip of his pencil. "If the young lady will rub her finger across the lettering she will

smudged. "One can always tell by the smudging," Mr. Evisham said quietly. He picked up his notebook and pencil. "And now — let us take up the matter of your invitations. Number of guests to be invited?"

"One hundred," I said. "At the most."

"It is always advisable to order at least twenty-five extra invitations," Mr. Evisham said me. "The guest list may grow between now and..."

"This guest list is not going to grow," I interrupted. "Mmmm," Mr. Evisham said. He poised his pencil over the open notebook. "Names of the bride's parents?"

"Mrs. Helene Paulson," He looked at me inquiringly. "That's all," I said. "I am divorced."

"Oh, wizard!" Mr. Evisham said in happy tones. "That is good news." Now it was my turn to look at him. "Financially speaking," he explained. "You see, the cost of the invitations is based on the number of letters used in the wording." He chuckled. "Engraving-wise, one parent is cheaper than two!" He wrote busily for a moment and then looked up again. "Bride's name?"

"Paula," I told him. "That's all — no middle name." We beamed at each other. "We nearly named her Paula Victoria when she was born," I said.

"Close call, that," Mr. Evisham said. "And the groom's name?"

"Crosby Lee Adams," Paula said. Mr. Evisham exclaimed, "Top hole! Lee, eh? Nice, short name. And when will the ceremony take place?"

"Saturday, August the twentieth, at three o'clock in the afternoon," I told him. Polly and I watched him write down this information. "Where will the ceremony take place?"

"St. George's Episcopal Church," I said. "North Brattleboro, Massachusetts." Mr. Evisham wrote all this down feverishly, clucking his tongue in disapproval at the mass of expensive letters bulging out of "Episcopal" and "Brattleboro" and "Massachusetts."

"And the reception?" he inquired.

Polly and I looked at each other. I braced myself. "At the North Brattleboro

To page 82

JAPAN

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Community Centre," I told him. Mr. Evisham recoiled in his chair as though I had said "At Joe's Diner." "It's a lovely, historic old building," I said defensively. "As a matter of fact, back in the eighteen-hundreds it served as the Governor's mansion."

"Pity we couldn't call it 'The Governor's Mansion' on our invitations," Mr. Evisham said dreamily. "Or perhaps, simply, 'Government House' — shades of India, you know."

When he had finished, Mr. Evisham stood up and said it had been a great pleasure to serve us. "The invitations will be ready in a fortnight," he informed me. "Cartier will bill you after they are delivered."

"Oh, Mr. Evisham," I said, with what I hoped was just the suitable air of *je ne sais quoi*

for a Cartier customer about to bring up the vulgar subject of money, "I wonder if you could give me a general idea of what the invitations will cost."

"Cost?" Mr. Evisham said vaguely.

"Just a rough estimate," I said. "Not that it matters, but one likes to have some sort of an approximate figure in mind."

"Oh, of course — cost!" Mr. Evisham said. "I was woolgathering, wasn't I?" He whipped out the notebook and pencil again. "Let me see," he said, figuring rapidly. "Five and seven and twice nineteen, carry the one, fifty-three, and seven, and seven again, and the sales tax, and carry the three — there we are!" He put down his pencil. "The cost of the invitations will come to approximately one hundred

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

and twenty-three dollars," he said.

"Ha?" I said.

"Of course, the engraving plate is yours to do with as you wish," Mr. Evisham assured me. "It makes up into a delightful cigarette box — marvellous conversation piece, you know."

"Yes," I said. "I'll bet."

"Alice's cousin had her engraving plate turned into a bonbon dish," Polly said.

"A bonbon dish!" Mr. Evisham exclaimed. "Oh, that is a wizard ideal!"

The day after we got back from New York we had an appointment

to meet M. Lamartine, the caterer. M. Lamartine was Boston-based, but had agreed to journey to the North Brattleboro Community Centre in order to arrange the details of the wedding reception.

From what I could gather from our rather semi-hysterical telephone conversation, M. Lamartine had arrived in Boston from his native Paris in early youth and had not as yet ventured outside the city limits.

Polly and I were waiting for him in the Community Centre on the morning of our appointment. He was already ten minutes late,

and Polly was scowling at the life-size bronze bust of Casimir Krendleman on its marble pedestal, which dominated the hallway of the centre. We had just been informed by the director of the centre that under no circumstances could Mr. Krendleman's bust be moved from where it stood, not even to make way for a reception bower of white roses and smilax.

"Oh, dear me, no indeed!" the director had exclaimed, horrified. "Mr. Krendleman presented us with his grandfather's bust on the strict condition that it remain here in this hallway in perpetuum. Lovely sentiment, don't you think?"

"I knew this would happen if we had my reception in the Community Centre," Polly said, with a dark look in the direction of the director's office. "There'll probably be a million nasty little Boy Scouts swarming around, too. And besides that, I bet M. Lamartine isn't really French at all."

"Certainly M. Lamartine is French," I said. "He's an internationally famous chef and he caters for some of the finest weddings in the Boston area."

"Well, then, wait until he gets a load of the Community Centre and Krendleman," Polly said. "This must be him now. Oh-oh, he looks mad."

M. LAMARTINE

entered the Community Centre at a trot, his expression one of offended royalty. "Madame Paulson?" he said to me. "I am M. Lamartine. 'Ere is a doorknob."

"Oh, dear," I said, taking the doorknob from him. "It's the Boy Scouts — they never seem to learn to pull the door in the right direction. M. Lamartine, this is my daughter Polly."

"Enchante," M. Lamartine said, bowing. He straightened up, took a swift look around the hallway, and shuddered. "Ere will be ze reception line?" he asked. I nodded. "Zis statue must go!" he said, pointing at Mr. Krendleman.

"It can't go," I said. "But the whole place is going to be completely redecorated. It's going to be lovely." M. Lamartine made no comment. "I thought perhaps you could set up your buffet tables in the Grand Ballroom over there. We all trooped into the Grand Ballroom. M. Lamartine rolled his eyes heavenward. "It's really going to be exquisite once it's redecorated," I told him again.

"How many guests?" M. Lamartine asked, ignoring my decorative prognosis.

"One hundred guests," I told him. "At the most," I added firmly.

"You are 'aving an orchestra?" M. Lamartine inquired. "Good! Lestair Lanin, *naturellement*!" I made a noncommittal sound, preferring to acquaint M. Lamartine with the imminence of Max Mollo and His Merry Massachusetts Melodeers at some later date. "Aloors!" M. Lamartine said. "We will place ze orchestra 'ere, by ze windows, and our tables 'ere, and ze bar — you are of course 'aving a bar—?"

"Oh, my, yes!" I said. "A bar, and champagne, too. Imported French champagne."

M. Lamartine inquired as to which brand of imported French champagne. I told him. "I ate nevair 'ard of zis champagne," he said firmly, and whipped a miniature morocco-bound notebook from his vest pocket. A tiny gold pencil was attached to the notebook by a tassel. "Fate de lui gras, eclairs d'anchou, soupe a la moelle de boeuf, couronnes de concombre en gelée, 'ears of artichoke, petits fours, café breton creole, two bartenders, four waitresses, one bridal cake, cost par couvret three dollars and seventy-five cents."

I did a lightning-like mental calculation which ended in a glorious, full-color, wide-screen close-up of the Mother of the Bride in a ragged shawl begging for alms in front of Moosop and O'Gonah's.

I took a deep breath. "The menu sounds lovely, M. Lamartine," I said, "but I wonder if



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COLLECTORS' CORNER

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● French ornament

This unusual French gilt-metal inset with Sevres porcelain medallions was made about 1870 to 1880. Usually these were made in sets of three, or at times a pair were made to place each side of a matching clock.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a blue-and-white teapot which was given to me about 40 years ago and was old then. It has no marks. The raised pattern on one side appears to be a female in a little carriage drawn by two dogs or lions with a cherub floating above. On the other side of the teapot is a female seated in a carriage drawn by two cherubs and a cherub sitting on her knee.—Mrs. E. J. Taylor, Longford, Tas.

Your charming teapot was made at Burslem in Staffordshire about 1860 to 1870.

★ ★ ★

COULD you please tell me something about my chair? I have enclosed three pictures (one published below). As you will see by one of the pictures, the back piece of the chair lifts off, allowing it to be folded up.—Mrs. E. C. May, Moora, W.A.



● Victorian fold chair

Your chair is a late-Victorian walnut folding chair made in the Italian style about 1880 to 1890.

★ ★ ★

WOULD a glass walking-stick be commonplace or is it a curio? The walking-stick is believed to be about 100 years old and is made of heavy green glass and is a square length and is twisted at the top into the hook. It has no markings.—D. Smith, Candelero, N.S.W.

Glass walking-sticks were made during the nineteenth century at Nailsea or Bristol, England. They were made in a diversity of designs and colors, thus displaying the glass artisan's skill. From about 1830 onward many of them were made by young apprentices. At one time they were fairly common, but naturally, owing to the fragility of glass, many have been broken and perfect examples are becoming increasingly scarce.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967



● Victorian vase

I ENCLOSE a picture of one of a pair of vases owned by my mother. I enclose also a sketch of the mark on the vase. Any information you can give me would be greatly appreciated. — Mrs. M. A. Hall, Narrogin, W.A.

Your vase is late Victorian, probably made in Staffordshire. It is difficult without personal inspection to give an exact place of origin regarding this class of ware, which was also manufactured at many of the Continental potteries at the same time.



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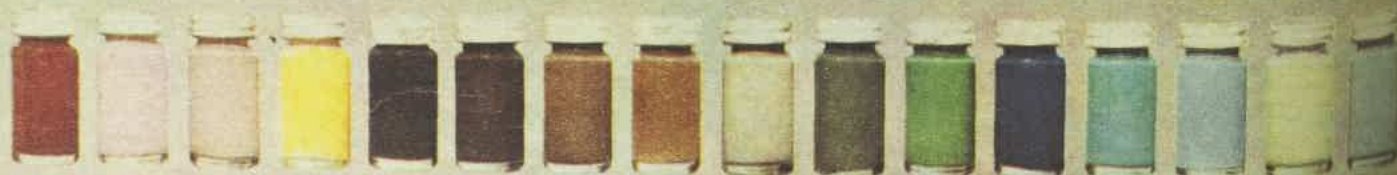
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it would be possible to simplify it a little?"

"What is this simplify? I do not understand." "Well, the thing is," I said, "I have this friend... Polly stamped her foot and said, 'Oh, Mother! Not again!' but I ignored her again!" but I ignored her again! and went on bravely, "I have this friend who married her daughter last year and at the reception she served all kinds of delicious little cold hors-d'oeuvre and tea sandwiches and it was very inexpensive."

There was a long silence. When it was clear that I had said my say, M. Lamartine drew himself up to his full height, and asked, "I gave a cowardly nod. 'Sol' M. Lamartine said, consulting the notebook once more. 'Zis price I've quoted includes rice insurance, naturallement.'" "Rice insurance?" I repeated.

"In case one of ze guests should slip on a grain of rice and pouf! something is fractured," M. Lamartine explained. "A commonplace misfortune, unapplied, at many weddings." He snapped shut his notebook, replaced it in his breast pocket, and cried out, "Alors! Now—ze flow!" With that he went skipping out of the ballroom and began to carol, "In through zis doorway Out again ze other side. In under ze archway. Zen we 'ave reception line la la la la!"

"What's he doing, for pity's sake?" I asked Polly, watching him weave in and out between the columns. "He looks like the Queen of the May."

"He's studying the flow," Polly said. "Flow is terribly important at a wedding reception. If you don't have good flow in and out of the rooms you're in serious trouble." I asked how come she knew so much about flow. "Alice told me," Polly said. "She read it in Emily Post."

"Back into ze ballroom!" M. Lamartine trilled, skipping in and out of the doorway. "Out again to 'ave champagne. In through zis archway. Eat a canape la la la—He found himself suddenly face to face with the bronze Mr. Krendlemann, with which he abruptly left off singing and said, fiercely, 'Zis must go!'"

The clock struck eleven-thirty. "Is almost noon!" M. Lamartine said. "I 'ave appointment—adieu, madame et mademoiselle. And by ze way, zis charge I 'ave quoted is based on one 'undred guests, of course. If zere should be an increase I must ask you to inform me before ze wedding."

"Oh, heavens, there won't be any increase," I assured him. "We'll probably end up with less than a hundred—more like seventy-five, I imagine."

BRIDAL SHOWER FOR POLLY PAULSON
At her grandmother's house on Saturday at noon sharp. SSSHH! IT'S A SURPRISE!

I was sound asleep, deep in a lovely dream in which Crosby had just told me, "Mrs. Paulson, Polly and I have decided to elope to Camelot where Polly can have her ears pierced by Richard Burton," when Puddy tore into the bedroom and jumped on my chest with a scream. I rolled over on to my stomach and Puddy rolled with me, still screaming. I opened one eye to peer at the clock. It was half-past ten in the morning.

"Go away," I mumbled at Puddy. "Bad pussycat!" But Puddy only dug in deeper with his claws and shrieked hysterically. There were dogs down in the garden.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

I muttered, "Oh, damn it, anyway, Puddy!" but I got out of bed and staggered down the hall to the front door, where I fumbled sleepily with the lock. It opened suddenly, catapulting me halfway into the hall where I found myself face to face with a man—a fair-haired, bachelorish-type man—who was standing with my landlady in the open door of the apartment across from mine.

There are only two apartments in the building, which is a former coach house on a big estate—my apartment and the one across the hall. The one across the hall had been vacant for nearly a year.

"Good morn..." my landlady said, just as Puddy rushed past us into the other apartment. There was a crash, as of some inanimate object falling to the floor. This was followed by the tinkle of broken glass.

"That was my kitty," I explained. "His name is Puddy Tat." The man recoiled slightly.

"This is your new neighbor, Mrs. Paulson," my landlady told me. "Captain James Archibald, Captain Archibald is renting the apartment across the hall. Captain Archibald is an airline pilot."

"Hello," I said. Captain Archibald took in my coiffure (pink hairnet jammed down

just putting down the telephone. "He's an airline pilot and Puddy bit him. Who called?"

"The cleaning lady," Polly said. "She can't come today." "But she has to come!" I said. "You and I have to see Grandma."

"Don't get excited—the cleaning lady is sending her friend Clarice instead."

There was the sound of a heavy tread coming up the stairs.

"That must be Clarice now," Polly said. I opened the door to see an oversized cleaning lady knocking at Captain Archibald's apartment. He opened the door.

"You Miz Paulson?" Clarice asked Captain Archibald, foggily. I noticed a heavy odor of gin in the hallway. "I come to clean the apartment."

"Over here, Clarice!" I called, just as Puddy once again shot out of the door and into the captain's rooms. "I'm so sorry," I said. "Here kitty kitty! Naughty pussycat! Come home. I don't know what's come over him this morning. Usually he's such a dear, sweet kittycat." Captain Archibald made no comment. "Come here, Puddy Tat!" I commanded sternly.

"I get him for you, Miz Paulson," Clarice volunteered, and made a running tackle at the door. She missed

idiot bringing a martini pitcher to a lingerie shower," Alice said. "Do you suppose it will be all right?"

"Mmmmm-hmmmm!" I said.

"Does she suspect anything?" Alice asked.

"Mmmmm-mmmmm," I said, and hung up.

"Who was that?" Polly asked in curiosity. I told her it was the butcher. "The butcher?" she said. "Why in heaven's name were you murmuring at him like that?"

"Pot roast," I said, vaguely.

"Start getting dressed."

The phone rang again. "I'll get it!" I cried, making a leap for the receiver.

"Hello?"

"It's me," my mother said, "but if Polly is there pretend it isn't me. Pretend it's somebody named Ida."

"Why, hello, Ida!" I said.

"What a surprise! How have you been?"

"The girls are all here," my mother said. "They're going to hide in the living-room, so when you and Polly arrive be sure and come in through the back door."

"Yes, indeed, Ida," I said.

"How are all the children?"

"You and I will bring Polly into the living-room from the kitchen," my mother said, "and the girls will stand up and shout 'Surprise!'"

"Oh, well, nothing much new here, either, Ada," I said.

"Not Ada," my mother said in irritation. "Ida! Wait until you see all the presents!" my mother said, and hung up.

"Who was that?" Polly asked, emerging from her

room, and Polly followed after her.

"SURPRISE!" everybody shouted. "SURPRISE! SURPRISE!"

"Oh, my goodness," Polly gasped. "I've never been so surprised in my life!"

She turned to me. "How did you manage to keep it such a secret?" she demanded.

It was long past five o'clock by the time Polly and I staggered home under a load of martini pitchers, electric orange-juice squeezers, aprons, irons, and black lace panties.

Clarice had vanished, leaving behind her a faint odor of gin and a scrawled note next to the telephone.

I PICKED up the note. As far as I could make out from its contents, Clarice had, during the course of the afternoon, accepted a research fellowship at the University of Wisconsin Graduate School, given the Camelot Bridal Salon her bust and hip measurements, and pledged her full support to the North Brattleboro Cultural Exchange Program.

"Cat Puddy (Putty?) went into man's apt two (2) times," the note concluded. "Man yelled, hollered. Cat Puddy (Putty?) yelled, hollered. Man and Cat Putti (Poodie?) both mad. Yrs. Clarice."

Dear Diary:

The invitations arrived today from Cartier in three enormous boxes. So far everything is going according to schedule but for some reason I don't seem to be able to sleep very well and my right eyelid has started to twitch again like it did five years ago when I was having that nervous trouble about the income-tax people. Dr. Spofford has prescribed a mild tranquilliser and he says that once the invitations are off my mind I will feel calmer. I'm sure he is right. Rain.

"What is that garbage you're reading?" I asked.

Polly said indignantly that it wasn't garbage at all.

"It's a book called 'You And Sex: A Modern Marriage Manual,' she said. 'It's all about achieving a healthy, relaxed sexual relationship.'"

"Well, forget sex for the moment," I said, "and tell me whether you want rosebuds or cupids on your wedding cake. M. Lamartine is on the phone from Boston."

"I don't know," Polly said. "M. Lamartine says you can have doves hovering if you'd rather."

"Doves, please," Polly said.

I went to the phone and picked up the receiver again. "M. Lamartine?" I said.

"My daughter would prefer doves, she says."

"Wiz doves, of course, is ten dollars extra," M. Lamartine said, and hung up again.

I went back into the living-room, where Polly was going through the mail which had just arrived.

"Here's a postcard from Crosby's parents," she said. "Delos is absolutely breathtaking. Wish you could be here with us to see it." She studied the postmark. "They should be home any day now," she said. "And here's a postcard from Bentley. 'Cochitewaxapac Rapids are absolutely breathtaking. Wish you could be here to see it.'"

And here's a notice from Moosop and O'Gorski's—they're having their annual White Sale."

"And they wish you could be there to see it," I said.

"OK, take the Charge-a-Plate and go down and buy your sheets and towels and pillowcases." She took the Charge-a-Plate and trotted happily off. As soon as she was gone I sat down in the

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

over head bristling with plastic rollers) and my costume (baggy flannel *sac de nuit*, referred to in the family as The Ugly Nightgown) and said "Hello" back at me with as little enthusiasm as it is possible for the human voice to convey.

"Mrs. Paulson's daughter is getting married shortly," the landlady told Captain Archibald. "Captain Archibald flies those big jets out of Boston," the landlady told me.

"Jets!" I cried, wide-eyed. "Why, that's simply fascinating!"

"Do you fly?" Captain Archibald inquired politely, obviously at a loss as how otherwise to explain my hysterical enthusiasm.

"Well, no," I said. "Oh, I don't mean I don't fly, I mean I don't fly myself. Well, I mean I fly by myself if I'm going someplace alone, but what I mean is I don't actually fly the aeroplane itself."

Captain Archibald said if I would excuse him now he would finish getting moved in.

He and the landlady disappeared into the apartment, from whence the captain emerged a moment later holding Puddy gingerly around the stomach. Before I could take the cat from him, Puddy squirmed around and bit Captain Archibald fiercely on the forearm.

I started to apologise, but Captain Archibald said, very stiffly, "Perfectly all right," and retreated into his apartment once more, nursing his injured arm.

"A man is moving in next door," I told Polly, who was

Puddy completely but managed to crash into Captain Archibald, who staggered back with a faint cry. "I catch him!" Clarice assured me again, swooping down on Puddy and grabbing him by the tail. "Heah he is!" she announced triumphantly and deposited him, spitting and snarling, in my arms.

Captain Archibald marched into his apartment and slammed the door behind him.

"My land!" Clarice panted, weaving around my living-room and fanning herself with her purse. "Phew! Catchin' cats is hot work!"

I went into Polly's room and closed the door carefully behind me. "She's drunk," I whispered to Polly. "What are we going to do? I'm afraid to leave her alone here."

"Why don't we just call Grandma and tell her to come here instead?"

"Oh, no, we couldn't do that!" I said. Polly asked why not. "Because Grandma isn't feeling well. I mean, she's feeling well, but she can't leave the house today. Tomorrow she'll be well enough to leave the house, but not today." The phone rang. I picked it up. "Hello?" I said.

"It's me, Mrs. Paulson," Alice said. "Don't say anything if Polly is around. I called about the shower."

"Mmmmm?" I said.

"I thought it was supposed to be a bar shower," Alice said. "Mildred told me it was a bar shower and I went down to Moosop and O'Gorski's and bought Polly a martini pitcher and now Sally just called and said its a lingerie shower."

"Mmmmm," I said.

"I feel like an absolute

room in her new blue linen suit.

"That was Ida," I said.

Polly asked, "Ida who?"

"Ida Ada," I said, improvising hastily. "An old sorority sister."

"Ida Ada?" Polly repeated. "What kind of a name is that?"

"Clarice!" I called. Clarice came shuffling in from the kitchen where she had been defrosting the icebox and crooning, "We Shall Overcome," mournfully to herself.

"My daughter and I are going out," I told her. "If anyone calls, we should be back around five o'clock."

"Oh, Mother, we'll be back ages before five," Polly said.

"All we're going to do is go over and show Grandma my hat."

"Probably we'll be back before five," I told Clarice.

"But just in case, take any messages. There's a pad and pencil by the telephone."

"No, no!" I said to Polly when we got to my mother's.

"Don't go in through the front door! No!" Polly wanted to know why we couldn't go in the front door.

"It's broken," I said. "A man is coming to fix it tomorrow, but today it's broken. We have to go through the back door."

We went through the back door into the kitchen.

"Why, hello!" my mother said. "What a surprise!"

"Surprise?" Polly said. "You invited us over to show you my going-away hat. Remember?"

"Did I?" my mother said.

"Why, of course I did. Let's all go into the living-room."

She hurried into the living-

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To page 88

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting Nov. 8

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
Gambling colors, green, red.
Lucky days, Thursday, Mon.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, green, red.
Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, blue, grey.
Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, orange, tan.
Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 23
* Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, red, yellow.
Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, green, red.
Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 9.
Gambling colors, green, blue.
Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, blue, rose.
Lucky days, Sat., Sun., Monday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sun.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, tan, green.
Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 8.
Gambling colors, silver, red.
Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, black, brown.
Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

easy chair, still in my slip, and furtively opened "You And Sex."

"Obey the first commandment of love!" I read with avidity.

Puddy scratched at the door to be let in.

"Oh, phooey!" I said, in impatience, and I got up and opened the door, book in hand. Puddy scampered kittenishly away from me. I stepped out into the hall to grab him and the apartment door blew shut behind me. I turned the knob. It was locked.

"I'm having some sort of terrible nightmare," I said. "This cannot be happening to me." Puddy rolled over on his back, waved all four legs in the air, and purred. "I'm going to kill you, Puddy," I said to him dispassionately. "I'm going to cut your little heart out with a kitchen knife, so you can just knock off the purring, stupid."

I heard Captain Archibald's telephone begin to ring. It rang half a dozen times and then stopped. A brilliant thought occurred to me — just in case the captain had gone out and left his door unlocked, I could sneak in and telephone my mother, who had an extra key. I turned his doorknob stealthily. It was unlocked.

"Yes?" Captain Archibald said, without turning his head. He was stretched out on his sofa watching a baseball game on television, but now he looked around to see me creeping into his apartment, half-nude, and apparently bent on robbery and rape. He leaped to his feet.

"Oh," I said. "Hi there." I wagged my fingers at him. The captain shrank back, obviously fearful that I was about to pounce. "I didn't know you were home," I said. "I'm locked out."

Captain Archibald switched off the television set, went into his bedroom and reappeared carrying a bathrobe, which he handed to me wordlessly.

"I wonder if I could use your phone to call my mother?" I asked him. He handed me the phone, and, as I reached for it, I accidentally dropped "You And Sex."

"Allow me," Captain Archibald said, picking up the book and handing it back to me with one lightning-like glance at the cover.

"Thank you so much," I said. "It's not really my book at all — it belongs to my daught — to a friend."

"You were going to call your mother?" the captain said, pointedly declining to pursue the subject.

I called my mother. There was no answer. "I guess she's not home," I said, handing him back his telephone. We both sat down — he on the edge of the sofa and me on a hassock.

"Well, here we are!" I said. Captain Archibald said yes, indeed, here we were. "It seems as though every time we meet I'm not fully dressed," I said, with a gay laugh. Captain Archibald said, yes, it did seem that way.

"Polly should be home soon," I said. "She's buying sheets at Moosop and O'Gorski's. It's White Sale time, you know!" The captain smiled politely.

"What in heaven's name was that?" Captain Archibald demanded. An ear-splitting scream had rent the air, followed immediately by another one even more horrendous.

"It's Puddy!" I cried, jumping up. The captain said it couldn't be Puddy, it sounded more like a wounded

gorilla. "It's Puddy!" I insisted, and I ran out of the apartment and down the stairs with Captain Archibald following behind me. Sure enough, when we got outside there was Puddy, high up in the branches of the big sugar maple, shrieking his lungs out.

"Oh, well, he's only up a tree," Captain Archibald said in relief. "He'll get down eventually — they always do."

"But he's never been up a tree before!" I said frantically. "Please help me get him down, Captain!"

Puddy screamed again. "Cats always manage to get down by themselves," the captain informed me. "Have you ever heard of a cat actually perishing while up in a tree?"

"Very well," I said, with as much dignity as I could muster while still wearing the captain's bathrobe. "If you refuse to go to the aid of a helpless animal I am afraid I shall be forced to rescue him myself."

"Oh, hell!" Captain Archibald muttered, and he stalked into the garage to get a ladder.

"It's all right, Puddy," I called up to the treetop. "Captain Archibald will get you down, darling. Don't be afraid."

"You'll have to steady the bottom of the ladder while I climb up," the captain said to me. "Put all your weight against it — that's the way."

"Here comes Captain Archibald, darling!" I called to Puddy. "He'll save you. Try and be very brave!"

"Can you move the ladder in any closer?" the captain called down to me. "I can't reach him. The little devil keeps climbing higher every time I get near him."

"It's too heavy," I shouted. "Why don't you climb down again and we both —"

"Mother!" I heard Polly gasp. I turned around to see her standing in the driveway, flanked by a pretty, fair-haired woman and a handsome man, both of them with expensive-looking Mediterranean-cruise-type tan and both of them eyeing the bathrobe. "It's Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mother," Polly said, scowling at me furiously. "Crosby's parents."

I hastily let go of the ladder to shake hands with them. "How very nice to meet you!" I said. "I'm so glad —"

"Will you for Pete's sake hang on to the damn ladder!" Captain Archibald shouted irately from where he was hidden among the branches. Mr. and Mrs. Adams tore their eyes from the bathrobe long enough to look upwards toward the source of this voice hurling imprecations from the heavens.

"That's Captain Archibald," I told them. "I'm wearing his bathrobe."

Mrs. Adams said "Ah!" "My cat is stuck up in the tree and the captain is rescuing him," I explained.

Mrs. Adams said "Ah!" again.

"Perhaps I can be of some help," Crosby's father offered. "Captain Archibald!"

"Here comes Mr. Adams to help you. Mr. Adams is Polly's fiancé's father." There was a lot of commotion up in the branches, and then we heard the captain telling Mr. Adams that he, the captain, would climb higher in the tree and get the stupid cat and hand him to Mr. Adams, who could then carry him to safety down the ladder.

"Very good!" Mr. Adams replied. "Thank you can make

To page 89

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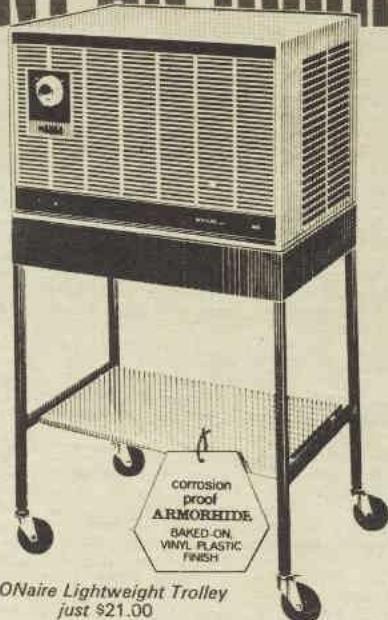


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For further details see page 93

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

Puddy interrupted with a loud impatient scream, insisting that all attention be focused on him and his bravery.

"Good, brave pussycat," Polly said. "Bravest pussycat in the whole world!"

Puddy began to purr. There was nothing to do but invite Mr. and Mrs. Adams upstairs. I included the captain in the invitation, too, but he muttered a hasty excuse and jumped into his sports car to take off for the wild blue yonder, tyres screaming. We climbed upstairs, and as soon as Polly unlocked the door with her key I slipped inside and shoved "You And Sex," which I was still carrying in the bathrobe pocket, into the bookcase.

"Please make yourselves at home!" I said, turning around to Crosby's parents. I cleared a place on the sofa, which was piled high with gift wrappings from the shower gifts. "The place is sort of a mess," I added, possibly the understatement of the year.

"We really wanted to wait and make a more formal introductory call," Mrs. Adams told me, "but we met dear Polly downtown and she wouldn't take no for an

answer." I shot dear Polly a murderous glance. "She positively insisted that we drop in this very minute."

"I'm so glad you did," I murmured. "Mr. Adams, can't I fix you a drink after all that tree-climbing?" Mr. Adams said, gratefully, that he would like nothing better than a drink.

"I wonder if you've chosen your dress for the wedding as yet?" Mrs. Adams asked me after I had served the drinks.

"Well, no, I haven't really chosen a dress yet," I told Mrs. Adams. "Have you?" I asked guardedly. Mrs. Adams said not really but she was thinking of light green. I said light green sounded lovely, and mentally scratched light green from my list of possible mother-of-the-bride colors.

"Of course, there's always pink," Mrs. Adams added. "And light blue is always nice for a wedding, I think."

Mr. Adams began to prowl around the room, whistling off-key. He stopped at the bookcase, crouched down to examine the books, and unerringly plucked "You And Sex" from the bottom shelf. "I see you're reading the new Capote," he said to me, and began to leaf through the pages.

"I also had the possibility of beige in mind," Mrs. Adams was telling me, when her husband frowned, stood up, and said, accusingly, "This isn't the new Capote at all," as though I had told him it was. "Obey the first commandment of love," he read aloud. "What is this garbage, anyway?"

"It's not garb . . ." Polly began, for the second time that day, but I interrupted her hastily. "It's a book about sex that belongs to Captain Archibald. He loaned it to me. Captain Archibald is very interested in sex." Mr. Adams regarded me and the bathrobe for a long moment, and then he closed "You And Sex" and replaced it with great care on the bookshelf. "Scientifically

speaking, that is," I added in a feeble voice.

Mr. Adams cleared his throat and threw his wife a significant glance. Mrs. Adams stood up. "I think we really must be running along," she said nervously. "It's been so nice meeting you . . ."

"I want a dress to wear to my daughter's wedding," I told the Moosop and O'Gorski saleslady. "It can't be blue or green or pink because the groom's mother is going to wear one of those colors, and it can't be yellow because the bridesmaids will be in yellow. And, of course, it can't be white."

"Or black," Polly said. "I have to go to the bathroom," Morton announced. Polly and Morton and I were in Moosop and O'Gorski's French room (copies of genuine Paris originals \$39.50 and up). We had dragged Morton along, much to everyone's disgust, in order to get him fitted for his ring-bearer's outfit in the men's and boys' department.

"Take him to the bathroom," I told Polly, but Morton said he had changed his mind and didn't have to go after all.

"What size, modom?" the saleslady asked me. I told her size fourteen. She looked doubtful.

"I'm going to lose five pounds before the wedding," I explained. She showed me a beige brocade number with cap sleeves. "That's lovely!" I said.

"Beautiful!" Polly agreed. "And you could wear beige shoes and a matching hat."

"Terribly chic," the saleslady said. "And such a marvellous color."

"Beauregard threw up last night and it was that color," Morton informed us. "Beauregard threw up daddy's leftover creamed chicken." Morton took off his eyeglasses and peered up at the saleslady. "Beauregard is my puppy dog," he told her.

The saleslady favored Morton with a tight smile and took another dress from the rack. It was a mauve-and-silver brocade. Morton made an ugly noise at it.

"Morton, dear," I said, "nice little boys do not make



she's appealing . . . so nice-to-be-near



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967

ANDREW WAUGH ★



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AUSTRALIAN
HOME JOURNAL

To page 90

sounds like that, especially in public." I took the dress from the saleslady. "I'll try it on," I said.

The first glimpse of myself in the three-way dressing-room mirror was acutely depressing. My hair was hanging in wisps, I seemed to have suddenly gained seven pounds, and the special Moosop and O'Gorski uglifying fluorescent lights gave me the appearance of a Chinese coolie who had just come in from a hard day in the rice paddies wearing a mauve-and-silver brocade dress.

"It's sort of tight on you, Mother," Polly said when I emerged from the dressing-room.

"I told you I'm going on a diet," I snapped at her, tugging at the zipper. "It's disgraceful the way manufacturers cut things today," I complained to the saleslady. "Skimp, skimp, skimp, that's

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

all they know," I studied my reflection in the mirror. "I'll take it," I decided. "It will be perfectly all right as soon as I lose five pounds and get a decent girdle. And have my hair done." "I want to go home," Morton said.

"So this is the little person who's going to be ring-bearer!" Mr. Schumacher, manager of the men's and boy's department said, patting Morton on the head. Morton kicked at Mr. Schumacher's ankle, but missed. "Manly little chap," Mr. Schumacher said, backing off. "How old is he? Oh,

really? Big for his age. However, I'm sure we can outfit him so that he makes a charming picture coming down the aisle. Mr. Glescowitz!" A small, disillusioned-looking little man appeared. "Mr. Glescowitz is our head fitter," Mr. Schumacher said. "I leave you in good hands."

Morton and Mr. Glescowitz took stock of each other. Neither appeared to be overly impressed.

"Morton is going to be my daughter's ring-bearer," I told Mr. Glescowitz. "We thought we might put him in black velvet, like a little medieval pageboy."

Mr. Glescowitz looked down at

Morton again, taking in the eyeglasses, ears, and general facial expression, and said, "Podden I should esk, but how old this child?"

"Seven," I said. "Going on eight. He's an only grandson."

"Ah!" Mr. Glescowitz said. "Dot explains."

"I told you so, Mother," Polly said to me. "He's going to look absolutely ridiculous and he's going to grow at least three more inches before the wedding, I know he will, just to be rotten." She glared down at Morton. "Little creep!" she said.

Soon, but not soon enough, Mr. Glescowitz stood up and folded his tape measure. "Okay, you'll bring him in for a fitting next week."

When we got back to the apartment, Polly and I sat down to do the final comb-out of the guest list.

Polly put the list on the desk in front of her, along with the invitations, the reception cards, the envelopes, a fountain pen filled with black ink, a pad of yellow paper, and a pencil. It was all terribly businesslike.

"Start by putting down the forty names on Crosby's mother's list," I told her. Polly wrote "40" on the yellow pad. "Now add up the members of the bridal party — ushers, bridesmaids, best man, maid-of-honor — and the minister, of course."

"And the minister's wife," I added. "And Uncle Ron, who's giving you away, And Uncle Ron's wife, Aunt Linda."

"And revolting little Morton," Polly said. "Okay, they're all down."

"Now the aunts and uncles and cousins on both sides," I said. "Watch carefully because this is where trouble may creep in. Confine it to first cousins and actual uncles and aunts. And absolutely no children!"

"Okay," Polly said. "They are all added in." I asked her what the total was. "Ninety-two," she said.

"You must be mistaken," I said. "Add it up again."

SHE added it up again. "I was mistaken," she said. "It's ninety-three."

"Is there anybody on there who might not come?" I asked hopefully.

"I doubt whether Crosby's Uncle Frank from Topeka will come," Polly said. "He's a famous brain surgeon and he never goes anywhere. So that would make it only ninety-two."

"Only ninety-two," I said, hollowly, and I went into the kitchen where I took two aspirins. "Okay," I said, coming back into the living-room.

"Now add on the names that are marked 'POSITIVELY MUST' on the list. No plain 'MUST' and absolutely no 'MAY-BE'."

She added up the POSITIVELY MUST. "One hundred and thirty-one," she announced. I moaned.

At this point Crosby arrived and said, "Hi, Mrs. Paulson. Good news! We just heard from my Uncle Frank in Topeka and he's going to be able to make the wedding after all. Isn't that great?"

"One hundred and thirty-two," Polly said.

The phone rang. I answered it. "Helene?" my mother said.

"Uncle Hanshaw just phoned. Guess who else is getting married?"

"Who?" I asked.

"He is," my mother said, "the

To page 91

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

OUR TRANSFER



Cross-stitch patterns for household linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 209. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Price, 15c plus 5c post.

toast or crumpet? do them both perfectly with a National toaster!



This is the toaster that beats them all! National's NT105 automatic toaster has extra-big slots to take the fattest crumpet without sticking. Clever dial-a-shade selector can't be bumped out of position. And only the National toaster has unique asbestos-frame elements for longer life. Gleaming chrome with stay-cool handles. \$23.95.

pure juice in seconds! all-purpose blender

Here's health! With a National Wonder Juicer you can have low-cost fresh fruit and vegetable juices instantly, whenever you want! M13 semi-automatic: \$33.60, M15 fully automatic: \$39.90.



National's MX80 Power Blender is the simple way to make fun meals. It mixes, blends, beats, chops, and makes your meals twice as tasty. Your family will love the sauces, juices, drinks, desserts... all the other fun things you can make with this labor-saving device. Durable, with special stainless steel blades and powerful 2-speed motor. \$43.95.

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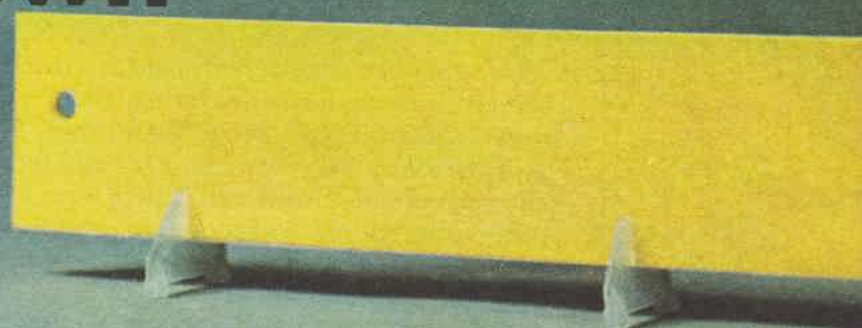


THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 15 1967

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4977952>

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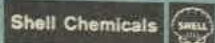
Shelltox
with Vapona

Pest
Strip
kills flies
continuously
No odour, no mist, no vapour



FREE STAND INSIDE

Shell Chemicals



Shelltox and Vapona are Shell Trade Marks

Economical steak dish wins main prize

● Apples, raisins, and seasoning add interest to an economical steak dish. The recipe wins this week's prize of \$10 in our regular cookery contest.

CONSOLATION prizes of \$2 each are awarded for recipes for an easy-to-make sweet that is good for children's parties, for little tartlets from Austria, and an eggless cake.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

MEAT BALLS WITH SPICED APPLE SAUCE

1 lb. minced steak
1 pkt. hamburger seasoning
1 onion
1 rasher bacon
seasoned flour
2 cooking apples
1 cup raisins

lemon juice
1 cup oil
2oz. butter or substitute
1 pint stock
1 tablespoon plain flour
chopped parsley

Soak raisins in lemon juice and a little red wine if desired.

Place meat in bowl with seasoning, add chopped onion and bacon, mix well. Form into small balls, roll in seasoned flour. Heat oil and butter in pan, add meat balls, and cook until browned on all sides; drain.

Peel and slice apples, cook in the oil and butter until half cooked; drain.

Place meat balls and apple in casserole with drained raisins.

Add flour to remaining oil and butter or substitute in pan, cook 1 minute. Add stock and raisin liquid, stir until sauce boils and thickens. Pour over contents of casserole, cover, and bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes.

Garnish with chopped parsley.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. I. M. Guild, 19 Bathurst St., Woollahra, N.S.W. 2025.

CARAMALLOW ROUGHS

2oz. butter or substitute
4oz. soft caramels
4oz. marshmallows
3 cups crisp rice cereal

Place caramels, marshmallows, and butter or substitute in pan and melt over low heat. Gradually stir in rice cereal. Place in small rough heaps on greased greaseproof paper or in paper sweets container, allow to set.

Makes approximately 2 dozen.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss Pam Watts, 14 Pine St., Rydalmere, N.S.W. 2116.

AUSTRIAN CHEESECAKES PASTRY

8oz. plain flour
5oz. butter or substitute
1oz. castor sugar
Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add sugar then bind together with the beaten egg-yolk and water. Place in the refrigerator for 1/2 hour.

Roll out on lightly floured board, cut into 3in. rounds, using a floured cutter, and line deep greased patty-tins; prick base of pastries, chill.

FILLING

2oz. chopped glace cherries
2oz. chopped almonds
8oz. cottage cheese
1 carton sour cream
2oz. castor sugar
2 eggs
1/2 to 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
extra glace cherry halves

Place chopped almonds and cherries at the bottom of each case. Sieve cheese, beat in remaining ingredients. Spoon a little filling into each case. Bake in hot oven 5 minutes then reduce heat to moderately slow, bake further 15 minutes. Decorate with cherry pieces.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss S. Neil, 13 Kiltie Ave., Windsor Gardens, S.A. 5087.

EGGLESS CHOCOLATE CAKE

1/2 cup sugar
4oz. butter or substitute
1/2 cup milk
1 tablespoon golden syrup
1 1/2 cups self-raising flour
1 dessertspoon cocoa
1 dessertspoon cinnamon
pinch salt
1 cup sultanas
extra 1/2 cup milk
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda

Into saucepan place the sugar, butter, or substitute, 1/2 cup milk, and golden syrup, stir over low heat until sugar has dissolved; cool slightly.

Sift flour, cocoa, cinnamon, and salt into bowl, add sultanas. Pour in melted mixture alternately with extra 1/2 cup milk in which bicarb. soda has been dissolved. Place mixture in greased swiss-roll tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 25 minutes. If desired ice with chocolate icing.

Consolation prize of \$2 to J. Cay, 18 Thompson St., Colac, Vic. 3250.



Photograph your winking cat . . . photograph your blinking cat . . . photograph a dancing kitten . . . or tangled up inside your knittin' . . . caterwauling, mewing, spitting . . . chasing butterflies or sitting . . . doing this, or that, or what . . . but grab your camera, GET THAT SHOT.

Snap into action . . . SNAP YOUR CAT!

Cats' WHISKAS contest

(simple to enter, easy to win!)

Jellymeat WHISKAS for cats offer hundreds of valuable prizes including \$850 cash for the National Winner.

Jellymeat WHISKAS gives every cat 10 lives because it's fortified with the health-giving vitamin, Thiamin. Everybody's cat needs Thiamin, and WHISKAS' chewy chunks of select meats and rich liver pieces.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 659.—SUN FROCK

Pretty sun frock is available cut out to make in navy/red/white or tan/black/white nautical printed cotton. Sizes 30 and 32in. bust, \$3.30; 34in. bust, \$3.50. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

No. 660.—SET OF THREE CUSHION COVERS

Cushion covers, each with different vintage car motif, are available traced ready to sew and embroider on wedgwood blue, lemon, pale blue, green, or bone cesarine. Price per set is \$1.60, plus 15 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 661.—TWO RAG DOLLS, 24in. HIGH

Stuffing and wool for hair not supplied.

Style A doll with plaits, floral cotton dress, and panties, face is traced ready to embroider and clothes to sew. All lace trimming and ribbon supplied. Price is \$1.75 plus 15 cents postage and dispatch. Style B Topsy doll with applique pieces for eyes and mouth, spotted cotton dress, panties, and apron with rick-rack trim. Price is \$1.95, plus 15 cents postage and dispatch.

● Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Here are the prizes

You have more than one chance to win more than one prize

CONTEST CLOSING NOVEMBER 24

State Finalists and All-Out Winner. The best entry received from each State will win a cash prize of \$100, and the All-Out Winner, chosen from the State Finalists, will be awarded an additional \$750 (total \$850). **Agfa Gevaert Film:** Also, State Finalists can choose \$30 worth of the world-renowned Agfa film. And the National Winner, an additional \$70 . . . \$100 in all. There are also 300 consolation prizes of a month's supply of Jellymeat Whiskas (1 case containing 36 tins). **Judges:** Famous Australian photographer, Laurence Le Guay, and the Art Directors of "The Australian Women's Weekly" and of George Patterson Pty. Ltd., Advertising Agents for the makers of Whiskas. Judges' decisions are final; no correspondence can be entered into. This Contest is not open to employees of The Australian Consolidated Press, Uncle Ben's Inc. and their advertising agencies.

STATE FINALISTS AND THE NATIONAL WINNER

will be announced in "THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY" December 27, 1967

Entries will be returned after the Contest only if accompanied by correct return postage and a clearly written address.

How to Enter:

Easiest competition you ever went in for, and the most fun! Just send your cat's photo to "The Australian Women's Weekly." Photographs may be black-and-white, colour prints or colour transparencies. Address your Entry, clearly marked "Cats' Whiskas Competition," to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.





"He's the best crop duster I could get!"

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

doing in a dreary old place like Swampscott.

"We're here for a rest," Polly explained. "My mother is nervous and I'm getting married next month."

"Married!" Mrs. Hooper Cooper cried, flinging her arms wide in ecstasy. "How romantic! A bride — a blushing bride! Julia!" she shouted at an old lady whirling by in a wheelchair. "Come here this minute!"

The old lady came to a screeching halt and peeled the wheelchair around with a scream of tyres like a speed-car shooting into a dragstrip.

"Thrilling news, Julia!" Mrs. Hooper Cooper shouted into her ear. "This young lady is planning a wedding!"

"A-ha!" Julia cackled, whirling the wheelchair around again and streaking off in the direction of the bandstand. A moment later the orchestra stopped abruptly in the middle of "Tales from the Vienna Woods" and crashed into the strains of "Happy Birthday to You."

"Deaf as a post, poor thing," Mrs. Hooper Cooper confided to me under the noise of the music. "Probably imagined I said birth-

day instead of wedding. However, no mind, it's the sentiment that counts."

Julia wheeled herself back to our table and announced that she would henceforth sit with us because the other ladies at her table were a bunch of cackling biddies.

At this juncture there was a commotion at the dining-room doorway. Two very dark, very handsome young men in white slacks and bright red sports shirts charged in, slapping the head-waiter familiarly on the back and making their merry way across the room to a table next to ours.

"Why, it's Tony and Roberto!" Mrs. Hooper Cooper exclaimed happily. "I didn't expect them until Tuesday."

One of the young men — the taller of the two — suddenly spotted Polly. He paused in the act of pulling out his chair and stared at her. His friend turned around, saw whom he was staring at, and broke into a great big smile full of a lot of beautiful white teeth — all obviously his very own.

"Sweet, sweet boys," Mrs. Hooper Cooper said fondly, and wagged her fingers at them. They wagged back, and one winked broadly.

I WAS puzzled. "I don't understand," I said. "What are two handsome young men like that doing in a dreary old place like Swampscott?"

"Tony and Roberto are airline pilots," Mrs. Fiske-Whipple explained. "The Boston-based Italian crews always come to the Swampscott House for their three-day layovers. They adore ocean bathing."

"Not layovers, dear," Mrs. Hooper Cooper said. "Stop-overs, perhaps. Or restovers. But surely not layovers?"

"It's a technical expression," Mrs. Fiske-Whipple told her.

Polly had put down her fork and was gazing at the

pilot called Tony. "It's hard to believe those are his very own eyelashes," she said, half to herself. Tony said something to his friend, and they both looked at Polly and gave her two great big winks. "You know, it may not turn out to be so quiet around here after all," Polly said.

Early the next morning Polly and I carried our beach towels, suntan lotion, sunglasses, and the Boston "Globe" out to the swimming-pool and settled ourselves down to bask in the sun.

"Let's simply lie here and not think about a thing," I said, so we stretched out on the cabana pads and didn't think about a thing for nearly three minutes, at which time an ear-piercing electronic speech ripped the silence and a voice from the heavens announced, "ALL RIGHT NOW ALL YOU SWAMPSCOTT HOUSE GUESTS! EVERYBODY OUT FOR SIMON SAYS!"

I sat up. "It's a Social Director," I reported to Polly, who was lying face down. "With a microphone," I added. "He's at the other end of the pool. A lot of people are going over to play Simon Says — Mrs. Hooper Cooper and Mrs. Fiske-Whipple and that old man who threw a glass of water at the headwaiter in the dining-room last night, and one of those Italian pilots. And Julia, too, wheelchair and all."

"Well I'm not going," Polly said, her voice muffled by the cabana hat.

"Neither am I," I said, and I lay back down and closed my eyes.

I was just drifting off into a sunbaked semi-coma when I was conscious of a shadow falling across me. I opened my eyes to see the Italian pilot standing there, stripped down to his bathing trunks and his gold St. Christopher's medal.

To page 96

If your problem is
excessive perspiration
this special product
is the answer.
We
promise
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POSITIVE PROTECTION FORMULA AND DEODORANT

THIS IS NOT AN ORDINARY DEODORANT ANTI-PERSPIRANT... but a special formula developed for people with an excessive perspiration problem. Max Factor Positive Protection Formula Anti-Perspirant and Deodorant is a new type of defence against body odour and excessive perspiration. So effective that it will check underarm perspiration and odour even in stubborn cases where ordinary deodorants do not give complete satisfaction.

EFFECTIVE ALL THE TIME NOT JUST PART OF THE TIME.

Initially, application should be made before retiring for four consecutive nights. Then, use nightly, or as needed, to control perspiration. Its effectiveness goes right on, even through showering or bathing, for at least 24 hours.



with built-in applicator \$1.75

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Fashion FROCKS



• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"BABS"—L. 8-10 waisted, checked dress is available in turquoise/white, black/white, pink/white, or lilac/white dacron-cotton.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$11.65; 36 and 38in. bust, \$11.85.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$8.15; 36 and 38in. bust, \$8.35. Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

• NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 93. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 244/5 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.

It's time women had a little more comfort.

This is it:

soft impressions.

Now Kimberly-Clark have come up with a completely new kind of feminine napkin. A new surface. Dimpled. Still with the absolute protection of the polythene panel but with the soft comfort of a texture that takes moisture down below the surface. Would you think such a small thing could make such a big difference to a woman's comfort?

Well—this is what women said to us:

"So much better. More absorbent and softer."

"More comfortable because they stay in shape."

"Why didn't someone think of this before?"

"This is the first time I've found complete protection and complete comfort. Congratulations!"

So, at last, you can have complete protection and soft comfort as well!



Kotex
soft impressions



"Good morning, Signora," he said politely, again with all the white teeth. "With your permission I desire to ask if the signorina would care to join me at a quick romp in the sand?"

I nudged Polly, who turned around and looked up sleepily. "This gentleman wants to know if you would care to join him at a quick romp in the sand," I said.

"If that is how you say it in English?" the pilot asked. "Some of your English expressions I have yet to master completely."

"Well, it depends on exactly what you're trying to communicate, Capitano," I said. "A romp in the sand is a bit vague. Could you be a little more specific?"

"With the beachball," he explained.

"Oh, that's different. Polly, he wants to know whether you would care to join him for a romp in the sand with the beachball. My advice is to say no, since not only is the silver monogrammed but the invitations are engraved. However, it's your decision."

"Why, that sounds like fun, Tony," Polly said. Tony reached out a bronzed and muscular arm and helped her to her feet. "I'll be back soon, Mother," Polly said. "Oh, for heaven's sake, don't look like that. It's perfectly all right."

Polly and Tony disappeared in the direction of the beach and I sat up, applied some more suntan lotion to my arms, and opened the Boston "Globe." The front page had stories about De Gaulle, about a piece of the Massachusetts Turnpike crumbling, and about a hold-up in the Boston subway (Three Masked Gunmen Rob Co-ed At Height Of Rush Hour). Under the three-masked-gunmen head-

line was a two-column photograph of Anita, our maid-of-honor, captioned "Robbery victim smiles prettily after losing purse to subway bandits."

"Anita!" I said. I had rushed from the pool into the hotel lobby to telephone Anita in Boston. "This is Polly's mother, Anita. Are you all right?"

"I'm fine, Mrs. Paulson," Anita said. "Isn't it exciting? Reporters and photographers have been simply swarming through the dormitory all day, and CBS just called and asked me to be on 'I've Got A Secret.'"

"That's lovely, dear," I said, "except it's not much of a secret any more—it's all over the front page of the Boston 'Globe.'"

"Oh, they don't mean about them taking the money," Anita said. "Although they stole every penny of my week's allowance, vile things. They mean about the bridesmaid's dress."

"What about the bridesmaid's dress?" I asked. "Do you mean to say they stole the bridesmaid's..."

"Not the dress," Anita said. "The swatch of material I was supposed to have in my shoes dyed from was in my purse along with the money and they stole the whole thing. 'I've Got A Secret' thinks it's an awfully cute gimmick."

"I've been looking for you," Polly said as I stepped out of the phone booth. "Who were you talking to?"

"I was talking to Anita," I said. "Three masked gunmen held her up in the Boston subway station and stole the swatch of material from the bridesmaid's dress that she was going to have her shoes dyed from. We must remember to send her another swatch when we get home."

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

"Why would three masked gunmen in Boston want a swatch of my bridesmaid's dresses?" Polly said. "I think you ought to stay out of the sun for a while Mother."

"I think you ought to also," I said crossly. "You're getting all red and splotchy."

"I came to tell you not to worry about me," Polly said. "Tony and I are going to walk out to the end of

asking me to call some number in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I returned to the phone booth and dialled the number. A man's voice answered and said, "Irving's Auto Body Shop. Irving speaking."

"I have a message to call this number," I said. Irving asked whom I wanted to speak to. "I don't want to speak to anybody," I told him. "Somebody there wants to speak to me. My name is

"Now listen here, Buster," I began, when there was a crackling on the wire and another voice said, "Hello, Mrs. Paulson? This is Barry Hushmiller. You know—from Milwaukee."

"I don't know any Barry Hushmiller from Milwaukee," I said. "You must have the wrong number. I mean, I must have the wrong number."

"I'm Crosby's fraternity brother," Barry said. "I'm supposed to be one of the ushers at the wedding."

"What do you mean, 'supposed to be'?" I asked. "Listen, Barry, it was distinctly understood from the begin-

ning on it, I opened the letter. It was from my mother. Dearest Helene and Polly. Just a few lines to report that all is well here. Nothing but rain since you left and certainly envy both of you soaking up the sunshine. Did somebody named Barry or Harry Hushmiller from Milwaukee get in touch with you? He's been calling and calling. I finally gave him your number in Swampscott. I got a letter from Aunt Olivia, poor thing, out in Sacramento. She is sending Polly her old garter to wear as "something old" on her wedding day. Be sure and mail her an invitation—the won't come, of course, but she'll be so pleased. She's eighty-five and still bothered by the broken hip but she sounds fairly cheerful in her letter.

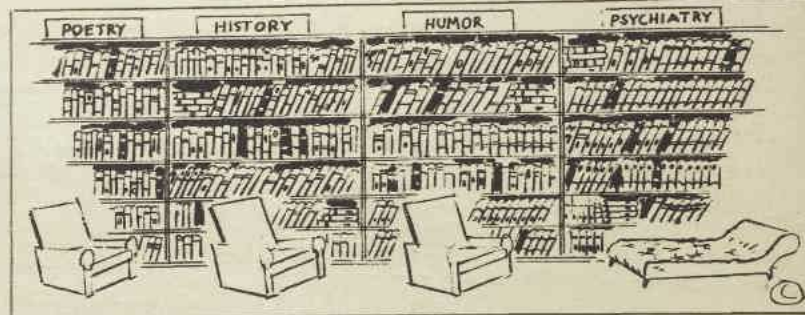
Well, the Community Centre has finally started the redecoration but there is only one man there doing the job, so I don't see how it can possibly be ready in time for the wedding. I have been going over to your apartment regularly to feed the cat. I think you should have him declawed, dear, because the blue armchair is already in shreds and he seems to be starting in on the sofa. A package arrived from Eileen's. I didn't open it but when I shook it it sounded like broken glass. That's all for now. Love,

Mother

P.S. What are you going to do about the Fenstermachers? I saw her at the Woman's Club meeting yesterday and she gave me a funny look.

"Really!" Mrs. Fink-Whipple said, collapsing on Polly's deserted cabana mat. "I'm determined to have that Social Director fired if it's the

To page 98



the beach and spread ourselves on the rocks." I gave her a look. "That's the way Tony talks when he means we're going to sunbathe." I raised an eyebrow. "It's supposed to be funny, Mother," Polly said in irritation. "You're supposed to laugh."

"Oh?" I said. "All right. Ha-ha."

Polly stamped off and I went over to the desk and inquired if there was any mail for us. The clerk handed me a letter postmarked North Brattleboro, and a telephone message marked URGENT

Helene Paulson and I'm calling from Swampscott, Massachusetts."

"Hold it a minute," Irving said. "Hey, you guys, anybody here want to talk to some dame named Eileen in Harrisburg?"

"Swampscott!" I shouted into the receiver.

"How's that?" Irving asked.

I said, "Not Harrisburg. Swampscott. And my name is Helene."

"It's some dame named Helene Swampscott," I heard Irving say. "She's stoned, if you ask me."

ning that every single usher would..."

"I got a Fulbright," Barry said. "I'm flying to Rome day after tomorrow. Hello? Mrs. Paulson? Are you still there?"

"I'm still here, Barry," I said. "Rome, eh? Well, congratulations, Barry," and hung up. I stared at the wall of the phone booth for a few minutes before I opened the door slowly and walked across the lobby and back to the pool. The sun was blazing overhead and the cabana mat was so hot that I had to turn it over before sitting



OP 55, 1976
Page 96

**'See you later—
I'm going in
to try on a few frames'**

And if you wear glasses—that's just the way we want you to feel about OPSM.

Glasses are just as much an accessory as your hat, gloves, handbag or shoes—and you should buy them the same way. At OPSM we are now showing a vast range of fashion frames to prove the point. All colours, all styles, to make all occasions more significant—daytime, after five, evening, theatre.

Come in to OPSM and browse around. See for yourself how easy and inexpensive it is to match frames to your personality, mood or clothes. Fashion spectacles are not expensive. They average about the same price as a pair of good shoes.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1967

What is the most natural way to bottle feed baby?

Leading baby authorities agree that 'resilient softness' and 'natural shape' are essential for the perfect teat. Only Maw's cherry shape gives correct feeding action — while Maw's exclusive 'clipping' process gives a life-like softness moulded teats lack. You've only got to feel a Maw's teat to feel the difference. Maw's standard teat is in four single hole sizes.

Ask your family chemist to show you all Maw's nursery supplies.

Maw's



OF JOINT PAINS?

Ease the pain fast with De Witt's Pills. De Witt's are bringing blessed relief to untold numbers of people in more than 80 countries of the world. It's the tried and trusted remedy for the relief of joint, back, muscle and rheumatic pain.

De Witt's Pills

Recipe



Skinless Sausages Americana

For each person thread two Hutton's Skinless Pork Sausages on a skewer and hold in place with a small slice of pineapple, and stuffed olives. Barbecue gently until sausages are browned and sizzling. Add a few dashes of Lea and Perrins H.F. Sauce on each sausage. Keep warm on a platter. Serve with a bowl of Boston baked beans and garlic-buttered rolls and slices of food chutney. Mouth-watering!

One packet of Hutton's Skinless Pork Sausages will serve six people. For a crowd buy more — but they must be HUTTON'S SKINLESS PORK SAUSAGES.

Hutton's

For Pineapple Brand Hams and Bacon, Australian smallgoods, and A&R Continental Smallgoods.

It was a bitter decision, but the boy's future was at stake

Judgment of stone

By GEORGINA JAY

KATE LAUNDER walked quickly up the main street. To reach the Court House she had to pass the hotel and the Cathedral, and each was a hazard. The hotel with its cool, inviting interior seemed to beckon her in, and as she walked past she thought, Hell, I'm dry. She couldn't have even one drink this morning. Not before, anyway, she thought. But after, well, just wait.

By this time she had reached the Cathedral and she paused for a minute and let her gaze wander up the steps. This great stone building gave her no comfort. From somewhere in the past came a fleeting memory of a small girl with dark curls and a crisp white frock running up these steps, and with it brought a faint unease, but this vanished as she saw the other woman come out of the door and walk slowly toward her.

"Been praying, eh?" Kate said to herself. "Well, she'll need more than prayers to beat me. She'll be going back to pray — after." Turning abruptly she hurried up the street toward the Court House.

The boy was already there in Court, sitting in a front seat with the welfare worker, Miss Pascoe. Kate knew her of old. I'll show her, too, she thought belligerently as she sat down on the left, across from and behind the boy. Shortly after the other woman and her husband walked in and sat down across the aisle from her and directly behind the boy.

Kate looked at him. "Skinny little rabbit with them big brown eyes," she mused. As though sensing her appraisal, he turned and looked at her gravely.

He's all I've got, Kate thought, and no one'll take him from me.

She thought of the evenings in the bar of The Crown — with herself at her usual table telling them all — all those faces which swam more mistily before her eyes as the evening's drinking progressed. "He's all I've got," she would say. "Poor little blighter. I'll do something for him some day, something big."

"Good on you, Kate!" they all said. "You're a real good mother." Ah, sweet music to her ears. This was what kept her going; this was all she had to live for.

The judge had come in and taken his place on the Bench; and the welfare worker rose and recited the details of the case concerning John Launder, aged twelve years.

Judge Stone was an old man. He had presided at this Court for many years and was nearing the end of his term. The windows of the Courtroom on to the Cathedral side were wide open, and the high, sweet sounds of the Cathedral boys' school choir could be heard plainly through the windows.

His predecessors had found the noise distracting, but Judge Stone had given orders to the attendants to open the windows every day the Court sat. He liked the sound of happy voices when so much of his work was deciding what was best for unhappy children.

His present case was one such. John Launder, 12 years, had been boarded out with foster-parents — the Thompsons — when he was three weeks old. When he was five and a half years, on a chance meeting at the supermarket, Kate Launder had seen Mrs. Thompson and the boy laughing together. She had gone at once to the Welfare Department, demanded that he be returned to a State home, and refused to sign adoption papers.

Each year since the Thompsons had approached her to ask for the boy. Each Sunday for six and a half years they had gone to see him at the Home. Now the matter of adoption was before the Court for its decision.

The judge was an old man and a wise one. He looked at Kate and read her life story. He didn't need her file to confirm it. He saw her as jealous and stupid and pathetic as she smiled triumphantly at the Thompsons. Mrs. Thompson was a very pretty woman and the judge looked at her appreciatively. As he looked he saw the boy turn and look at her, and the smile she gave him was of such sweetness and tenderness that the unemotional old man felt a stirring in his heart.

"Rejoice, rejoice, Immanuel"

Shall come to thee, O Israel," sang the choir boys.

The welfare worker sat down and Kate got up and addressed the judge. "Your Honor," she said, "that boy, I only want to say to the Court that he's all I've got."

"Sit down, Mrs. Launder," said the judge gravely.



He cleared his throat and addressed the welfare worker. "Miss Pascoe," he said, "I am going to change the order of things a little. Take John across the street to the tea-rooms for morning tea. Afterwards, wait in the little side park until the usher fetches you."

Miss Pascoe and John stood up and, hand in hand, walked quietly through the side door.

"Mr. and Mrs. Thompson," said the judge, "I ask you to remain here, and you, Mrs. Launder, I wish to speak to you personally in my chambers in a few minutes' time. The usher will show you in shortly."

He rose and went down the few steps and through the panelled door which his clerk held open.

Kate Launder scarcely had time to put on her lipstick when the usher came to take her into the judge's chambers.

"Sit down, Mrs. Launder," said the old man. Close up he looked old and weary, but Kate felt uncomfortable as she tried to meet his unwavering gaze. He had closed a book as she came in and his hand rested on it.

Cripes, she thought, a blooming Bible. I hope the old goat isn't going to preach to me.

"No, I'm not going to preach to you," said His Honor, reading her thoughts with an accuracy which made her start. "I have just been rereading a story in the Book of Kings," he went on. "It's about an old man, like myself, but a much wiser old man. Also two women somewhat the same as yourself and Mrs. Thompson. Now both these women claimed to be the mother of a baby boy and there was no way of telling who was his real mother. So the king sent for a sword and ordered the child to be cut in half, and half given to each woman. At this one of the women cried out and said, 'Give him to her' (pointing to the other woman). So then the king knew who was the child's real mother."

When he finished speaking there was silence in the room. Then, "He's all I've got," said Kate at last. "Some day I'm going to give him everything."

The judge leant forward. "No, you haven't got him at all," he said softly, "but this way you could give him something, right now."

Kate was silent, then coming to a sudden decision she leant over. "Give me the papers, quick," she urged, "now, before I change my mind."

Within a minute she had signed away her rights to the boy, and the judge felt a surge of relief as he witnessed the document. Then she walked to the door.

She turned and looked at him sharply. "You'll never know why I did it, Mister," she said pertly. "You'll never know whether it was your ruddy Bible story or just because I wanted to be free. You'll never know, Mister, because I don't know myself."

She went quickly outside. Hell! but she was dry. The voices were there at the back of her mind. "Good on you, Kate," they were saying, "you're a real mother. Gave up your kid because it was best for him."

"Yes," she would say from her comfortable place in the cool, dark bar. "Yes, like that dame in the Bible; that king fellow sure knew who was the real mother."

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THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 15c

Everybody's

Page 97

THE BOYFRIEND



"Don't get too serious, mate—or you'll end up sharing the same postcode!"

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, THERE GOES MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

last thing I do in this world. Hands on shoulders, indeed!" She dug into the maw of her enormous straw beach bag, drew out a cigarette, fitted it into a long ebony holder, and lit up. "He rigs the Bingo games, too — oh, yes, he does, it seems unbelievable at a fine old respectable resort like Swampscott, but there it is.

"I saw your sweet, sweet daughter and Tony, off on the rocks and scampering about like two children," Mrs. Fiske-Whipple told me. "It's so delightful to have someone young around for Tony

and Roberto to amuse themselves with, it gets so dreadfully dull around here for the poor airline pilots, and I always feel that it's terribly hard for the Italian young men, especially, because everyone expects them to be so wicked. Anyway, I'm quite sure the airlines wouldn't dream of hiring anyone who was the least bit morally unfit as a pilot. Do you by any chance happen to know any airline pilots personally?"

"Why, yes," I said. "As a matter of fact, I know one who lives across . . ."

"I know dozens!" Mrs. Fiske-Whipple assured me. "Literally

dozens, and every one of them has always been a perfect gentleman either in or out of the cockpit, is your daughter's fiance an airline pilot, by any chance?"

"No," I said. "He's a law student at . . ."

"Hello again," I broke off to say to Polly. "What's the matter now?"

"Of all the nerve!" Polly said, flinging herself down furiously and beginning to apply sunburn lotion to her legs with angry strokes. "I have half a mind to report him. Julia was right," Polly said. "Sex fiends, every last one of them."

"You two have a couple of the worst cases of sunburn I've seen in my entire medical experience," Dr. Spofford said. "What on earth possessed you to lie in the sun for four days like that? You'll both be peeling for a month or longer, I'm afraid."

Pilgrim Photographers
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Boston
Massachusetts

Dear Mrs. Paulson:

Enclosed please find proofs of your daughter's formal bridal portrait which you ordered for use in newspaper society pages. Kindly check proof you desire and return to us.

Very truly yours,
Pilgrim Photographers

My mother was the first to speak. "Well, a good retoucher can do miracles," she said.

"I look like a leper," Polly said, simply. "A peeling leper who happens to be wearing a wedding veil."

"And I'm sneering," Polly said, "and my hair is a mess and my headdress is crooked. Outside of that it's a lovely bridal photograph."

"If you would get yourself a soft permanent wave your hair wouldn't do that," my mother said. My mother has been trying to talk Polly into a soft permanent wave for nineteen years, approximately the same length of time she has been trying to talk her into calf's liver.

"This one of you smiling wouldn't be bad if your shoulders weren't all hunched up," I said. "Maybe they could retouch the shoulders."

"I like the one where she's in profile," my mother said. "It reminds me of the snapshot of her on my dressing-table — the one where she's clutching her little teddy-bear and now here she is with her bridal bouquet . . ." My mother gave a muffled sob and burst into tears.

"I kind of like the one where I'm facing the camera," Polly said. "If it weren't for my nose. Oh, why do I have to have such an ugly nose!"

"You have a lovely nose," I told her.

"You were such a pretty, fat, golden-haired, chubby little baby," my mother sobbed.

Pilgrim Photographers
213 Mayflower Place
Boston, Massachusetts

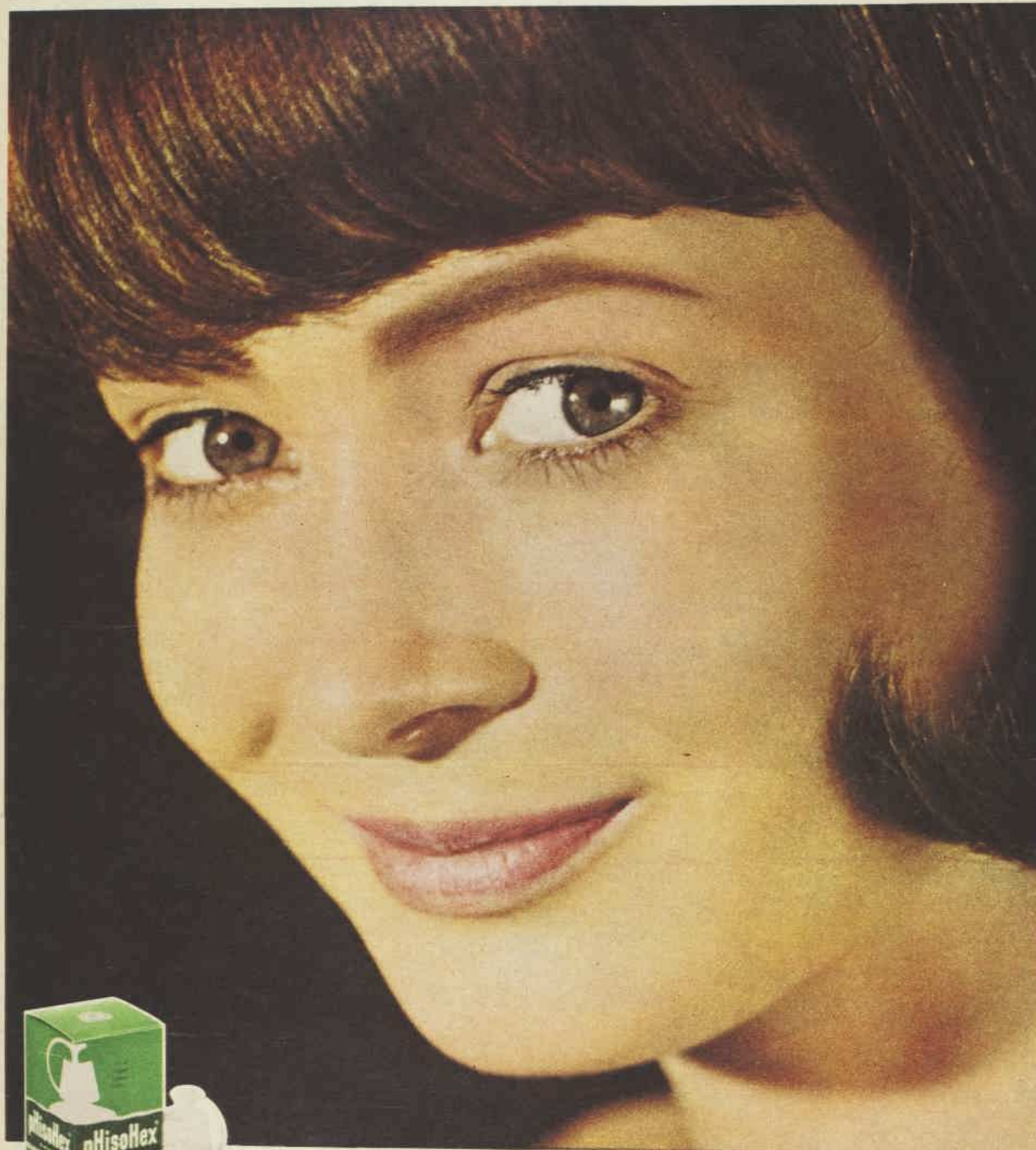
Dear Sirs:
I am returning the proofs of the bridal photographs. I would like to order finished photographs of proof number three (3). Will you please ask your retoucher to see what he can do about the peeling sunburn on my daughter's forehead and the wispy hair hanging down her neck and the expression in her left eye.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Helene Paulson
P.S. Also her note.

To be concluded

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.
Short stories should be from 1000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; Editor's choice, 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1963

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE and Lothar learn each other's true identity and follow Dill's trail together. They discover he has taken a boat to Zodum, "a city of sin." NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

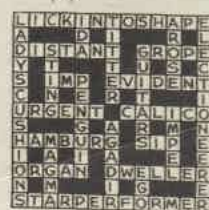
- Source of some original Australian music (10).
- Certainly not out (2).
- Cult in a madman (7).
- Pertaining to English sovereigns from Henry VII to Elizabeth I (5).
- Belongs to us when pouring (3).
- Sounds harshly (6).
- Cats in grotesque postures (6).
- You and I precede evil in a small beetle injurious to stored grain (6).
- Trap no regular customer (6).
- Shallow vessel for a Greek god (3).
- Glean (anagr., 5).
- The last stops (7).
- A disreputable person is a bad one (3).
- A gourd ending in a forceful blow (8).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Carrying appliance made of grass or fur (5-3).
- Male sheep between first and second shearing (7).
- Come in (5).
- Deed of violence (7).
- He is said to have fiddled while Rome burned (4).
- Unoccupied (4).
- Fixed or portable prison for birds or beasts (4).
- Mostly land is needed to flatter gently (8).
- Charlotte Brontë's christian name when she called herself Bell (6).
- Famous Australian golfer (3, 4).
- It is the end to link closely (4).
- Rag to thieves' slang (5).
- City in N. Italy (5).
- To run away, you have to turn it (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

3352



3795

4426

3286

3795. — A-line dress with elbow-length cotton sleeves. Applied contrast band and braid trim. Sizes: Small (31-32in.), medium (34-36in.), and large (38-40in.) bust. Price 60 cents includes postage.

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The Australian
Women's Weekly Presents . . .

CHICKEN COOK BOOK

From our Leila Howard Test Kitchen



Australian Women's Weekly—November 15, 1967

as hand-feeding friends with a shark — "he's

INDEX

	PAGE
Apricots, Chicken with ..	13
Basket, Chicken in ..	14
Barbecued Chicken ..	4
Beggar's Chicken ..	7
Bonne Femme, Chicken ..	12
Cacciatore, Chicken ..	11
Champagne, Chicken Breast in ..	15
Chasseur, Chicken ..	12
Chop Suey, Chicken ..	6
Chow Mein, Chicken ..	6
Club Sandwich ..	14
Coq au Vin ..	12
Curry, Chicken ..	4
Curry, Burmese Chicken ..	10
Curry, Madras Chicken ..	4
Fricassee, Chicken ..	13
Grandmere, Chicken ..	12
Grapes, Chicken with ..	4
Gumbo, Creole Chicken ..	15
Hawaiian Chicken ..	15
Imperial Chicken ..	7
King, Chicken a la ..	15
Kiev, Chicken ..	9
Lemon Chicken, Chinese ..	6
Morengo, Chicken ..	12
Marsala, Chicken with ..	10
Maryland, Chicken ..	14
Mexican Chicken ..	8
Milanese, Chicken ..	10
Mushrooms, Chicken with ..	15
Oven-baked Wine Chicken ..	10
Paprika Chicken ..	10
Patties, Chicken ..	4
Pie, French Chicken ..	12
Provencale, Chicken ..	12
Roast Chicken (Aust.) ..	4
Roast Chicken (French) ..	12
Salad, Chicken and Rice ..	3
Skewers, Chicken on ..	4
Sour Cream, Chicken in ..	10
Southern Fried Chicken ..	15
Tetrazzini, Chicken ..	10
Wine-Cream Sauce, Chicken in ..	16
SUNDRIES	
Cream Gravy ..	15
Fried Noodles ..	6
Fried Onion Rings ..	14
Spiced Peaches ..	10
Stuffings, Sauces ..	2
To Joint Chicken ..	5
To Truss Chicken ..	5



CHICKEN ON THE MENU

Chicken is now so plentiful, easily available, and reasonably priced, it is possible to include it regularly on the weekly menu. In this book we've given recipes for some of the world's most famous chicken dishes, and they're recipes you can use all the year round, as well as for Christmas.

PACKAGED chickens are available in a number of unit sizes, determined by weight. These sizes are given below, and are uniform throughout Australia.

UNIT SIZE	WEIGHT
1	1½lb.
2	1¾lb.
3	2lb.
4	2½lb.
5	2¾lb.
6	3lb.
7	3½lb.
8	3¾lb.
9	4lb.
10	4½lb.
11	4¾lb.

Chicken pieces are a useful buy; they allow you to choose the cut of chicken best suited for any particular dish. Pieces usually available are breasts and half-breasts, cutlets or thighs, Maryland (combination of thigh and leg), legs, breast-wing (combination of breast and wings), wings, and backs (good for soup).

Roasting Times for Chicken: Allow approximately 25 minutes per lb. in moderate oven. For the French method of roasting (page 12), stock is added and a moderately hot oven is used for cooking.

When cooking chicken pieces, the thicker parts take more time to cook. So they will all finish cooking at the same

time, add them to pan in this order — drumsticks, thighs, wings, breast.

STUFFINGS AND SAUCES

A savory stuffing or sauce adds the final flavor-touch to a roasted chicken. Quantities given below will fill a 3 to 3½lb. chicken.

Giblet Stuffing: Cook giblets until tender with a little chopped onion and celery in the cooking liquid to flavor. Strain (reserve stock for gravy) and chop giblets. Combine with 2 cups soft breadcrumbs 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, grated rind and juice ½ lemon, salt, pepper; stir in 1 to 2oz. melted butter.

Herb Stuffing: Combine 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1oz. softened butter, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon mixed dried herbs, 1 small chopped onion (which has been sautéed in a little butter until transparent), salt, and pepper. Add just enough beaten egg to bind.

Rice-and-Mushroom Stuffing: Combine 4oz. cooked long-grain rice with 2oz. sliced mushrooms, 2 finely chopped celery sticks, 1 small onion (all of which have been sautéed in a little butter until tender). Mix in 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a little beaten egg to bind. A little crushed garlic can also be added.

● Picture on page 1 by Don Cameron. Other color pictures by Bill Payne.

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes in this cook book.

Pineapple: Combine 1 large chopped onion (which has been sautéed in a little butter until transparent), 2 cups white breadcrumbs, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 1oz. chopped raisins, grated rind ½ lemon, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons canned crushed pineapple, 1 tablespoon pineapple syrup from can. Mix well, fill into chicken.

Bread Sauce: Peel an onion and stud with 2 or 3 cloves. Put into saucepan with ½ bayleaf and 2 cups milk. Bring slowly to boil, cover, simmer 5 minutes; strain, retaining liquid and discarding onion. Return liquid to rinsed-out saucepan, add breadcrumbs, season to taste. Simmer, stirring, 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in a little butter or cream before serving.

Giblet Gravy: Melt 1 tablespoon butter in small saucepan, stir in 1½ dessertspoons flour; cook, stirring, few minutes. Gradually stir in ½ pint hot giblet stock (made from cooking giblets — see Giblet Stuffing); season to taste. A few of the finely chopped giblets can also be added.

Or stir some flour into pan drippings, pour in the strained giblet stock; cook, stirring, until sauce boils and thickens slightly; season.

AUSTRALIA

CHICKEN AND RICE SALAD

(Picture on this page)

3lb. chicken	1 can (small or large) whole kernel corn
1½lb. long-grain rice	½lb. prawns
¼-½ cup french dressing	½ red pepper
3oz. butter	½ green pepper
2 onions	4oz. ham
4oz. mushrooms	2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 cup cooked peas	

Steam chicken until tender; cool, remove meat from bones, cut into large dice.

Cook rice, drain well; while still hot, mix french dressing through rice.

Melt 1oz. butter in pan, saute chopped onions until transparent; remove from pan. Add remaining butter to pan, saute sliced mushrooms in this until tender (about 3 minutes).

Mix onion and mushrooms through rice (add the pan juices, too, for flavor, if desired, although this will darken rice slightly). Mix in cooked peas, drained corn, shelled prawns, chopped peppers, parsley, chopped ham, and chicken pieces. Mix together lightly. Pile on to serving platter. Refrigerate until required.

Serves 6 to 8.

Continued overleaf

● Rice, flavored while hot with dressing, is mixed with colorful vegetables to make this Chicken and Rice Salad for summer meals.



AUSTRALIA ... continued

BARBECUED CHICKEN

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 3lb. chicken | 1 teaspoon powdered ginger |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil | 1 dessertspoon butter |
| 1 tablespoon honey | 1 dessertspoon flour |
| 1 dessertspoon vinegar | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup marsala or sherry |
| 1 dessertspoon grated onion | 1 cup chicken stock |
| 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind | 6 olives |
| salt, pepper | |

Combine oil, honey, vinegar, grated onion, lemon rind, powdered ginger, pepper and salt; bring to the boil. Remove and cool. Take chicken and split in halves, place in basin. Pour mixture over chicken, cover, and allow to marinate several hours, occasionally turning the chicken. Grill over hot coals, basting frequently with same marinade liquid. To make the sauce, melt butter and add flour, cook over low heat 1 minute, gradually add the remaining marinade, also marsala or sherry, stock, slivered olives; simmer until sauce boils and thickens. Spoon over chicken.

Serves 4.



CHICKEN WITH GRAPES

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 4 boned chicken breasts | salt, pepper |
| seasoned flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. firm white grapes |
| 2oz. butter | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint dry white wine | chicken sauce (see below) |

Coat chicken breasts lightly with seasoned flour. Melt butter in pan, add chicken pieces, saute gently, turning frequently to avoid overcoloring. Cook until chicken is tender. Remove, keep warm.

Add wine to pan, stir well; increase heat; boil rapidly until wine is reduced by half. Reduce heat again, stir in the Chicken Sauce and cream. Cook, stirring until well combined; do not allow to boil. Season to taste. Arrange chicken on hot serving platter, coat with the sauce.

The grapes can be skinned, halved, with seeds removed, and added to the sauce; or separated into small bunches, warmed slightly, and served as a garnish.

Chicken Sauce: Melt 1 tablespoon butter in pan, stir in 2 tablespoons flour. Cook, stirring until mixture colors slightly. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot chicken stock gradually, stirring continually. Cook, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens; reduce heat, simmer few minutes. Season to taste.

Serves 4.

CHICKEN PATTIES

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1 small egg | egg glazing |
| 1 tablespoon cream | breadcrumbs |
| 1 firmly packed cup finely minced cooked chicken | 1 cup white sauce |
| salt, pepper | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery |
| | oil for frying |

Lightly beat egg, mix with cream, minced chicken, and seasonings. Form into flat patties; dip into egg glaze, then breadcrumbs. Fry in hot oil until well browned. Stir celery into well-seasoned white sauce. Serve patties hot with sauce poured over.

Serves 4.

ROAST CHICKEN

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 chicken (3 $\frac{1}{2}$ -4lb.) | 2-3 rashers bacon |
| prepared stuffing | 1 cup chicken stock |
| salt, pepper | butter |

Fill chicken at neck end with prepared stuffing, truss; place in baking dish. Dot breast and legs with butter, and arrange bacon rashers across bird. Roast in moderate oven 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until bird is tender. Remove bacon 15 minutes before end of cooking time.

When bird is tender, transfer to warm serving dish, keep hot. Remove fat from pan drippings; add stock to baking dish and simmer, stirring, 2 to 3 minutes. Season and strain into sauce boat.

Serves 4 to 6.

JAPAN

CHICKEN ON SKEWERS

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 4lb. chicken or 4lb. chicken pieces | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soy sauce |
| 1 bunch shallots | 2 tablespoons dry sherry |
| 1 teaspoon grated fresh ginger | 1 dessertspoon sugar |

Cut meat from chicken into 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes. Cut shallots into 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lengths. Mix together soy sauce, sherry, sugar, and ginger. If desired, stand chicken in this marinade for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before cooking. Place chicken pieces and shallots alternately on skewers, and cook under hot grill, basting frequently with sherry mixture and turning often. (If chicken stands in marinade, the flavor is accentuated, and the chicken meat is darkened.)

Serves 4.

INDIA

MADRAS CHICKEN CURRY

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|
| 3lb. chicken pieces | 1 tablespoon curry powder |
| 2 onions | 1 cup chicken stock or water |
| 2 tablespoons butter | salt |
| 1 clove garlic | 1 teaspoon lemon juice |
| 2 slices green ginger | |

Peel onions, cut into thin slices. Heat butter, add onions, cook until lightly golden. Add crushed garlic, crushed ginger, and curry powder. Cook, stirring a few minutes. Add the chicken pieces, brown lightly. Add stock or water, cover, cook until chicken is tender. Add a little more stock or water during cooking, if necessary; but, like all curries from Madras, this is a dry curry. Season to taste, stir in lemon juice. Serves 4.

CHICKEN CURRY

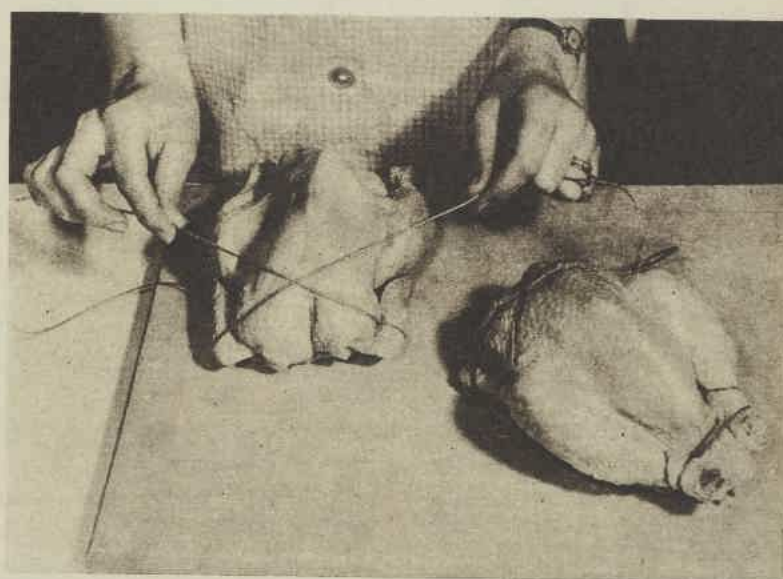
- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------------|
| 4lb. chicken pieces | 2 tomatoes |
| 3oz. butter | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 4 onions, chopped | 2 dessertspoons curry powder |
| 3 cloves garlic | 1 dessertspoon paprika |
| 2 bayleaves | 2 cups water |
| 1 teaspoon cinnamon | 1 tablespoon flour |
| 6 whole cloves | |

Heat butter in frying pan, add onions and crushed garlic, brown lightly. Add bayleaves, cinnamon, and cloves; cover and cook 5 minutes. Add chicken pieces, then peeled, quartered tomatoes, salt, curry powder, paprika, and water, stir gently. Cover, simmer gently until chicken is tender. When cooked, stir in flour blended with a little cold water, bring to the boil, and boil 1 minute. Serves 6.

How to joint a chicken



How to truss a chicken



MANY chicken recipes call for the chicken to be jointed, or cut into sections. Here's how to do it.

You'll need a good sharp knife and a pair of poultry shears or strong pair of kitchen scissors.

A chicken will joint into 8 sections: 2 legs, 2 wings, 2 breast portions, and the backbone, which is split into 2 pieces.

To remove legs: Cut through skin connecting leg to body; bend leg out, away from body, find the joint where leg hinges, cut through this (there is no need to cut any bone).

To remove wings: Cut a slice of breast meat with the wing to make a better serving portion, then bend wing away from body to find joint where wing joins body; cut through this. Fold wing into a neat shape with breast meat tucked under.

To remove breast: Separate breast and back by cutting through rib-bones along each side of body. Cut down centre of breastbone to divide breast in 2; trim away excess skin and fat. (These breast portions, when removed from the bone, are called the supremes.)

The backbone: Break back in 2 where ribs end. These back portions are generally not considered as individual serving portions, but can be served to accompany another portion, such as a wing. Or they can be used to make soup, etc.

For many recipes — particularly those to be served with a white or cream sauce — some cooks prefer to remove the skin of the chicken before cooking. However, for those recipes where the chicken pieces are browned before cooking, the skin browns more easily and gives protection to the juicy meat beneath.

TRUSSING a chicken keeps the legs and wings in shape during cooking and gives the bird a neat appearance when presented on the table.

Before beginning to truss a bird, some cooks prefer to remove the sinews from the legs (these shrink and contract during cooking and cause shrinkage and a toughening of the flesh). To do this, carefully cut through skin from foot up leg to expose the sinews and, using a spoon handle or skewer, tuck under a sinew, twist to hold firm, then pull strongly (some are

very hard to remove). Now cut foot away from leg.

To truss: Check inside bird and remove neck and giblets; rinse, dry.

Fold neck flesh under bird, tuck in place with wings. Pull flap of flesh over tail end of bird.

Place string or cotton under bird, bring round wings and cross at the front. Take string under bird again, cross at the back, then bring up and around legs, tie a knot to hold firm.

When chicken is cooked, cut away string or cotton with scissors, then carve chicken as required.

CHINA

CHICKEN CHOW MEIN

(Picture on this page)

3lb. chicken	1lb. prawns
1lb. lean pork	1 teaspoon brandy
1/2 cabbage	or dry sherry
1 onion	1 dessertspoon
2-3 sticks celery	cornflour
1 green pepper	1 clove garlic
pinch monosodium	4 tablespoons oil
glutamate	1/2 cup water
1 1/2 teaspoons soy	salt, pepper
sauce	

Shred uncooked chicken and pork, sprinkle with salt. Add monosodium glutamate, soy sauce, brandy or sherry, 1/2 teaspoon of the cornflour, and 1 teaspoon oil, mixing well. Cut onion into thin semi-circles, shred cabbage, and chop celery and green pepper. Heat remaining oil in pan, add garlic, chicken, and pork, cook 5 minutes. Sprinkle with pepper, add onions, cabbage, celery, green pepper. Fry until onions are soft. Add prawns. Mix remaining cornflour with water, add to the pan, and bring to the boil, stirring gently. Serve on top of the fried noodles.

Serves 4 to 6.

FRIED NOODLES

(Picture on this page)

1/2lb. fine, dried egg	salt
noodles	oil for frying
boiling water	

Drop noodles into large saucepan of rapidly boiling salted water; stir with chopsticks or fork to separate, cook 3 to 4 minutes; drain well. Arrange a clean teatowel over a wire cake cooler, spread the noodles over this to drain, and dry well. Leave at least 6 hours.

When ready to serve, drop noodles, a few at a time, into hot oil. (To ensure thorough cooking, it is best to fry the noodles in 3 or 4 lots.)

CHINESE LEMON CHICKEN

3lb. chicken	water
juice 1 lemon	1 tablespoon honey
5 slices green	1 dessertspoon
ginger	cornflour
salt	juice 1/2 lemon
2 shallots, chopped	(extra)
pinch monosodium	oil for deep frying
glutamate	

Put in a saucepan enough water to cover chicken and add lemon juice, ginger, shallots, salt, and monosodium glutamate. Bring to the boil, reduce heat, simmer 15 minutes. Put chicken in pot and simmer, covered, 30 minutes, then remove, and drain well. Combine the honey, cornflour, juice of extra 1/2 lemon, and 1 pint water. Brush over chicken, then hang chicken up to dry. Leave overnight, if possible. Next day, deep-fry chicken in hot oil until skin is golden brown and crisp. Drain; cut into serving pieces.

Serves 4.

CHICKEN CHOP SUEY

3lb. chicken (or	1 onion
chicken pieces)	1lb. carrots
1 small green	1lb. green beans
cabbage	oil
1 large can bean	chicken stock
sprouts	salt
1/2 small bunch	1 dessertspoon
celery	cornflour

Steam chicken until tender, cool, remove meat from bones, and cut into large dice.

Shred cabbage, slice celery, carrots, beans diagonally; chop onion, drain bean sprouts. Heat oil in large pan, add vegetables, saute until just tender but still crisp; season with salt. Add chicken pieces and just sufficient chicken stock to cover. Reheat gently, then thicken with cornflour which has been blended with a little water; simmer for few minutes. Serves 4.



● Chicken Chow Mein, a combination of tender chicken, prawns, and vegetables, is served on a bed of fried Chinese noodles.

IMPERIAL CHICKEN

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 3lb. chicken | 1 dessertspoon soy sauce (extra) |
| 1 dessertspoon honey | 1 dessertspoon cornflour |
| 1 teaspoon soy sauce | 1 tablespoon water |
| 1 tablespoon oil | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mandarin sections |
| 3 sticks celery | 1 tablespoon chopped parsley |
| 1 onion | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched toasted almonds |
| 4 water chestnuts | |
| 1 cup chicken stock | |
| 2 tablespoons sugar | |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wine vinegar | |

Place chicken on rack in baking dish in moderately slow oven, and roast 2 hours. Half an hour before it is done, rub skin well with mixture of honey and soy sauce, return chicken to oven, and increase heat to hot. Cook until skin is crisp and golden. Joint chicken and keep warm. Heat oil in frying pan, fry sliced celery, onion, and water chestnuts quickly, about 2 minutes, stirring frequently. Add chicken stock, sugar, vinegar, soy sauce; mix in. Blend cornflour with water and stir into pan; cook until mixture comes to boil and thickens. Add chicken pieces and mandarin sections, cover, and cook until heated through. Add parsley, transfer to serving dish, and sprinkle with almonds. Serves 4.

BEGGAR'S CHICKEN

(Picture on this page)

This is one of the renowned dishes of the Orient, and visitors to Hong Kong or other parts of the East take away with them the memory of this dish—the tenderest, most succulent of all chicken dishes.

The legend is that, in ancient China, beggars who stole chickens had to devise some way to hide them while they were being cooked, to escape detection. So they buried the chicken in a hole filled with hot coals and covered the hole with sand or soil.

The chicken, complete with feathers, was encased in clay and thrown into the hot fire. When cooked, the clay was broken

away, taking the feathers with it, leaving behind the steaming brown chicken.

Today, a few refinements are added to this method, and we set them out below.

It's the perfect dish for a summer barbecue—it will make yours the barbecue of the season! For a teenagers' barbecue, let each prepare his own chicken, mark the clay or mud with his name or sign, and let each teenager do his or her own baking in the coals.

Beggar's Chicken can also be baked in the oven.

Modelling clay can be used as the surround, but this makes the dish rather expensive—the clay is about 95 cents for 5lb., and you'll need 4 to 5lb. for each chicken. However, ordinary clay—or mud—can be used; it will not touch the chicken, which is well protected with aluminium foil. (Banana leaves, well greased, can be used in place of foil; in China, lotus leaves are used.)

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 3lb. chicken | 1 teaspoon stock flour |
| 3 shallots | water |
| 1 teaspoon sugar | 3oz. butter |
| 1 in. piece green ginger | 1 dessertspoon brandy |
| 4 tablespoons soy sauce | pinch ground ginger |

Chop shallots; combine with sugar, crushed green ginger, soy sauce, and stock. Spoon into chicken. (One cup of cooked rice can also be mixed in.) Secure vent with small skewer. Make a paste of flour and water (about 2 tablespoons flour and 1 of water). Spread over vent to seal as securely as possible. Rub chicken well with softened butter, combined with brandy and ginger (a little crushed garlic can also be added); rub in well. Wrap chicken

● Seasoned with ginger, soy sauce, and shallots, Beggar's Chicken is wrapped in foil, then in clay, and baked. It's fine for a barbecue.

in well-buttered foil, securing like a parcel so no steam can escape during cooking.

If using modelling clay, roll out to about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Place chicken in centre and fold clay around, smoothing to make sure there are no holes through which steam can escape. Try not to have overlapping areas of clay which are too thick to allow the heat through easily. (You may need to dampen the clay a little to work it easily.)

If using soft clay or mud, simply mould this round the chicken to form a tight seal.

To bake in oven: Place clay-wrapped chicken on oven slide. Bake in hot oven. Cooking time will depend on size of bird. Allow 2 hours for 3lb. chicken.

To cook in barbecue coals: Place clay-wrapped chicken in hot coals, cover with more hot coals; the chicken should be buried, with the heat covering all sides.

Cooking time will depend on size of bird and heat of fire. Allow approximately 1 hour for 3lb. chicken in hot fire.

To test when cooked: The steam inside the clay will sizzle and "sing" when chicken is cooked. Listen for this at the end of cooking times indicated above. Lift chicken from barbecue coals on a shovel; the sizzling sound can be plainly heard. If not sizzling, return to fire for further cooking.

To serve: Break clay gently with mallet or hammer, remove from round chicken, handle carefully, it's hot! Lift the foil-wrapped chicken on to plate or into basket, peel back foil from top of chicken, or tear it away; forks are handy for this.

Allow one 3lb. chicken for two people; smaller chickens for individual serves.

Green salad, crusty bread, a foil-wrapped baked potato are good accompaniments.



CHICKEN COOK BOOK — Page 7



MEXICO

MEXICAN CHICKEN

(Picture at right)

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3lb. chicken pieces | 1 cup uncooked rice |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 4 cups chicken stock |
| 1 teaspoon paprika | 1 bayleaf |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil | 1 red pepper |
| 1oz. butter | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup black olives |
| 1 teaspoon saffron | 1 cup peas |

Season chicken with salt and paprika. Heat oil and saute chicken until lightly browned. Remove chicken and drain off oil. Melt butter, add saffron and rice. Cook 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add stock, cover, and simmer 10 minutes. Return chicken to pan, add bayleaf, chopped red pepper, and olives. Cover and simmer 45 to 50 minutes or until chicken is tender. About 15 minutes before end of cooking time, add the peas.

Serves 4.

- Mexican Chicken has a rich color and wonderful flavor. It contains rice, saffron, black olives, red pepper, paprika, and peas.





The Australian Women's Weekly, 1967

RUSSIA

CHICKEN KIEV

(Picture at left)

4 fillets chicken	1½ cups breadcrumbs
½ lb. very cold hard butter	salt
½ cup milk	oil for frying
2 eggs	

To fillet chicken: Lay bird on its back. Remove skin from breast and, with very sharp knife, cut out white meat, including top section of the wing with the bone as far down as the joint. Lift out small fillet carefully. Remove any sinews, pound fillet gently to about ¼ in. thickness. Be careful not to separate meat from wingbone. One chicken will give 2 fillets; remainder of bird can be used for soup or other dishes.

In the centre of each fillet put strip of cold butter about 2 in. long and ¾ in. thick. It is essential that butter be kept refrigerated until the moment of using, so it is best to cut strips first and keep them cold until needed.

Roll meat carefully round butter, with the wingbone sticking out like the stalk of a pear. It should look like a small lamb cutlet with the bone. Make sure butter is completely sealed in meat. Dip into egg beaten with milk and salt, roll firmly in breadcrumbs. Dip again in egg mixture, then in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in hot oil 7 to 10 minutes. (Cooking time will depend on size and thickness of chicken fillet.) Serve immediately.

Serves 4.

Note: In some shops it's possible to obtain what is known as "breast-wing" of chicken; this is a combination of chicken breast with wings. These are ideal for Chicken Kiev.

● Chicken Kiev, a world-famous recipe, has a solid pat of butter in each chicken breast, which melts during cooking to form the sauce.

HUNGARY

CHICKEN PAPRIKA

3lb. chicken
1 dessertspoon salt
3 cups water
1 tablespoon butter
1 onion

1 to 2 teaspoons paprika
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vinegar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken stock
salt, pepper
2 tablespoons sour cream

Cut the chicken into serving pieces. Dissolve the salt in the water and pour over chicken in bowl. Let stand 15 minutes; drain and dry the chicken. In frying pan, melt the butter. Finely chop the onion and saute in the butter until soft. Add paprika and vinegar. Add the chicken pieces and stock, cover, and simmer 35 minutes or until tender. Remove chicken pieces, add salt and pepper and sour cream to sauce, heat thoroughly, and serve with chicken. Serve with hot noodles.

Serves 4.

CHICKEN IN SOUR CREAM

2 to 2½lb. chicken
2oz. butter or substitute
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 dessertspoon paprika

pinch pepper
2 tablespoons water
1 tablespoon flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, extra
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream

Split chicken in half. Combine flour with salt, pepper, and paprika; roll chicken halves in this until well coated. Melt butter in pan. Dip chicken pieces in melted butter, then arrange in pan, skin side up. Bake in moderate oven until tender and browned. Remove, keep warm.

Add water to pan, stir to mix well with pan drippings. Blend in 1 tablespoon flour, extra paprika, and sour cream. Bring to boil, stirring constantly; season. Spoon over chicken. Serves 2.

Page 10 — CHICKEN COOK BOOK

CHICKEN TETRAZZINI

3lb. chicken
1 cup water or chicken stock
1 cup dry white wine
1 onion
1 bayleaf
pinch thyme
pepper, salt

2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spaghetti
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms
extra 2 tablespoons butter
1 cup cream
1 tablespoon sherry

Gently poach chicken in combined wine and water, with chopped onion, bayleaf, thyme, pepper and salt. When tender, cool, drain, strain the stock, and reserve. Remove the flesh from the chicken bones and cut into thin pieces. Melt the butter, stir in the flour, and cook over gentle heat 2 minutes. Gradually add the reserved stock, stirring continuously, until mixture boils and thickens. Cook a few minutes, then stand aside.

Cook spaghetti in plenty of boiling salted water until tender; drain thoroughly, place in deep hot serving bowl. Finely slice the mushrooms, melt extra butter in

frying pan, and saute the mushrooms gently until tender. Drain the mushrooms and add to the sauce with the sliced chicken and seasoning to taste. Reheat until nearly boiling. Stir in the cream and sherry and stir over heat until heated thoroughly. Pour over spaghetti, serve.

Serves 4.

CHICKEN MILANESE

2 chicken breasts, boned
seasoned flour
1 egg

3 tablespoons butter
fine breadcrumbs
chopped parsley

Remove skin from chicken pieces, trim, and flatten. Dip in seasoned flour, then in beaten egg and breadcrumbs. Heat butter in pan, add chicken pieces, cook until golden brown. Put on to hot serving dishes, pour over remaining hot butter from pan, sprinkle with parsley. Serve with lemon wedges.

Serves 2 or 4 (depending on whether 1 or 2 chicken pieces are allowed for each serving).

ITALY

CHICKEN WITH MARSALA

3lb. chicken pieces
2oz. butter
2 rashers bacon
1 stick celery
4 tomatoes
salt, pepper

1 crushed clove garlic
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup marsala chicken stock
1 small aubergine
1 red pepper

Cut unpeeled aubergine into 1in. squares, sprinkle with salt, let stand 1 hour.

Meanwhile, heat butter in pan, add the chopped bacon, chopped celery, and chicken pieces; cook until chicken is well browned. Add peeled, chopped tomatoes, garlic, salt and pepper. Cook few minutes. Stir in marsala, let cook 10 minutes. Add enough chicken stock just to cover chicken, cover, simmer slowly 20 minutes. Then add the aubergine, which has been rinsed to remove surplus salt. Continue cooking until chicken is tender, adding the red pepper, which has been cut into slivers, toward the end of the cooking time.

Serves 4.

OVEN-BAKED WINE CHICKEN

3lb. chicken pieces
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon oil
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon
3 tomatoes

1 crushed clove garlic
1 dessertspoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon basil
salt, pepper
1 cup white wine

Heat oil and butter in pan, add chicken pieces, brown well on all sides. Arrange in greased casserole. Remove rind from bacon, cut into large pieces; cut tomatoes into thick slices. Arrange bacon and tomato over chicken pieces, sprinkle with parsley, garlic, basil, salt and pepper. Spoon over any of the butter-oil mixture from pan, pour in wine. Cover, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes, or until chicken is tender.

Serves 4.

BURMA

BURMESE CHICKEN CURRY

3lb. chicken pieces
2 tablespoons oil
4 onions
1 cup water

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each turmeric, ginger, paprika, salt, cayenne

Heat oil in pan, add chicken, very finely chopped onions, spices, and water. Lower heat, cook until chicken is tender

(approximately 25 minutes), turning occasionally. Serve with hot rice. A nice accompaniment is Spiced Peaches.

Serves 4.

Spiced Peaches: Empty 1 small can of peach halves with syrup into saucepan. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wine vinegar, 1 stick of cinnamon, 1 teaspoon whole cloves. Bring to boil slowly, then remove from heat. Just before serving, heat again gently.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 15, 1967

CHICKEN CACCIATORA

(Picture on this page)

3lb. chicken	½ lb. mushrooms
2 tablespoons oil	2 large onions
2 cloves garlic	1lb. tomatoes
salt and pepper	½ cup red wine
¼ teaspoon oregano	

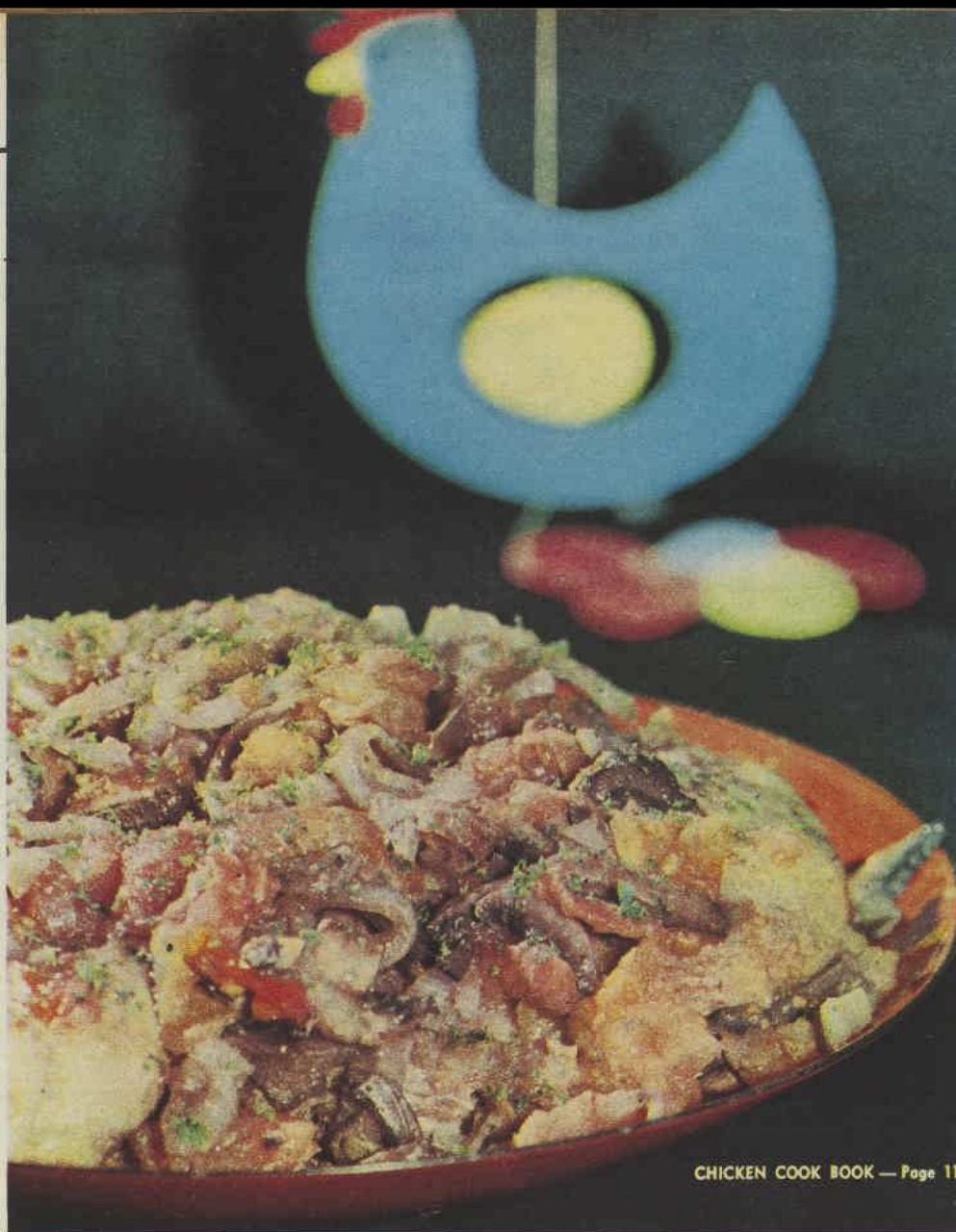
Cut the chicken into serving pieces. Heat the oil in a pan and add the crushed garlic, sliced onions, and mushrooms; brown lightly. Remove and reserve. Add the chicken pieces and brown on all sides. Return the onions and mushrooms to the pan. Peel and chop the tomatoes, and add with the salt, pepper, and oregano. Pour in the red wine, bring to boil, cover, and simmer for ½ hour. Uncover and simmer for 15 to 20 minutes longer or until sauce is reduced and chicken very tender. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, if desired.

Serve with hot well-drained noodles or with hot fluffy rice.

Note: A small can of tomatoes and their liquid can be used instead of fresh tomatoes. Three pounds of chicken pieces already cut can be used instead of the whole chicken.

Serves 4.

● A famous chicken dish from Italy, this Chicken Cacciatore cooks with mushrooms, tomatoes, red wine.



FRANCE

CHICKEN PROVENCALE

3lb. chicken
2 tablespoons oil
1 large tomato
1 large onion
1 clove garlic
white wine
1 bayleaf
pinch thyme
pepper, salt
slices french bread
butter

Cut chicken into joints. Peel and chop onion and tomato, crush garlic. Heat oil in saucepan, brown chicken pieces all over. Add tomato, onion, and garlic, saute a few minutes, then pour in enough white wine barely to cover chicken. Add bayleaf and thyme, pepper and salt; bring to the boil, reduce heat, cover, and simmer gently until chicken is tender (about 40 minutes). Remove chicken pieces, keep warm, and reduce sauce to a thick consistency by boiling uncovered for several minutes; return chicken pieces. Saute slices of bread in hot butter in frying pan. Serve with chicken. Boiled new potatoes and green salad are good accompaniments.
Serves 4.

CHICKEN MARENGO

3lb. chicken
2 tablespoons oil
2 cloves garlic
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups dry white wine
1 cup chicken stock
pepper, salt
pinch mixed herbs
½lb. sliced mushrooms
¼ cup chopped shallots
3 tomatoes

Cut chicken into serving pieces, heat oil in pan, crush garlic into pan, and brown chicken pieces on all sides; remove from pan. Stir flour into oil, cook a few minutes, then add wine and stock gradually, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens. Season with pepper, salt, and mixed herbs, add sliced mushrooms, chopped shallots, and peeled and chopped tomatoes. Cook about 5 minutes, then return chicken to the pan, cover, and simmer 45 minutes or until chicken is tender.
Serves 4.

FRENCH ROAST CHICKEN

(Picture on page 1)

3lb. chicken
giblets
prepared stuffing
4oz. softened butter
½ pint stock or water
salt, pepper

Fill chicken at neck end with prepared stuffing, truss; spread legs and breast with softened butter. Place in baking dish with giblets and stock or water. Roast in moderately hot oven until chicken is well browned and tender, basting and turning frequently and adding extra water or stock if this reduces too much. Transfer cooked bird to hot serving platter. Strain pan juices into saucepan, skim well, bring to the boil, cook 1 or 2 minutes, season to taste, serve with chicken.
Serves 4.

COQ AU VIN

2 2½lb. chickens
2oz. butter
½lb. lean salt pork
12 tiny onions
salt, pepper
½lb. sliced mushrooms
1-2 cloves crushed garlic
1-3rd cup brandy
1 bottle dry red wine
bouquet garni
1oz. extra butter
2 tablespoons flour

Joint the chickens. Heat butter in heavy saucepan, add diced pork and peeled, blanched, and drained onions. Cook a few minutes, then add chicken joints; brown well, season. Add mushrooms and garlic, cook 5 minutes. Drain off all excess fat, add brandy, heat, and ignite. Then add red wine and bouquet garni. Transfer to casserole, cover; bake in moderate oven 40 minutes or until chicken is tender. Mix extra butter with flour and add gradually to sauce to thicken it. Stir over heat a few minutes. Check seasoning, serve from the casserole. Serve with hot garlic bread and a tossed green salad.
Serves 6.

FRENCH CHICKEN PIE

4lb. chicken
½lb. bacon
(rind removed)
1 medium-sized can champignons or ½lb. fresh mushrooms
1 onion
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
salt, pepper
½lb. rich shortcrust pastry
½lb. puff pastry
egg-yolk for glazing

If using fresh mushrooms, slice, saute in a little butter. Cut chicken into joints. Wrap each piece of chicken in rasher of bacon. Line deep ovenproof dish with the rolled shortcrust pastry. Arrange chicken pieces, mushrooms, sliced onion, parsley, salt and pepper in pastry-lined dish. Roll out puff pastry, cover top of pie; trim and decorate edges. Make rose and leaves from pastry trimmings. Brush top of pie with egg glazing. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate and cook further 1½ hours.
Serves 6.

CHICKEN BONNE FEMME

3lb. chicken
2 tablespoons butter
4oz. bacon
12 little white onions
12 button mushrooms
1 tablespoon flour
2 cups chicken stock
salt, pepper
bouquet garni
12 small new potatoes

Cut chicken into joints, heat butter in frying pan, and saute chicken pieces until brown on all sides; remove. Place diced bacon, whole onions, and mushrooms in pan, brown slightly all over. Add flour, stir in well, cook a minute or two, then gradually add chicken stock, stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Add chicken pieces and seasoning. Cover and simmer 30 minutes, then add potatoes and cook another 30 minutes, covered, or until potatoes and chicken are tender.
Serves 4.

CHICKEN CHASSEUR

3lb. chicken
1 tablespoon butter
3 shallots
½lb. mushrooms
2 large tomatoes
½ cup dry white wine
1 cup chicken stock
salt, pepper
flour

Joint the chicken, chop the shallots, slice the mushrooms, peel and chop the tomatoes. Dredge the chicken pieces in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Heat butter in frying pan, saute chicken pieces gently, browning lightly on all sides. Remove chicken pieces from pan and reserve. Add shallots and mushrooms, cook a few minutes, then add tomatoes, wine, and stock. Return chicken to the pan, bring to boil, then reduce heat, cover pan, and simmer until chicken is tender. Taste and adjust seasoning.
Serves 4.

CHICKEN GRANDMERE

3lb. chicken
1 tablespoon butter
1 onion, finely chopped
½lb. sausage meat
1 chicken liver, chopped
2 tablespoons breadcrumbs
pinch rosemary
pinch thyme
pepper, salt
½lb. bacon, finely chopped
2 tablespoons butter (extra)
8 small white onions
½lb. potatoes

Melt the tablespoon of butter in large pan, saute chopped onion until tender. Stir in sausage meat, chicken liver, breadcrumbs, spices, salt and pepper to taste. Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Fill the chicken with this stuffing, and truss the bird. Saute chopped bacon in large frying pan; remove. Melt extra butter with bacon fat. Brown chicken well on all sides; remove and place in casserole. Saute onions and sliced potatoes until lightly golden, adding extra butter, if necessary. Spoon vegetables, juices, and bacon around chicken in casserole. Cover, bake in moderately slow oven 1 to 1½ hours or until chicken is tender.
Serves 4.

CHICKEN FRICASSEE

(Picture on this page)

3lb. chicken	salt, pepper
2 tablespoons	4oz. sliced
butter or	mushrooms
substitute	extra 1 tablespoon
1 clove garlic	butter or
(crushed)	substitute
1 cup dry white	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
wine	2 tablespoons plain
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chicken	flour
stock	2 tablespoons
3 shallots	cream
(chopped)	

Cut chicken into serving pieces, season with salt and pepper. Melt butter or substitute in large pan, add chicken joints, and cook until a light brown on all sides. Add crushed garlic, wine, chicken stock, shallots, salt and pepper, cover and cook gently until chicken is tender.

Melt extra butter or substitute in separate pan and saute sliced mushrooms until half cooked; drain.

When chicken is tender, remove joints from pan, blend flour with the milk, add gradually to pan, stir over gentle heat until sauce thickens. Return chicken pieces to pan, add mushrooms, reheat, and adjust seasoning if necessary. Just before serving, add cream, keep hot but do not boil.

Serves 4.

CHICKEN WITH APRICOTS

3lb. chicken	2 tablespoons
1 small can apricots	chicken stock
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy	1 teaspoon butter

Roast chicken in usual way, remove from pan, keep warm. Drain apricots, reserving syrup. Add apricots to pan and heat through; add heated brandy, flame. When the flame dies out, stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the reserved syrup. Add chicken stock, heat through, swirl in butter.

If desired, fresh apricots, cooked and stoned, can be used.

Serves 4.



● Chicken Fricassee in the French manner is first sauteed, then wine, stock, and garlic are added. It is served in creamy mushroom sauce.

AMERICA

CHICKEN MARYLAND

3lb. chicken
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seasoned flour
 1 egg
 little milk
 1 cup breadcrumbs
 2oz. butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil

Beat the egg in a little milk. Cut chicken into joints, roll in seasoned flour, dip in the beaten egg, then coat with crumbs. Heat butter and oil in heatproof casserole, add chicken pieces, saute until golden on all sides. Drain off excess oil, cover casserole, cook in moderate oven until tender (about 30-45 minutes). Serve with fried bananas, corn fritters, bacon rolls, and grilled tomato halves.

Serves 4.

CHICKEN CLUB SANDWICH

For each sandwich: 3 slices bread, cut fairly thickly
 slices cold cooked chicken
 butter
 mayonnaise
 grilled bacon slice
 tomato slices
 lettuce leaves

Toast 3 slices of bread lightly, spread with butter. Cover first slice with sliced cooked chicken, spread with mayonnaise and cover with a second slice of toast. Spread this second slice with mayonnaise, cover with grilled bacon, and thin slices of seasoned tomato, top with the third slice of toast. Cut diagonally into halves or quarters, garnish with lettuce cup filled with mayonnaise.

● There's an individual bird for each person in Chicken in a Basket. Serve it with fried onion rings and potato crisps, heated in the oven.

CHICKEN IN A BASKET

(Picture on this page)

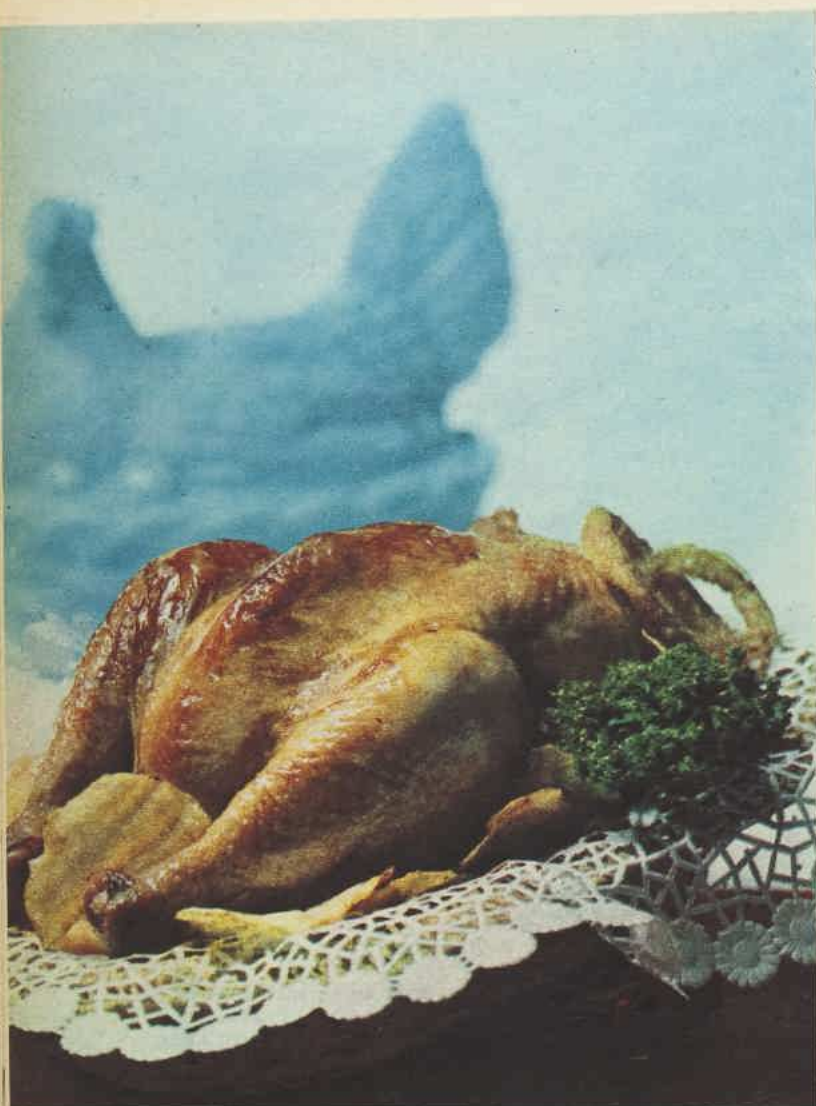
One of the most popular chicken dishes, particularly for a small, informal party. Allow one small chicken (about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) for each person; roast in usual way. Serve in small basket, lined with paper napkin. Packaged potato crisps (heat them in oven first) and fried onion rings are the correct accompaniments.

Chicken in the Basket is finger food, so serve finger bowls filled with warm water, with a slice of lemon floating in the water. As the water cools, the lemon can be used to remove any grease from fingers.

There's a correct way to eat this dish: Break off one leg first, break this into bite-size pieces. Eat this before breaking off any further pieces. In this way, the chicken retains its heat.

One hand only should be used to convey food to the mouth. Rinse fingers often in the finger bowl. Make sure the dinner napkins are a good, big size.

Fried Onion Rings (sufficient for 4 persons): Peel 2 large onions, cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ in. slices. Separate rings, place in bowl, cover with milk, allow to stand 30 minutes (this reduces the strong onion flavor); drain. Coat each ring with seasoned flour, drop into deep, hot oil, cook until golden. Best to fry a few rings at a time; be sure pan is not over-crowded.



INTERNATIONAL DISHES



CREOLE CHICKEN GUMBO

- 3lb. chicken pieces or 1 large chicken
- 1 cup oil
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 small can tomato paste
- 2½ cups chicken stock or water
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 dessertspoon lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon thyme
- ½ cup chopped celery
- ½ cup chopped shallots
- 1 green pepper
- 1 red pepper
- 1lb. shelled prawns
- ½ cup chopped parsley

If using one whole chicken, cut it into serving-sized pieces. Heat oil, add chicken pieces; cook, turning occasionally, until chicken is well browned on all sides. Remove from pan, set aside. Add chopped onion and crushed garlic to pan, saute until transparent. Stir in flour; cook, stirring, until flour is lightly golden. Stir in stock and tomato paste, mix well. Add chicken, salt, lemon juice, pepper, and thyme. Cook, covered, over low heat 1 hour, or until chicken is almost tender. Add prawns, celery, chopped peppers, and shallots; simmer 15 to 20 minutes longer. (If using cooked prawns, add them for last 10 minutes of cooking.) Remove chicken to serving platter. Spoon sauce over. Sprinkle with parsley, serve with hot fluffy rice.

SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN

- 3lb. chicken pieces
- 1 cup flour
- 1 salt, pepper
- 1-3rd cup milk
- 1 egg (slightly beaten)
- oil for frying
- Cream Gravy

Sift flour with salt and pepper. Combine beaten egg and milk, stir into dry ingredients; mix thoroughly, coat chicken pieces, fry in lin. heated oil or shortening in heavy frying pan until brown on all sides. Cover pan, reduce heat, cook slowly until chicken is tender (30 to 45 minutes). Drain well, serve with the Cream Gravy. Recipe in next column.

CREAM GRAVY

- pan drippings from chicken
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1½ cups stock
- 1 cup cream
- salt, pepper

Skim off most of the drippings from pan, leaving about 2 tablespoons. Stir in flour; cook, stirring, until smooth. Combine cream and stock; slowly add to flour mixture, stirring constantly. Cook until smooth and thick. Season to taste.

Serves 4.

HAWAIIAN CHICKEN

- 4lb. chicken pieces
- ½ cup soy sauce
- ½ cup white wine
- juice 1 lemon
- 1 clove garlic
- ½ teaspoon curry powder
- ½ teaspoon ground ginger
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 4oz. butter or substitute
- 2 onions
- seasoned flour
- ¾lb. uncooked rice
- 1 large can pineapple slices
- 1oz. butter, extra
- ½ cup toasted slivered almonds
- 1 red pepper

Mix together soy sauce, ½ cup white wine, lemon juice, crushed garlic, curry powder, ginger, and pepper. Pour over chicken, marinate several hours, turning occasionally. Melt butter in frying pan and cook sliced onions until golden brown, remove onions. Dry chicken, coat with seasoned flour. Cook in frying pan until brown. Add onions and marinade, cover, and simmer gently 45 minutes or until tender, uncovering pan last 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, cook and drain rice and keep hot. Cut pineapple slices in half and brown in extra butter, also fry chopped pepper until soft.

To serve, mix rice, toasted almonds, and pepper. Heap on large serving platter, arrange chicken pieces and pineapple slices round edge. Add remaining ½ cup white wine to pan drippings, heat well, and pour over.

Serves 6.

● It's difficult to trace accurately from which countries the well-known and popular recipes in this section originated — but they all have the international appeal of good taste.

CHICKEN BREAST IN CHAMPAGNE

- 1 whole chicken breast
- flour
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 cup champagne
- salt, pepper
- 1 cup cream

Remove the bone from whole chicken breast, flatten out, and divide in two. Dredge with seasoned flour. Melt the butter in pan, saute the breast gently about 5 minutes on each side. Pour excess butter from pan, increase heat, and add the champagne. Cook quickly and reduce champagne by half, then add cream and cook gently, uncovered, until cream sauce is reduced and chicken tender.

Serves 2.

CHICKEN A LA KING

- 3-4lb. chicken
- ¼ green pepper
- 1oz. butter
- ¼lb. sliced mushrooms
- 1 dessertspoon grated onion
- 1 tablespoon flour
- salt
- ½ pint milk or cream
- ½ pint chicken stock
- 3 egg-yolks
- 1 dessertspoon lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- ½ teaspoon celery salt
- 2 tablespoons dry sherry

Steam chicken until tender; remove meat from bones and cut into large dice or pieces.

Remove pith and seeds from green pepper; blanch in boiling water 5 minutes. Drain and chop finely.

Heat butter in saucepan, add green pepper, mushrooms, and grated onion; saute a few minutes. Sprinkle in flour and salt, cook, stirring, 2 minutes. Gradually blend in milk or cream and stock; add chicken. Stir over gentle heat until sauce thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Stir a little of sauce into beaten egg-yolks, return to saucepan. Add lemon juice, paprika, and celery salt. Reheat very gently, stirring, but do not allow to boil. Just before serving, stir in sherry.

Serves 4 to 6.

CHICKEN WITH MUSHROOMS

- 3lb. chicken pieces
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons dry sherry
- ¼lb. sliced mushrooms
- oil for frying
- 1 large can condensed mushroom soup
- 1 tablespoon cornflour
- 2 tablespoons water

Combine soy sauce and sherry in bowl, marinate chicken in this mixture 1 hour, basting occasionally. Drain chicken, reserving marinade. Heat some oil in frying pan, brown chicken pieces on all sides; drain on absorbent paper. Place in saucepan with reserved marinade and mushroom soup. Bring to boil, then simmer, covered, 1 hour; add fresh mushrooms after 45 minutes. Remove chicken pieces, keep warm. Blend cornflour with water. Add to sauce, stir over heat until thickened. Spoon over chicken, serve with rice.

Serves 4.

Continued overleaf

CHICKEN COOK BOOK — Page 15



CHICKEN WITH WINE-CREAM SAUCE

(Picture on this page)

3-4lb. chicken	1½ tablespoons
salt, cayenne	flour
2oz. butter	1 tablespoon mar-
2 cups white wine	sala, madeira, or
½ cup chicken stock	sherry
1 bayleaf	½ cup shredded
1 dessertspoon	almonds
grated onion	½oz. extra butter
¾ cup cream	

Sprinkle chicken lightly with salt and cayenne; melt 1oz. butter and when hot add chicken and brown well on all sides. Add wine and chicken stock; turn chicken breast down, add bayleaf, onion. Cover, simmer 30 minutes or until tender but not falling from bone, turning once. Remove, and carve into slices. Strain pan juices, reduce over high heat until 1½ cups are left; check seasoning. In saucepan melt 1oz. butter, stir in flour, add the reduced juices, cream, and marsala, madeira, or sherry, bring just to the boil.

Melt extra butter in small saucepan, add almonds, saute until golden brown.

Arrange slices of chicken on heated serving dish, pour sauce over, and sprinkle with sauteed almonds. Serve immediately. Serves 4.

● Tender chicken slices, a creamy sauce and a topping of toasted almonds make this Chicken with Wine-Cream Sauce.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 15, 1967

Lay-by
now for
Christmas
giving

from the wonderful world of Cyclops



Cyclops
Playland

MOTOR CARS AND TRACTORS

Cyclops wheel toys are famous throughout Australia. They assist the correct development of young bodies in the formative ages, and give years and years of pleasure. Strong and durable, they are made to stand the rough and tumble of children's play and represent excellent value. Finished in colourful enamel, the pedal cars feature crank drive, safety rolled edges and chrome hub caps. For fun in the sun you can't look past Cyclops quality. Now is the time to lay-by at your favourite toyshop or store.



LIGHTNING
37½" long. One of the most popular pedal cars available. Brilliant red enamel finish, chrome plated bumper, streamlined carry bin, parking lights and windshield. Ages 3 to 7 years.



THUNDERBIRD
35" long, red enamelled all-steel body, white wheels and grille. With windshield, cushion tyres and laced wheels. Ages 2 to 6 years.



DART CAR
29" long, finished in red enamel with yellow wheels. This is the famous Cyclops lightweight for children 2 to 4 years.



PENTROPIC JEEP
35" long, jungle green enamel finish, white wheels. Complete with army markings, jerry can and tin helmet. Ages 3 to 7 years.

TRICYCLES

Ideal for girls and boys—Cyclops tricycles are bright and colourful, and provide years of exciting healthy outdoor fun with safety. Like all Cyclops products they're built to last!

*they
last and
last for
years and
years*



TAXI TRIKE
Ultimate in tandems! Built for two. Yellow and white trim, host of extras. Ages 4 to 7 years.



SUPER TRIKE
16" front wheel. Blue and white enamel. Electric siren, flag, mirror, mudflaps. Ages 4 to 7 years.



SUPER 16.
16" front wheel. Flamboyant blue enamel. Forged steel crank, step-up foot-plate. Ages 4 to 7
Also **SUPER 20** with 20" front wheel for age group, 5 to 9 years.



TRICYCLE 916
16" front wheel. Two-tone red and white enamel. Ages 4 to 7 years.

TRICYCLE TRAILER AVAILABLE
(See illustration on "DINKIES" page)



DART EXPRESS
29" long, red enamelled body, yellow wheels. Has locomotive front, smoke stack, cow catcher and other details. Ages 2 to 4 years.



TIP TRUCK
45" long, all-steel body in red enamel, blue tray, white wheels. There's hours of busy fun with the capacious tip tray. Ages 2 to 5 years.



FIRE CHIEF WAGGON
44" long, all-steel construction. Brilliant red enamel body, white wheels, adjustable rubber pedals, dummy telephone, helmet, electric siren, revolving drum and hose. Ages 3 to 7 years.



GENERAL'S JEEP
35" long, tough enamel finish, complete with jerry can, spare wheel, radio aerial, tin helmet, general's pennant and markings. Ages 3 to 7 years.



ARMY STAFF CAR
35" long, glossy enamel, moulded rubber tyres, field telephone, helmet and army markings. Ages 2 to 6 years.



TRAVELLER
39" long, ultra modern body, gleaming enamel, adjustable backrest and wind-shield. Ages 3 to 7 years.



MIGHTY TRACTOR
37" long, 15" balloon rear tyres. Moulded "steelstrong" plastic body, tubular steel frame, mudguards, sprung seat, gear lever, towing eye. Ages 5 to 9 years.



MIGHTY TRACTOR TRAILER
28" long, all-steel, nylon bearings.



COMET CAR
34" long, durable enamel finish and colourful transfers. As famous as the Cyclops name itself. Ages 2 to 5 years.



POLICE CAR
35" long, shining enamel, has moulded cushion tyres, windshield, bell and police emblems. Ages 2 to 6 years.



HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTOR
34" long, with large tractor type seat, large capacity tip bin, operated from driver's seat. Ages 2 to 5 years.



HARVESTER TRACTOR
28" long, "steel-strong" plastic body, steel frame, balloon rear tyres, mudguards, large tractor seat. Ages 3 to 5 years.



TRICYCLE 910
10" front wheel, moulded handgrips and streamers. Ages 2 to 4 yrs.



JUNIOR TANDEM
12" front wheel, enclosed passenger seat, adjustable saddle. Ages 3 to 5 years.



SIREN TRIKE
12" front wheel, tubular frame and adjustable saddle, electric horn, streamlined mudguard. Ages 4 to 6



TIPPER TRIKE
12" front wheel, tubular steel frame, lever operated large capacity tip tray with safety catch. Ages 4 to 6 years.



SIT-N-RIDE CYCLE
"Steel-tough" moulded plastic body. Weighs only 7 lbs. Ideal for tiny tots. Length 26".

SIT-N-RIDE LOCO ALSO AVAILABLE
(Length 26")



Cyclops Playland

TRICYCLES & BICYCLES

Cyclops bicycles are of advanced design, some units have detachable trainer wheels. All have steel frames, baked enamel finish, pneumatic or solid rubber tyres & adjustable seats.



FOLDABYKE
The size varies to suit the child!
A real bicycle with 11" pump-up
tyres. Has unique folding frame;
cable handbrake, parcel carrier, sawn saddle, flamboyant
colours, chrome trim. Ages 4 to 9 years.



PIRATE
12 1/2" spoked wheels. Gay red enamel and
chrome trim, pump-up tyre, parcel
carrier, handbrake. Ages 4 to 7 years.



BIN TRIKE
20" front wheel.
Blue frame, big red
carrying bin, white
wheels. Ages 5 to
9 years.



TRICYCLE 820
20" front wheel.
Two-tone blue and
white, white
wheels. Ages 5 to
9 years.



MUSTANG
12" wheels. Colourful
"steel-strong" moulded
plastic body.
Ages 4 to 7 years.



BANDIT
12" wheels. Blue frame,
white wheels, adjustable
saddle and chain.
Ages 3 to 5 years.



SENIOR PEDAL PUSHER
16" wheels. Gleaming
red enamel, white
wheels, shopping basket.
Ages 5 to 9 years.



JUNIOR PEDAL PUSHER
12" wheels. Gleaming
red enamel, white
wheels, shopping
basket. Ages 4
to 7 years.



**"MARVEL"
16" TWO WHEELER**
27 1/2" high. Flashing enamel
colours, 16" wheels, pneumatic
tyres, free-wheel, back-pedal
brake. Ages 5 to 9 years.
(Girls' model also
available.)



TRICYCLE 912
12 1/2" front
wheel. Red and
white. Chrome
hub caps.
Ages 3 to 5
years.



TRICYCLE 816
16" front
wheel. Red and
white enamel.
Ages 4 to 7
years.



TRICYCLE 2168
16" front
wheel. Blue
and white.
12" x 12"
steel bin.
Ages 4 to 7
years.



TRICYCLE 212
12 1/2" front wheel. Red enamel,
white wheels, tubular handlebars.
Ages 3 to 5 years.



TRICYCLE 2128
As model 212,
but with capacious
steel bin.



SUPER 117
17" front wheel.
Flamboyant blue enamel.
"Hi-Riser" handlebars.
Ages 4 to 9 years.



TRICYCLE 117
17" spoked wheels. Flamboyant
blue enamel frame, white mud-
guards, chrome handlebars,
sprung adjustable saddle,
chain drive with guards,
rubber pedals.
Ages 4 to 9 years.



TRICYCLE 116
16" spoked wheels.
Red enamel frame,
white mudguards,
adjustable saddle
and chain guard.
Ages 4 to 9 years.



ATLAS
12" front wheel.
Blue and white.
Front mudguard.
Ages 4 to 6 years.



SENIOR TANDEM
16" front wheel.
Red and white.
Passenger seat,
lots of leg room.
Ages 4 to 7 years.

PRAMS, STROLLERS & BASSINETTES

All "young mothers" like to keep house and every doll needs a Cyclops pram or stroller. Most prams have steel bodies, enamel finish and folding hoods.



FANTASY
22" body, delightful plastic shades.

JUNIOR AIRLINE
Woven lift-out cane body, spring suspension.

FIESTA
16" white enamel body, blue wheels.



FANFARE
22" body, washable fabric.



STROLLER CRIS No. 5
24" lift-out folding body.



STROLLER CRIS No. 6
24" lift-out body, folds completely flat.



DOLL FOLDER 22
22" body, easy-folding action.



DOLL FOLDER 24
24" body, folding frame, attractive colours.



DOLL FOLDER 18
18" body, printed fabric cover.



TEENA STROLLER
Adjustable backrest, shopping bag.



SUNKAR
Chromed tubular steel frame, easy folding.



DOLL PRAM 20
20" steel body, exclusive printed plastic covers.



DOLL PRAM 16
16" body, washable plastic hood, storm cover.



BASSINETTE No. 1
23" long, collapsible rocking frame.



DIANNE
Detachable hood, pretty PVC patterns.



TODDLER
Exclusive PVC patterns, easy folding.



WENDY
Detachable hood, shopping bag.



JULIET
Easy-folding action, washable cover.



BASSINETTE No. 2
18" long, collapsible frame, pretty patterns.

BARROWS & WAGGONS



PULLALONG BLOCK WAGON
Enamelled steel tray, complete with plastic blocks. 13 1/2" x 7".



WAGON 4
Red body, flat steel handle.



WAGON 5
Big red body, yellow wheels, chrome surround rail.



GIANT BARROW
10" balloon wheel, 21" x 17" tray, red enamel.



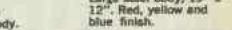
WHEELBARROW 80
25 1/2" long, 5" plastic wheels, blue frame, red tray.



GARDEN BARROW
28" long, 6" wheels, 19" x 12" red enamelled steel body.



WHEELBARROW No. 1
28" long, 13" x 12" red enamelled body.



WHEELBARROW No. 2
Large steel body, 19" x 12". Red, yellow and blue finish.



WALKER BLOCK WAGON
18" high, 14" x 8" blue steel enamel body, with playblocks.



SENIOR WALKER BLOCK WAGON
20" high, hard-wood body, 2-position handle for "learn to walk".



PUSH HORSE WALKER
21" high, red plastic head, metal frame and seat.



JUNIOR WALKER WAGON
19" high, 18" x 12" tray, wooden sides, metal bottom.



FLASHER BABY WALKER
18" high, red and blue steel body, adjustable handle.

BLOCKS ONLY
24 colourful wood blocks. (As in Senior Walker Block Wagon.) Available separately.

Cyclops Playland



DINKIE 11
10" front wheel,
red enamel frame,
yellow wheels.



SPEEDY DINKIE
10" front wheel, red
frame and carry
tray, yellow wheels.



CHAIR EXPRESS
10" front wheel,
safety chair frame,
Blue with yellow
wheels.



DINKIE EXPRESS
10" front wheel.
Green, yellow seat
and wheels. Handy
carry bin.

DINKIES

Every child should have a Cyclops Dinkie. These low-cost wheeltoys are designed for children 2 to 5 years, have rubber tyres, long-lasting finish and are of robust construction.



TRIKE TRAILER
15" x 7", red with yellow
wheels, fits most trikes and Dinkies.



DINKIE TRAILER
Blue tray, yellow wheels,
fits all Dinkies except those with bins.



BABY PEDAL CHAIR
8" front wheel, safety
surround seat, gloss enamel.



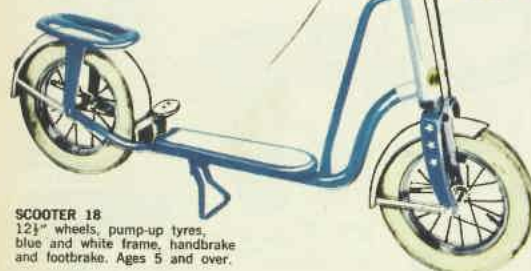
DINKIE 0
8" front wheel,
Blue enamel,
white wheels.



STURDY DINKIE
Moulded seat,
safety back rest,
in brilliant
enamel.

SCOOTERS

Cyclops scooters with bright, baked enamel finish, durable all-steel construction are one of the most popular wheeltoys you can buy. A popular gift for all young girls and boys.



SCOOTER 18
12 1/2" wheels, pump-up tyres,
blue and white frame, handbrake
and footbrake. Ages 5 and over.



SCOOTER 22
12 1/2" wheels,
pump-up tyres,
red and white
frame, foot-
brake. Ages 5
and over.



SCOOTER 21
Pump-up tyres,
footbrake,
parking stand.
Blue with
white mud-
guards. Ages 5
and over.



SCOOTER 3
12" wheels.
Red and white.
Shockproof
footboard,
footbrake,
parking stand.
Ages 5 & over.



SCOOTER 10
10" wheels.
Drum footbrake,
parking stand.
Ages 5 and
over.



**NURSERY
SCOOTER**
5" wheels,
24" high,
solid tyres.
Blue and white.
Ages 1 1/2 to 3 yrs.



SCOOTER 6
6" front
wheels, solid
tyres. Blue with
yellow wheels.
Ages 2 to 4
years.



SCOOTER 4
7" front wheel,
solid rubber
tyres. Red and
white. Ages 2
to 4 years.



SCOOTER 7
7" wheels, green
frame, yellow
wheels, footbrake,
parking stand.
Ages 4 to
7 years.

Cyclops Playland

ROCKERS & PRE-SCHOOL RIDE 'EM TOYS

Specially designed by Cyclops for children from 12 months to 3 years. Durable and strong, they're absolutely safe and easy to ride. All are brightly coloured and tops in value.



COWBOY ROCKER
Red plastic horse, steel frame. Jingle bells.



PRANCING PONY SENIOR
28" high, non-slip floor grips. Brightly chromed tubular steel frame.

PRANCING PONY JUNIOR
"Gallops" comfortably and safely. Tough plastic moulded body, coil spring mounting, chrome frame.



BEE GEE ROCKER
Plastic moulded horsehead, bridle, jingle bells, backrest, and footrest.



CAR-CAR ROCKER
Red frame, white seat, safety backrest, footrest, steering wheel, gear lever, tooter horn, dashboard.



MOTOR ROCKER
Bright enamel colours, tubular frame, safety backrest, steering wheel and dashboard.



TANDEM ROCKER
Tubular steel frame, safety backrests and footrests, red frame, white seats.



SENIOR ROCKING HORSE
Beautifully detailed, 38" high for larger children.



JUNIOR ROCKING HORSE
29" high, plastic body, steel frame. Saddle cloth, adjustable stirrups.



JUMPING JUMBO
32" high, moulded plastic body, coil springs, tubular steel frame.



PLUSH PONY ROCKER
Gleaming chrome frame, plush upholstered pony head, trappings and jingle bells.



TOT TRIKE
Moulded horse-head. 9 mths to 2 years.



TODDLER PONY
Moulded plastic body. Safety backstop. 9 mths. to 2 years.



TODDLER TRIKE
Metal frame. Moulded seat. 9 months to 2 years.



WEE WHEELER
De-luxe version of Gadabout.



GADABOUT
Rubber tyres completely safe, 1 to 3 years.



GO GO
Perfectly safe, steers by body weight. 9 months to 2½ years.

BUSYTIME TOYS, NURSERY FURNITURE, SURFBOARDS

Hours of constructive fun with these Cyclops products. Always look for the Cyclops brand. It's your guarantee of quality!



IRONING BOARD WITH IRON
Foam covered board, adjustable height, folding steel legs.



TUBULAR IRONING BOARD WITH IRON
29" long, folding chrome legs.



CHAIR DESK
Adjustable to play tray or blackboard.

TOY TIDY
Perfect nursery storage bin, 17" long, 16" deep, 15" wide.



TABLE AND CHAIR SET
22" high table. Blue and white enamel. Folding legs. 2 folding tubular steel chairs.



DE-LUXE TABLE AND CHAIR SET
Gleaming chrome frames. Chairs and table fold for storage.



GARDEN TOOLS
Approx. 30" long, bright enamel colours, steel heads, wooden handles.



CRICKET SET
All yellow plastic. Ideal for beach or playground.



FOLDAWAY CHAIR
Folding tubular steel frame. Built-in desk top.



BLACKBOARD AND EASEL
No. 2 22" x 15" board tubular steel frame.



TWO-WAY BLACKBOARD
23" x 17" board. Adjustable & reversible. Ideal projector screen.



SHOPPING JEEP No. 2
32" high. Blue & white enamel. Folding handle.



SHOPPING JEEP No. 1
28" high. Blue & yellow enamel. Heavy duty bag.



PADDLE BOARD
19" long. Bright coloured plastic.



KICKA BOARD
Plastic foam, ideal for the tiny ones. 19" long.



JUNIOR SURF RIDER
32" long. Moulded plastic.



SENIOR SURF RIDER
Moulded plastic. 40" long.

Cyclops
Toyland

Wonderland comes true with *Pedigree* DOLLS

Here's the way to any little girl's heart! Give her a beautiful Pedigree Doll. Such a wonderful range to choose from, baby dolls, fairytale dolls, teenage dolls, character dolls, walking dolls and many, many others.



Sindy, Paul & Patch Australia's favourite 'dress-up' dolls

Meet the swinging family of Sindy, Paul and Patch, the dress-up dolls with personality plus. Sindy is 12" high and is available with either flexible or non-flexible arms and legs. Paul is slightly taller and both he and Patch have flexible limbs. They all have wonderful wardrobes of clothes to choose from, and give years of pleasure to any little girl.



Sindy — \$2.98

Paul — \$2.98

Patch — \$2.55

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 15, 1967



Sindy, Paul and Patch come in these distinctive boxes complete with one costume — another exclusive from Cyclops

(prices quoted vary in country areas)

Cyclops Nurseryland

Everything to make life easy for mother and baby

Cyclops make everything for you and your baby. Practical design and first-class workmanship have made Cyclops Nurseryland products a household name everywhere. First-class quality and value with a guarantee!

Easy folding action for storage. Removable Laminex tray. Converts to kitchen stool.

DE-LUXE FOLDING HIGH CHAIR

KIDDY COMMODE LOW CHAIR
Chrome frame, luxurious upholstery, safety straps.

BOUNCING BABY WALKER
Teaches baby to walk in complete safety.



NURSERY PACK
All-plastic utility set for all baby's needs.

PREMIER CAR SEAT
Here's safety and plush comfort for your baby. Upholstered foam. Fits any car.

MORELLA "Blue Gum" Fur Toys

Cuddlesome, soft and hygienic, they're foam filled and realistic. A large range to choose from.



Squirrel \$7.98

Platypus \$3.75

Koala with baby, 7 sizes from 8" to 23" \$6.50 to \$24.95

Kangaroo with Joey, 5 sizes from \$4.75 to \$19.95

Koala Many sizes from \$2.75 to \$9.75 (also available with white fur or musical chimes)

"Pedigree" Nursery Toys by Cyclops

For the very young! "Pedigree" soft, vinyl toys are cuddly and cute. Extremely durable, hygienic, safe and practically indestructible.



Cat 80c

Floaty Duck 75c

Large Poodle 95c

Cat with sleeping eyes \$2.95

Dog with sleeping eyes \$2.95

Floaty Swan 75c

Baby Bear 75c

Teapot 85c

Scotty 75c

Poodle 75c

Fido 75c

Bruin Bear 75c

Little Jack Horner 85c

Golly Goliwog 85c

Rabbit 75c

Cyclops Hobbyland



SPIROGRAPH

It's new, it's fascinating — makes a million marvellous coloured patterns!



The rage in England and Europe, Spirograph brings endless enjoyment to everyone and no skill is required! Children and adults will love this fascinating hobby. The guided colour pens make beautiful, geometric patterns and all sorts of designs. Complete with 4 pens, mounting pins, paper, detailed instructions and design examples. Another fabulous Cyclops hobby.

\$5.98. Extra pen sets and paper packs available.





Cyclops
Toyland

New! Tapestry by numbers with *touch tapestry*

No sewing—no stitching—just tuck wool into slots by numbers

Here's the easiest way in the world to make beautiful, colourful tapestries. Choose from lots of glorious designs. Touch tapestry comes complete with rich, quality wools, wool colour reference list, finished tapestry colour guide, ready-slotted tapestry board with wool and colour numbers already printed. All you have to do is tuck the wool in. The larger sizes come complete with frame.

touch tapestry

OR TAPESTRY
BY NUMBERS

**Fun for
everyone**

People of all ages will enjoy this fascinating, relaxing hobby. Make dream tapestries in lovely, rich colours, perfectly, easily, with no mistakes. You'll be proud to hang them in your home.

Sets from \$3.25 to \$9.95

IT'S
QUICK
IT'S
FASCINATING
ANYONE
CAN
DO IT



The Australian Women's Weekly — November 15, 1967

Buddy L

Unbreakable,
all-steel,
authentic
American
models

There's a boy's world of fun with Buddy L scale models. These large-size scale toys are of unbreakable steel construction, and finished with double-dip mirror enamel. Every model has spring suspension and authentic details. These toys are built to stand up to the roughest life. Be sure to ask for Buddy L, they're backed by the famous Cyclops name. (Many other models available.)



BUDDY L FIRE ENGINE 27" long, 20" high. Rotating elevating ladder goes up to 44". \$9.95



MR. BUDDY ICE CREAM 11½" long, 6" high. Operating belt, sliding doors and windows. \$4.95



BUDDY L HYDRAULIC HUSKY DUMPER 15½" long, 9½" high. Tip tray operates by real hydraulic cylinder. \$6.25



BUDDY L AUTO WRECKER 14½" long, 6½" high. Crank operating boom for lifting and towing. \$5.75



BUDDY L HUSKY #12 15" long, 8½" high. Easy dumping action, with large steel shovel. \$4.50



BUDDY L ZOO WAGON 13½" long, 6½" high. Separate animal compartments, sliding doors. \$4.95



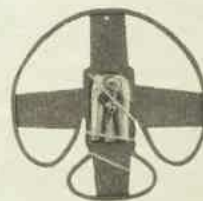
BUDDY L CEMENT MIXER 16½" long, 8½" high. Fully operating cement mixer. \$8.95

Byclops
Toyland

TRIK-TRAK

never runs out of track —
the car goes wherever
the track is laid —
indoors or outdoors!

Indoors, outdoors, through the lounge room, dining room, under tables and chairs goes the Trik-Trak car, wherever the track is laid. The battery operated car zooms round bends, along the straights, over bridges and under tunnels just as fast as the track is laid in front of it — the trick is in the track. Trik-Trak gives hours of absorbing entertainment to the young ones — comes complete in colourful box, with plenty of track sections, made-up bridge and tunnel. — \$7.95



PARA LAUNCHER

Build-it Yourself Kit
Zooms to 150 feet

Complete with launcher, realistic sky-diver, shrouds and plastic parachute. Just make up the parachute according to instructions, fix to sky-diver's harness and mount in launcher. Throw the launcher in the air and at the top of the climb the sky-diver pops out and floats safely down again. There's plenty of healthy, outdoor fun with Para Launcher. — \$1.35

Byclops
Hobbyland

FROG



H.M.S. EXETER (\$1.29)



SOUTHERN CROSS (\$1.29)

England's most famous construction kits—perfect in every detail.

Historic models, modern models, they're all available in the great Frog range. Ready-to-fly aircraft, too! Frog kits make up to look just like the real thing.

Every kit comes with an exclusive colour painting guide and work-tray box. If it's Frog you know it's the best—a terrific range to choose from.



CANBERRA \$1.10



H.M.S. ASHANTI 75c



NORTH AMERICAN SABRE 75c



ZERO 55c



SPITFIRE flying model \$6.25



D.H. COMET 55c



GIPIY MOTH 55c



SPIRIT OF ST LOUIS 75c

Cyclops Toyland

LIFETIME TOYS

These colourful, polythene toys are made to take the rough and tumble; outdoors and indoors. Hours and hours of playfun for all young children with 'Lifetime' toys.



TEACHER TOYS

Here's a wonderful range of "put together" toys for the very young. In colourful, unbreakable plastic, they're invaluable teaching aids for young, inquisitive minds.



The Australian Women's Weekly — November 15, 1967



The BIG BIG TRAIN by Triang

with outdoor-indoor track
NO TRANSFORMER — NO CONNECTIONS

Here's the train that goes anywhere. The tough, weatherproof, plastic track won't break, can't rust. The BIG BIG Train, 14" long, is of strong plastic and finished smartly in blue and white. Operates on two standard batteries for hours and hours. Available in two sets: the big set comes complete with 2 open trucks, 2 tipping trucks and 18 feet of curved and straight track; the smaller set has 1 open truck, 1 tipping truck and 12 feet of curved track. You can buy extra track separately if required.



at the end of the line ... it boomerangs back!



The BIG BIG Train has special trip switches that can be fixed anywhere on the track—as soon as the train touches the switch it boomerangs back in the opposite direction. There's loads of fun with the BIG BIG Train—another famous Triang toy by Cyclops.

RV 279 Blue Flier Set 3 \$15.95
RV 267 Blue Flier Set 2 \$20.95

Cyclops
Hobbyland

MINIC

RACEWAYS

A TABLETOP OF THRILLS AND SPILLS IN THE NEWEST MINIATURISED ELECTRIC MOTOR RACING

The smallest of all slot car sets, Minic Raceways is way out in front with its fabulous cars and accessories. Operates just like its big brother Scalextric but small enough to lay right on your dining room table. Cars go forward and reverse and are capable of very high speeds. Accessories include Frontier Post, Fly Over Bridge, Automatic Starting Gate, Hump Back Bridge, Stop Control, Checkpoint, Heliport with Flying Helicopter, all types of track—there's no end to the wonderful layouts you can make. But be sure it's Minic.



FAMOUS CARS - FAMOUS TRACK - LAYOUTS FABULOUS ACCESSORIES.....



Boxed sets from \$18.95 to \$31.95

Tri-ang **HORNBY**

MODEL RAILWAYS and TRI-ANG MINIC MOTORWAYS - THE HOBBY THAT GROWS WITH THE FAMILY

Tri-ang HORNBY model trains are the most famous of all. Made to exacting specifications and details, they bring the fascination of true-scale model railways to young and old alike. The choice of models, whether clockwork or electric, is huge and there's a fantastic range of accessories to make your layout completely realistic. Minic Motorways are built to the same scale to give additional authenticity to your layout with electrically driven cars and trucks. Only a tiny part of the range is shown here—but whatever you choose, make sure it's by Tri-ang. All come in complete boxed sets. Transformer is extra.



SOUTHERN AURORA R.4W



COUNTRYMAN R.4B



DIESEL SWITCHER R.155

DOCK SHUNTER R.253



STEAM FREIGHT SET R.4A



SUBURBAN SET R.4Y

TRI-ANG HORNBY TRAINS — Boxed sets from \$5.25 to \$25.95. MINIC MOTORWAYS — from \$20.95 to \$26.50. (prices quoted vary in country areas)



SLOT CARS ARE LAPS AHEAD OF THE FIELD

CHAPARRAL 2D



These are America's most famous models. For the slot car enthusiast Cox make the fastest, most reliable models in the world. See the ground-controlled flying model aircraft and gas-powered model cars in the great Cox range. Only a few are shown here. Ask for Cox models by name.



CHEETAH SLOT CAR



HELLDIVER FLYING MODEL



BRM SLOT CAR



STUKA FLYING MODEL



LOTUS SLOT CAR



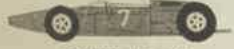
SPITFIRE FLYING MODEL



FORD GT SLOT CAR



MUFFLER EQUIPPED TRAINER



FERRARI SLOT CAR

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 15, 1967

SCALEXTRIC

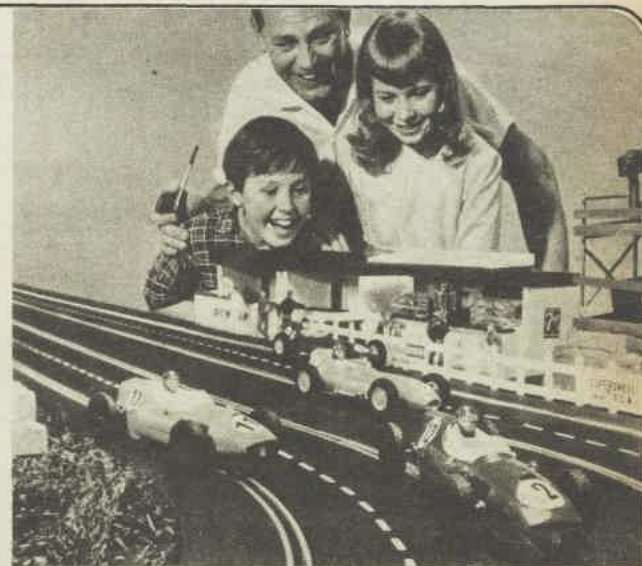
The world's most exciting home slot car racing

Scalextric outsells all other home slot car racing sets. With Scalextric you go racing in the comfort of your own home, but still have all the excitement of international racing. Scalextric make complete sets to suit everyone, a choice of two-lanes or four-lanes, and all have authentically detailed model racing cars. Accessories? Scalextric make everything you could possibly need from Grand Prix starts, starter's bridges, stands, control centres to crash barriers and straw bales. All these plus hundreds of others. Scalextric — another great Cyclops product.



Scalextric boxed set prices from \$16.95 to \$60 (Transformer extra).

Illustrated brochures and price lists covering the full range of Scalextric, Triang-Hornby Railways, Minic Raceways and Motorways, Buddy-L, Playground Equipment and Baby Carriage / Nursery products are available through all leading Retail Stores.



OFFENHAUSER C80

BRM C85

LOTUS C54



OFFENHAUSER C79

FORD GT C77

COBRA C78



FERRARI GT C69

ASTON MARTIN GT C68

MINI COOPER C76

(prices quoted vary in country areas)



CLIMBER TOWER \$49.95



FAMILY GYM \$71.95



LAWN SWING \$39.95



TOT SWING \$11.95



CYCLOPS SLIDE \$35.95

ROUND POOLS

6'	\$12.95
8'	\$22.50
10'	\$33.50



CYCLOPS OUTDOOR EQUIPMENT



QUAD SWING \$35.95



WADING POOL DELUXE \$24.95 (STANDARD \$20.95)

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